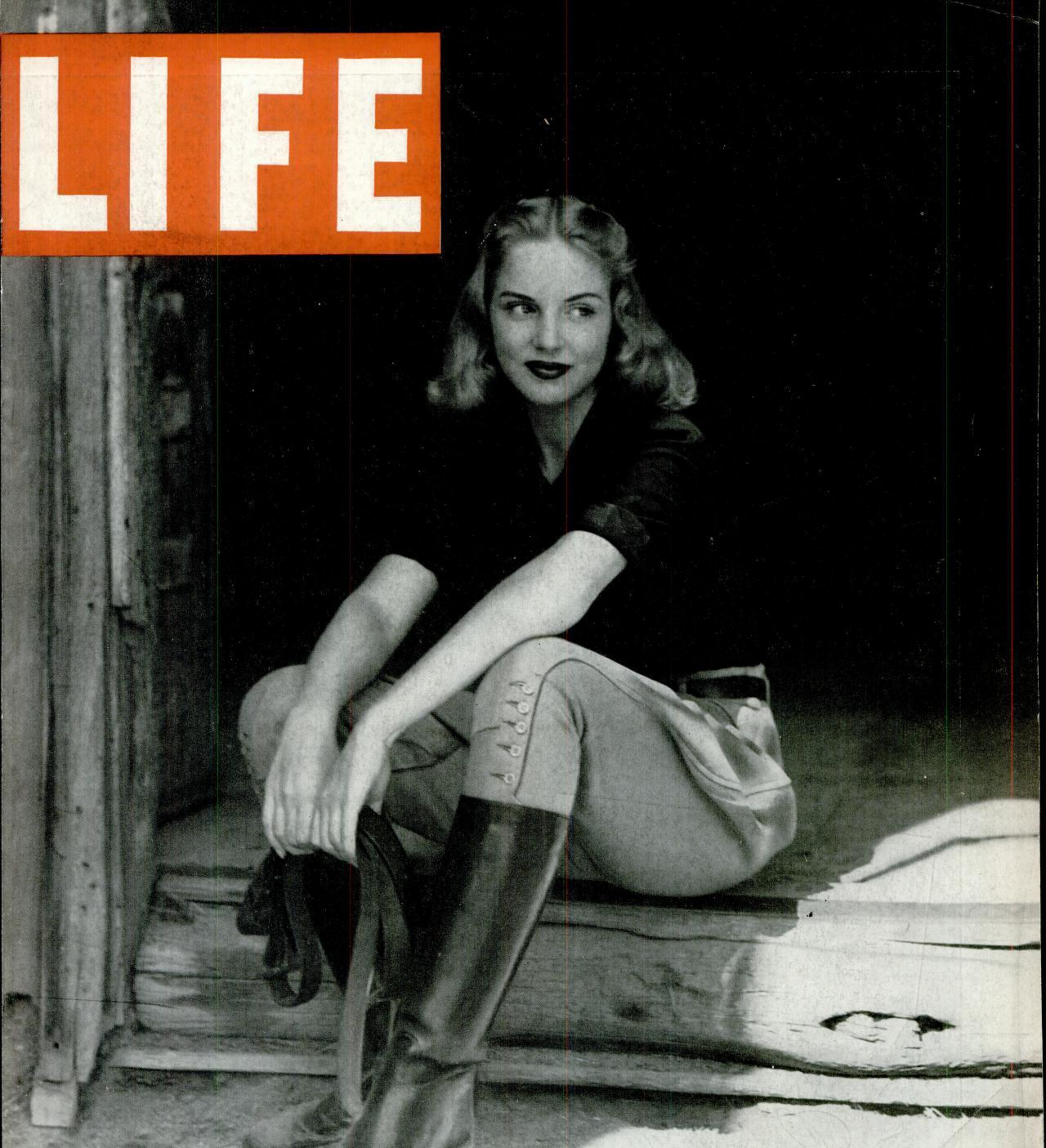
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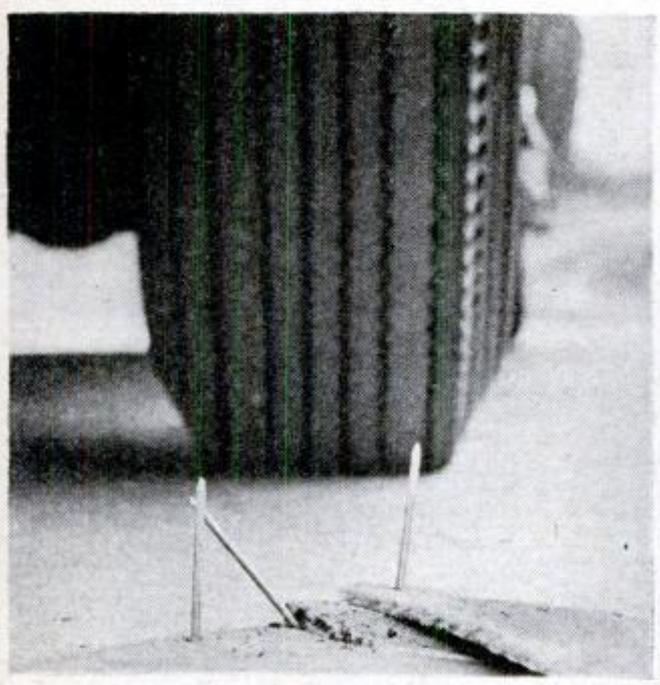
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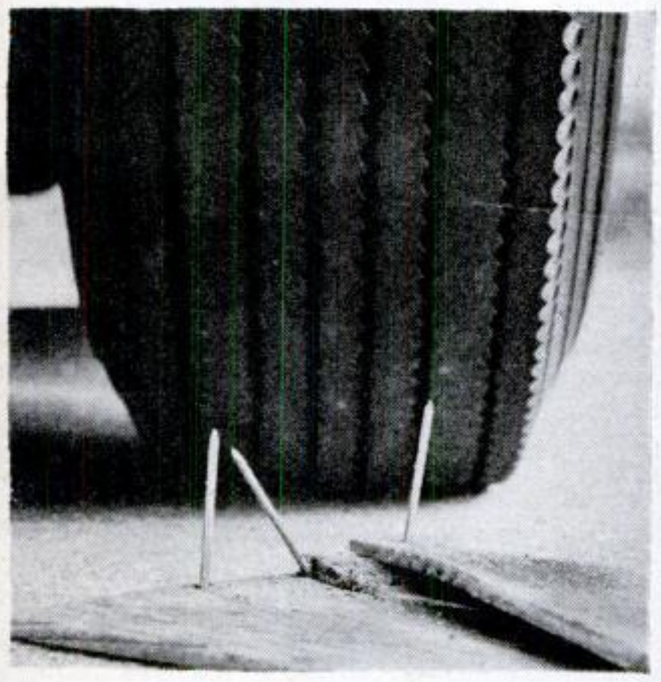
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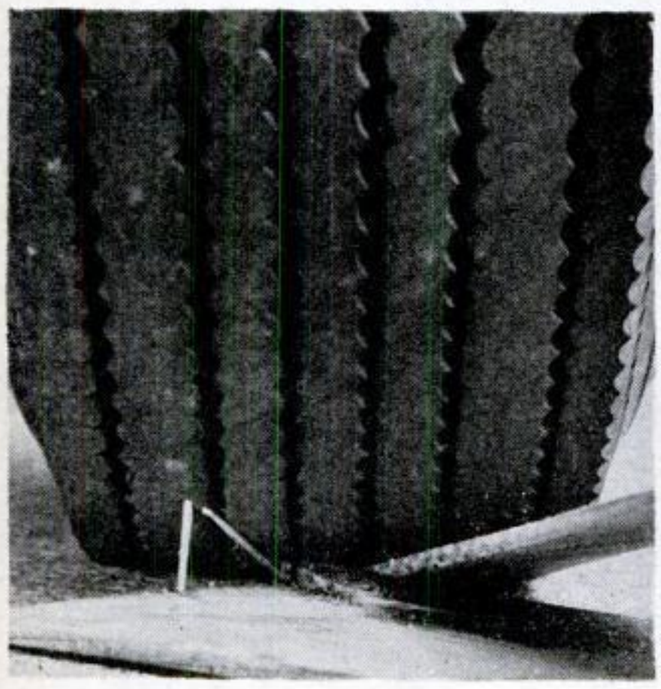
G. U. S. PAT. OFF.

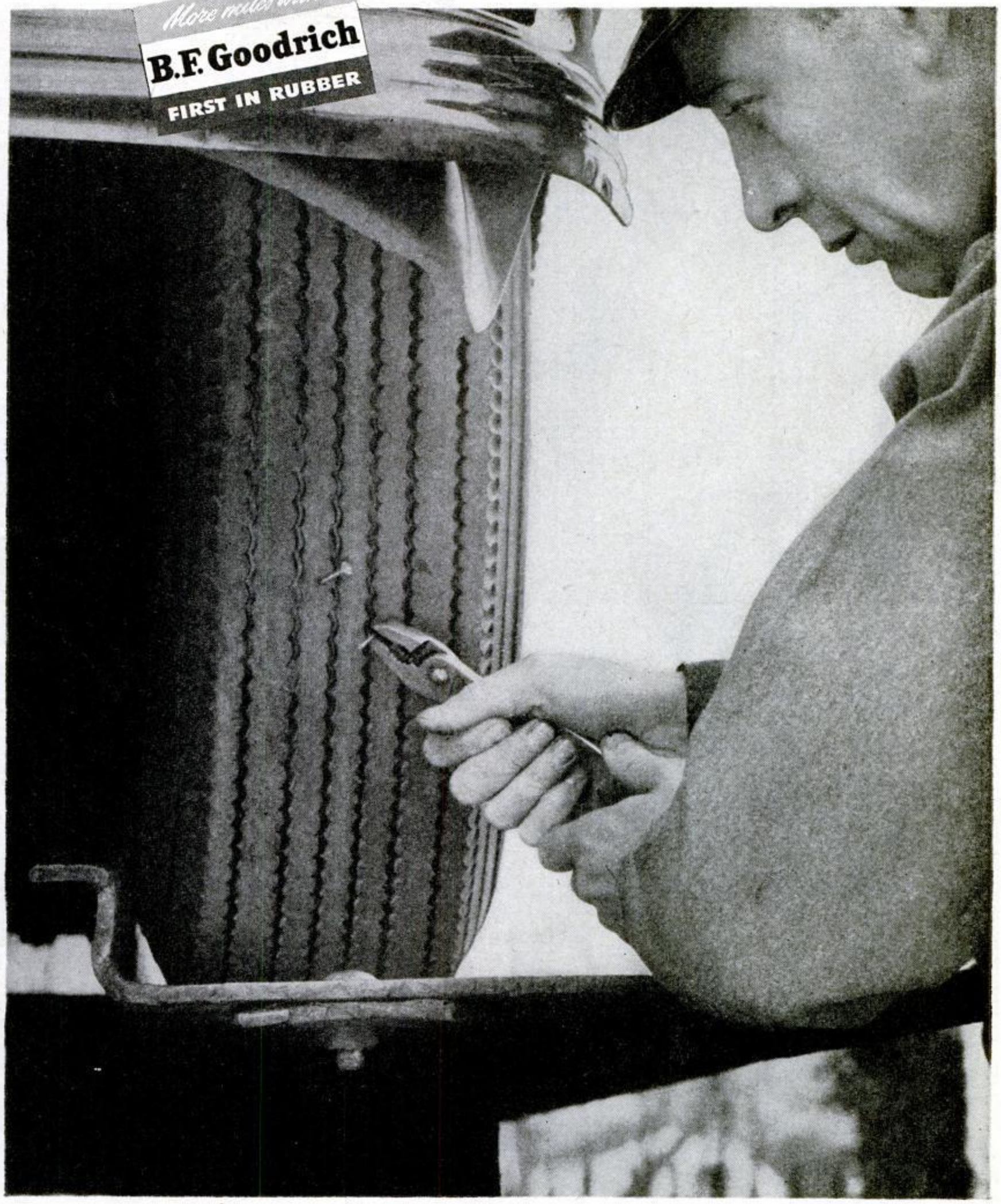


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A puncture-sealing tube for the tire that outwears prewar tires

PUNCTURE? What of it? Your tire won't go flat if you're riding on B. F. Goodrich Seal-o-matic tubes. When a nail, spike or piece of glass sticks into one of these tubes, you roll right along as though nothing had happened.

Here's how Seal-o-matics work: There's a layer of very soft, sealing rubber inside the tube. The instant anything punctures the tube, this special lining surrounds it, seals the hole, keeps air from escaping. You don't even know you've had a puncture. A week or a month later you can pull out the nails or other sharp objects your tire has picked up. The self-sealing lining then fills the holes and makes permanent repairs. No patches, no expense, no need to take the tire off the wheel!

B. F. Goodrich Seal-o-matics usually outlast two or more sets of tires. They not only have this self-sealing feature, but also are made with thicker walls than ordinary tubes. These thicker walls resist chafing and pinching. And because air has less chance to work through the thicker rubber, Seal-o-matics hold air pressure longer—help tires to wear better by keeping them properly inflated.

B. F. Goodrich Seal-o-matics give you greater safety too. A tire that would blow out if it had an ordinary tube in it may run hundreds of miles with Seal-o-matics. When you put these tubes into B. F. Goodrich tires, you have the greatest combination on wheels—tubes that give extra safety inside tires that outwear prewar tires. Your B. F. Goodrich dealer may have both tubes and tires in stock right now. If he doesn't, he'll gladly order for you and you won't have to wait long. *The price of Seal-o-matic tubes is the same as before the war. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

This One
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We're all signed up with Columbia!

Xavier Cugat



that's right Cugie! Columbia records catch us at our best!

Dinah Shore



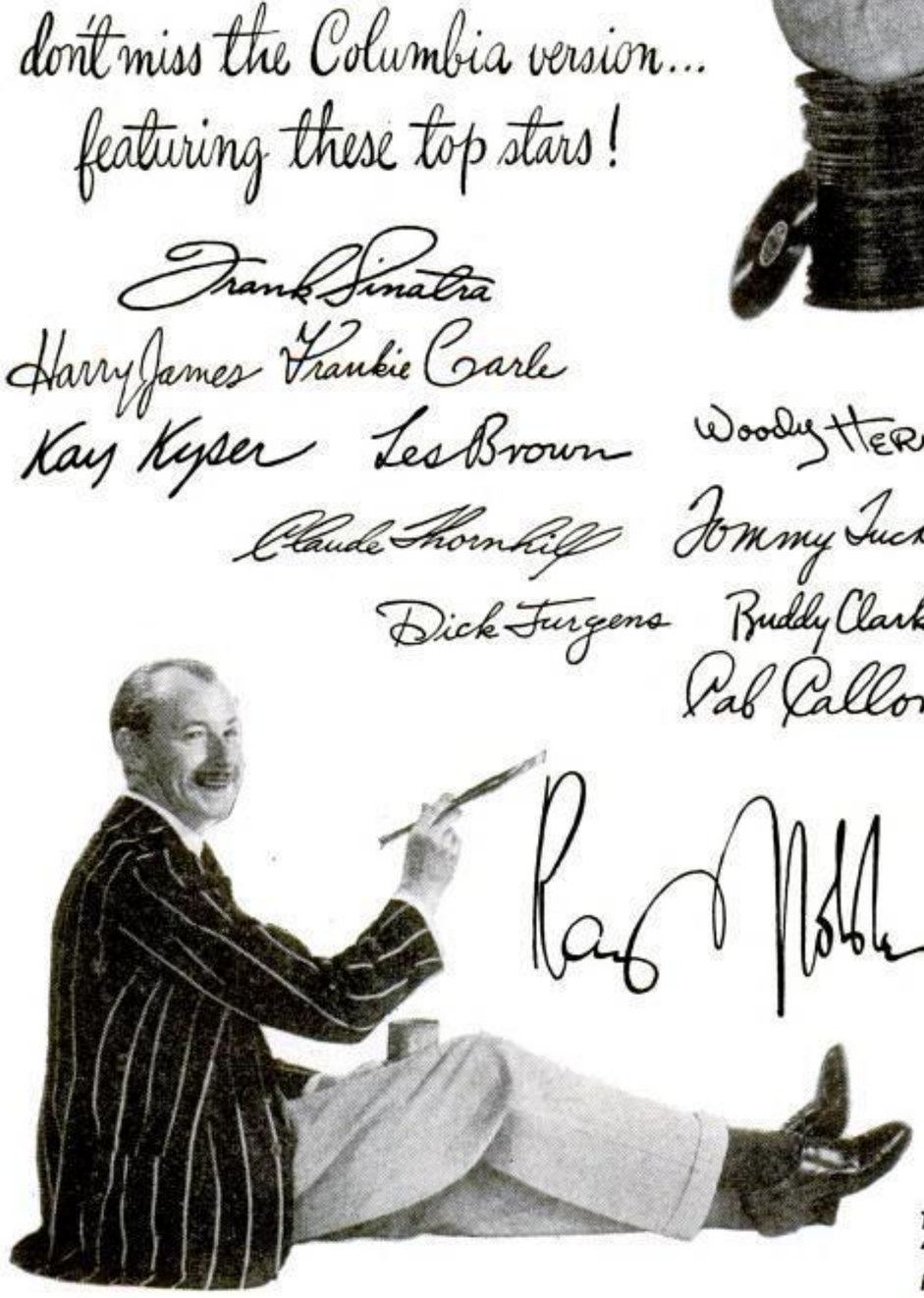
I'll put it in writing.. you can't beat Columbia Records!

Jack Kapp



When a new number comes out, don't miss the Columbia version... featuring these top stars!

Frank Sinatra
Harry James Frankie Carle
Kay Kyser Les Brown Woody Herman
Claude Thornhill Tommy Tucker
Dick Jurgens Buddy Clark
Cab Calloway



Ray Noble



P.S. Better jot this down too, folks
the Charioteers

HEAR THE GREAT ARTISTS AT THEIR BEST ON

Columbia Records

Trade-marks "Columbia" and Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

***TUNE IN** to the Columbia Record Stars on the "Columbia Record Shop" Radio Program with Fred Robbins. See your local paper for time and station.*

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For the first time – MEAT – with its complete, high-quality proteins

specially prepared for your baby!

Swift & Company presents:

Strained Meats for Babies

Diced Meats for Juniors

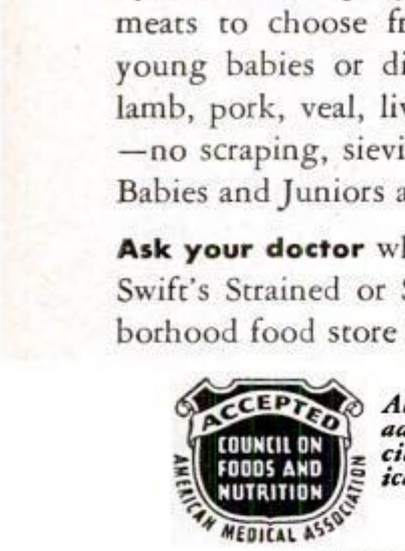


Proteins are rightly called the "building-blocks of the body." And babies especially need lots of proteins because they grow so fast. Actually, your baby needs 3 to 4 times more protein, proportionately, than you do! Meat is one of our finest sources of complete, high-quality proteins (containing all the essential amino acids). Meat also furnishes important natural B vitamins and iron, often inadequate in the young baby's diet. *Now* you can give your baby highly nourishing meat *earlier* in life—meat, specially prepared for him by Swift & Company. There's a variety of six appetizing meats to choose from—in either strained form for young babies or diced form for older babies: beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart. So convenient, too—no scraping, sieving or cooking! Swift's Meats for Babies and Juniors are all ready to heat and serve!

Ask your doctor when it's time to start your baby on Swift's Strained or Swift's Diced Meats. Your neighborhood food store has them now.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



Strained Meats—for young babies

Your baby may have Swift's Strained Meats as soon as he starts eating any other solid foods! The new Meats for Babies are soft, moist and smooth—almost the consistency of custard! They're easy for baby to eat and digest. Made from selected, lean, U. S. Government Inspected meats—with gristle and fat removed. Swift's Meats for Babies are carefully cooked to retain a maximum of the good meat nutrients, slightly salted and packed in vacuum-sealed tins. Each tin, approximately two servings.

Diced Meats—for older babies

Swift's Diced Meats for Juniors are cut into baby bite-size cubes. They're tender, yet firm enough to encourage chewing. Cooked with just a touch of salt, each meat offers a wholesome, delicious meat flavor. Two average servings in each vacuum-sealed tin.

If you'd like a FREE copy of the new, informative booklet "Meat in Your Baby's Diet," write Swift & Company, Dept. B.F., Chicago 9, Ill.

SWIFT QUALITY FOODS

6 Strained - 6 Diced Meats - Ready to heat and serve!

BEEF LAMB PORK VEAL LIVER HEART

SWIFT & COMPANY

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"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



ENTERTAINMENT throughout the long, early-Vermont winters was largely on a simple community basis. A favorite diversion was a spelling bee, when families gathered in the local schoolhouse of an evening to hear their youngsters "spell each other down."

How do you spell "SUCCESS"?

THE TRUE MEASURE of your success depends on a lot more than a comfortable home or a fine car. Your success as a family man is largely measured by the advantages you give your children — how well you equip them to make their way in later life.

ONE OF THE SUREST MEANS is a National Life Juvenile Insurance policy. This sound plan will provide a fund for your youngsters' education — professional or college — or provide cash capital to start in business, buy a home or meet unforseen emergencies. Provisions can be made for the premiums to be continued by the Company, in case your own ability to pay is cut short by death or permanent disablement.

YOU CAN ALSO BE SURE that every penny you invest in a National Life policy will work its hardest for you and your family. A purely mutual company, National Life has no stockholders. All income over the necessary costs of doing business and maintaining surplus is returned annually to the policyholders in dividends, thereby reducing substantially the cost of their insurance.

FIND OUT HOW EASILY you can give your children a head-start in life. Use the handy coupon below.

NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
HOME OFFICE — MONTPELIER, **VERMONT**

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "Solid as the granite hills of Vermont"

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., DEPT. L-126, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Without obligation, please send me your new booklet, showing how I can give my children a head-start in life.

Name..... *Age*....

Business or Home Address.....



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

COMPARATIVE COMPLIMENT

Sirs:

I enjoy your magazine immensely. I think it is almost as good as TIME!

MIRIAM B. WILLIAMSON

Huttonsville, W.Va.

CHURCHILL

Sirs:

Winston Churchill's "If I Were an American" (LIFE, April 14) is the most interesting and thought-compelling story which has ever yet been published in LIFE.

Gosh, what a man! . . .

F. J. REYNOLDS

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sirs:

When Mr. Churchill wrote "they [the E.L.A.S.] infiltrated and forced their way into Athens . . . and began a violent murderous attack upon the police stations . . ." he significantly left out the important events leading up to this attack. The facts are that on Dec. 3, 1944 the police of Athens deliberately fired into an orderly E.A.M. parade of unarmed civilians, killing a dozen men, women and children and wounding many others. These were the same police who had operated under the Germans and were now under the command of British General Scobie. Two days later, at a mass funeral for the people who had been killed, the police again fired into the crowd. Only then were the police stations attacked. . . .

Far from there being a threat of a Communist *coup d'état* in Greece in December 1944, it appeared to neutral observers that Mr. Churchill had deliberately instigated and fomented civil strife to impose his own hand-picked government which would bring back a thoroughly unpopular king.

Mr. Churchill's "intense satisfaction" that the U.S. is about to embark on a policy which he initiated in 1944 should serve as a warning to us. Unless we establish foundations for a genuine democracy in Greece, we shall fail as thoroughly as did the British.

TOM STIX

New York, N.Y.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

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More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT...

Wherever it goes, the '47 Mercury creates a pleasant stir. Drive up, say, to a country club and see how quickly the doorman is ready to take over.



That hood's a honey!

He's not a bad judge of cars—handles all kinds—and likes to drive a Mercury because it's so easy to park, so *lively,* so responsive to the wheel, the accelerator and the brake.

You'll like it, too. You'll like its sleek, youthful lines...its smooth-flowing contours



Such luxury!

accented with just the right touches of chromium. You'll like its handsomely blended two-toned interior . . . its super-comfortable seats that let you stretch out and relax . . . its impressive *big car* look and feel.

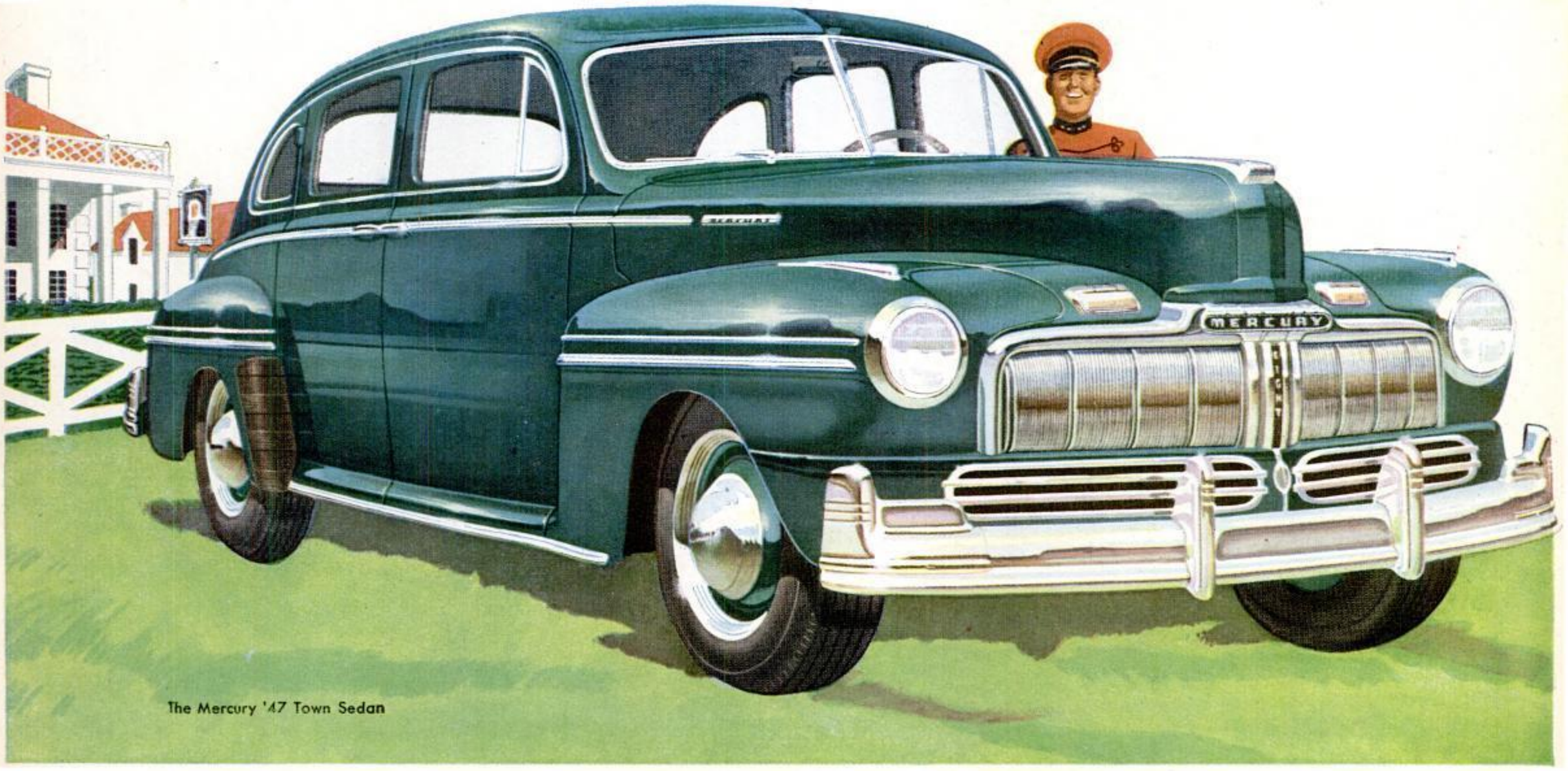


What a get-away!

See this new '47 Mercury—with more beauty, more comfort, more "life" and more economy than ever before—now at your nearest Lincoln-Mercury Dealer. It has even *more* of everything you want for '47!

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

WITH THE 1947 Mercury



The Mercury '47 Town Sedan

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IN THE HAND OF

MILTON CANIFF

Outstanding cartoonist whose craftsmanlike drawings and vivid characters provide daily entertainment for millions of readers of "Steve Canyon".



Parker "51"... world's most wanted pen

"51" writes dry with wet ink!"

THERE IS one special reason why discriminating people everywhere cherish the Parker "51". Its true worth is self-evident. Plainly, here is a pen of high distinction.

No other writing instrument can match the preference it enjoys. American pen dealers, for example, recently named Parker the most-wanted pen—rating it ahead of *all other well-known makes combined.* (The actual score: 72.7% for Parker; 27.3% for all others.)

Yes, even though our production is well up, we still receive about 10 requests for every "51" we make. Happily, fresh, new shipments are now going forward to dealers.

Every detail of the "51" bespeaks precision craftsmanship. The unique tubular point starts instantly—writes with eager smoothness. It has no moving parts to clog or fail.

The precision-fit cap *slips* on—locks without twisting. Within the gleaming barrel the 51's filler is safely concealed.

Only the "51" is designed for satisfactory use with Parker "51" Ink—that *dries as it writes!*

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Cordovan Brown, Dove Gray, $12.50; $15.00. Pencils, $5.00; $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. Parker "V-S" Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

"INFORMATION, PLEASE"
Listen in every Wednesday night
10:30 EST • CBS, coast-to-coast

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Big date tonight



But car is grimy



It'll shine up quick



If you just try me



You've got a real treat coming when you try No. 7 Polish. Just one application will restore the original color and lustre—quickly, easily—make your car sparkling bright. Try a can of No. 7 today.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

SIRS:

. . . CHURCHILL'S ACCOUNT OF THE CIVIL WAR IS A CHAIN OF FALSE STATISTICS AND 10% TRUTHS. NO TRUSTWORTHY HISTORIAN ON GREECE, CHURCHILL IS THE BEST ARTICLE OF PROPAGANDA FOR THE SOVIETS AND THE COMMUNIST PARTIES IN THE BALKANS. HIS AMERICA-SUBSIDIZED POLICY—NOW BEING SWALLOWED AGAIN BY CONGRESS—ALLOWS THE COMMUNISTS TO CONVINCE EVERY MIDDLE-ROADER ELSEWHERE IN THE BALKANS THAT THE KREMLIN MUST BE RIGHT; THE AMERICANS ARE REACTIONARY AND STUPID, DIFFERING FROM THE BRITISH ONLY IN BEING ALSO FINANCIAL SUCKERS. TO PERPETUATE THE CHURCHILL LINE IN GREECE, THE TRUMAN DOCTRINE SACRIFICES THE CHANCE OF BREAKING THE SOVIET HOLD IN FIVE OTHER BALKAN COUNTRIES BY KILLING OFF THE HOPE OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT, FEEDING THE LEFT WITH PROOF OF WHAT IT PREACHES. . . .

GEORGE WELLER

BOSTON, MASS.

Sirs:

It will be to our everlasting sorrow and regret that we did not heed Winston Churchill's proposal of fraternal union at Fulton, Mo. . . .

DRUSILLA DEVON

Meriden, Conn.

LADY TIPPLERS

Sirs:

I'm not a "lady tippler" (LIFE, April 14) but I was a waitress in a bar once. A lone lady, if she is half-way human in appearance, had better not go in for "replying graciously when accosted" unless she wants to be picked up. If she really came in for nothing but a drink (which I'll bet she didn't), her safest pose is that of a lady waiting for someone whom she is to meet there. And I wouldn't advise her to let anyone buy her a drink.

You see the members of this "men's club" haven't had the benefit of an article on barroom manners and it takes a decided and definite brush-off to convince them that there can be more than one reason why a woman is in a bar alone.

If Mr. Busch wants hints on what upsets women emotionally, it's men.

EMILIE PALMER

North Stonington, Conn.

Sirs:

For a man who is reputed to be a good writer Mr. Busch sounds like a damned old woman! Why doesn't he join his local chapter of the W.C.T.U.?

ANN R. MCCARTNEY

Narberth, Pa.

Sirs:

. . . One cause for drinking among women could be, Mr. Busch, that we are tired to death of the arrogance and egotism and overbearing superiority complexes of the men in our lives. And perhaps we are sick of the sight of drunken husbands staggering home at dawn. And we may be ill from long nights of vigil over the bed of a sick child while the "master" of the house is out behaving like the fool that he is and, though knowing this, his wife still worries over his welfare and watches anxiously for his return.

NAME WITHHELD

Glen Lyon, Pa.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE BEST IN RADIO IS

BETTER WITH A

THE REAL VOICE OF

Bendix Radio!



★ *For peak pleasure from the Sunday Prudential "Family Hour"—featuring Risë Stevens, Jimmy Carroll and Al Goodman's orchestra—listen with a Bendix, the Real Voice of Radio.*



FM FULFILLS ITS PROMISE IN THIS BRILLIANT INSTRUMENT!

Everything you have heard about FM reception is summed up in this heirloom-styled radio-phonograph. Bendix advanced-engineered FM brings you remarkable freedom from static, interference and fading. Programs come through crystal-clear in any weather. Bendix Standard Broadcast, Short Wave and Record Reproduction promise you equally glorious new experiences. Prove for yourself that Bendix builds best—at better dealers everywhere.

★ *Period-styled in matched veneers of rich mahogany. AM, FM and Short Wave. Automatic record changer. Featherweight tone arm. Push button tuning. Master tone control. Aviation quality chassis.*

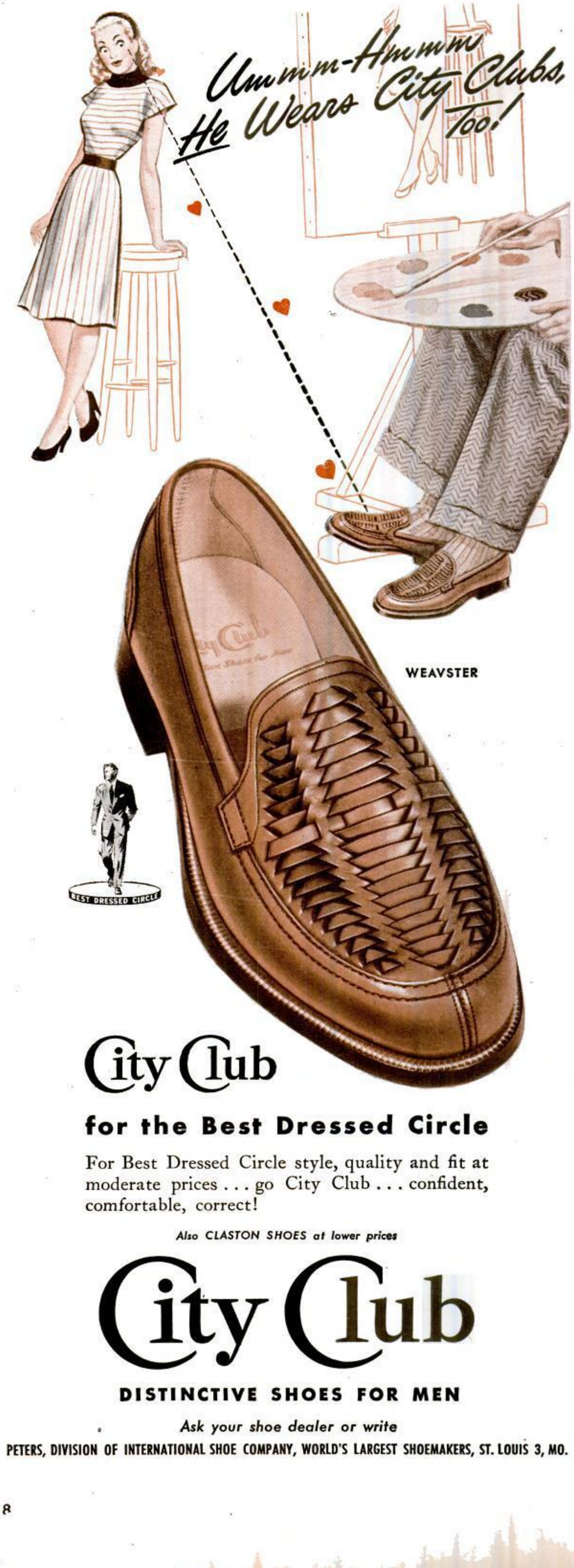
RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS, FM AND TELEVISION

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For Best Dressed Circle style, quality and fit at moderate prices . . . go City Club . . . confident, comfortable, correct!

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Ask your shoe dealer or write

PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKERS, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

JOHN L.

Sirs:

When John L. Lewis ("Lewis Rants," LIFE, April 14) declared that there is "too much blood smeared over our coal," he was making a statement that cannot be denied or even challenged. Every month that there was full production of the mines in West Virginia last year, there were 20 or more lives lost. It makes one wonder if coal is worth the cost.

The public as a whole never realizes the truth of Mr. Lewis' statement until a disaster like the Centralia blast awakens them. After a murmured "My, what a pity," they throw another shovelful of bloody coal on the fire and forget the whole matter. They never count the cost.

LIONEL A. WATSON
Morgantown, W.Va.

Sirs:

John Lewis is indeed "making political capital" out of the Centralia mine explosion, and by contrast the behavior of the miners' wives may seem more respectful to the dead miners. But surely John L., for all his cheap theatrics, has advanced his coal miners' cause far more successfully than have all the pools of silent tears.

DAVID G. BRAATEN
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Must you continue printing pictures of that grotesque, overfed, parasitic leech who lives off the already depleted wages of American coal miners?

C. B. FLOWERS JR.
Newton, Kan.

● Yes. See pages 14 and 15.— ED.

MOSCOW MIX-UPS

Sirs:

If 12 rubles are approximately a dollar ("U.S.S.R. People's Court," LIFE, April 14), 80 rubles are not $15 ("Spring Comes to Moscow," LIFE, April 14). Perhaps it was Mr. Thompson who bought the half pint of vodka?

R. G. MARTIN
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

. . . Does the explanation lie in American inflation, Russian deflation or LIFE's vacillation?

EDGAR A. NEELY JR.
Atlanta, Ga.

● Vacillation. Twelve rubles to $1 is the diplomatic exchange rate; 5.3 to $1 is the official rate.—ED.

Sirs:

Are you certain that the gentleman sitting behind the secretaries of the American and British delegations at



ARMOND WILLIS

the Moscow Conservatory is "a Russian who looks like Lenin" ("Spring Comes to Moscow")? I would be very much surprised if a further check did

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



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I'm the Toughest Customer I've got!

"If you could see as much *grief* parked under the hoods of cars as I do—you'd be plenty tough to please, too! Yes sir, plenty!

"So when it comes to pickin' the oil for my car—it's got to be the best—that's Macmillan Ring-Free!

"You see, I'm no different than *thousands upon thousands* of independent dealers*—all over the nation. We have hundreds and hundreds of brands of oil to choose from. We each carry several good ones on our shelves. But, when it comes to our *own* cars...we give the nod to Macmillan!

"Makes sense, that's all! Macmillan's really different—it's refined by an exclusive, patented process. It's guaranteed to remove hard carbon. Yes sir—it *cleans* as it lubricates."

It's smart to string along with the *thousands upon thousands* of these experts* who use Macmillan in their own cars. A quart or a fillin'—make yours Macmillan. Cars run smoother—longer!

ASK your independent Macmillan dealer when your car needs anything. He knows the what, why and wherefore of tires, batteries and accessories. Ask him!

Throughout the nation, 1000's UPON 1000's of independent dealers* say:

"I USE MACMILLAN IN MY CAR!"

* *Experts—mechanics, garage men and service station operators who sell Macmillan and more than 800 other brands of oil.*

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DRESS BY ADELE SIMPSON

not just nylons...but Cannon Nylons!

LOVELIEST NYLONS your legs ever knew — *Cannon* Nylon Stockings. Creation of famous Cannon Mills!

Sheer? Mmmm — like mist on a May morning! Long-wearing, too. Each lovely pair is full-fashioned. *Triple-tested* by air pressure to guard against flaws, then protectively *sealed* in a purse-size Cannon Handy Pack!

Ask for Cannon Nylons at your favorite store.

TRADE MARK CANNON

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CANNON MILLS, INC. ★ Makers of Cannon Towels, Sheets, Blankets

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

not show this Lenin-looking man to be my good friend Armond Willis, who is on duty in Russia as a State Department representative.

PAUL MACMINN
Norman, Okla.

● Further check does indeed reveal the gentleman to be Mr. Willis, who last week resigned his position because of the "career Russian-haters" in the American embassy.—ED.

OLD CHARLESTON

Sirs:

Your article, "Old Charleston" (LIFE, April 14), gave me such a good laugh that I will probably carelessly knock over the oil lamp, not think of my bittersweet memories, forget to say "cyar" and "gyarden," neglect to feed the goldfish, not make a social call for a week and very likely leave my black furled umbrella someplace.

However, since I am a male Charlestonian and not even in my late 70s, perhaps you will excuse my impetuosity as I sit on my piazza with the flowering orange tree perfuming the air and tinkling my crystal chandelier, lift a glass of my golden, potent, scuppernong wine and say: those pastels seem to have been done by the artist while looking through a dusty window screen. Nevertheless he deserves some sort of special prize—"booby," that is, Suh.

E. S. HORRES
Charleston, S. C.

Sirs:

If there is any beauty and culture in Charleston today it is hidden behind closed doors and locked in moldy tombs of yesterday.

The Charleston of today is moth-eaten, rat-infested and material for a grand bonfire

E. HAYES
East Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

Even an "escaped" Charlestonian wants to congratulate you on your paintings of the grand old lady. This may go to prove that no one really escapes from her.

JOHN F. HARRINGTON JR.
Chicago, Ill.

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● TO SEE THE WORLD . . .
● TO EYEWITNESS GREAT EVENTS.

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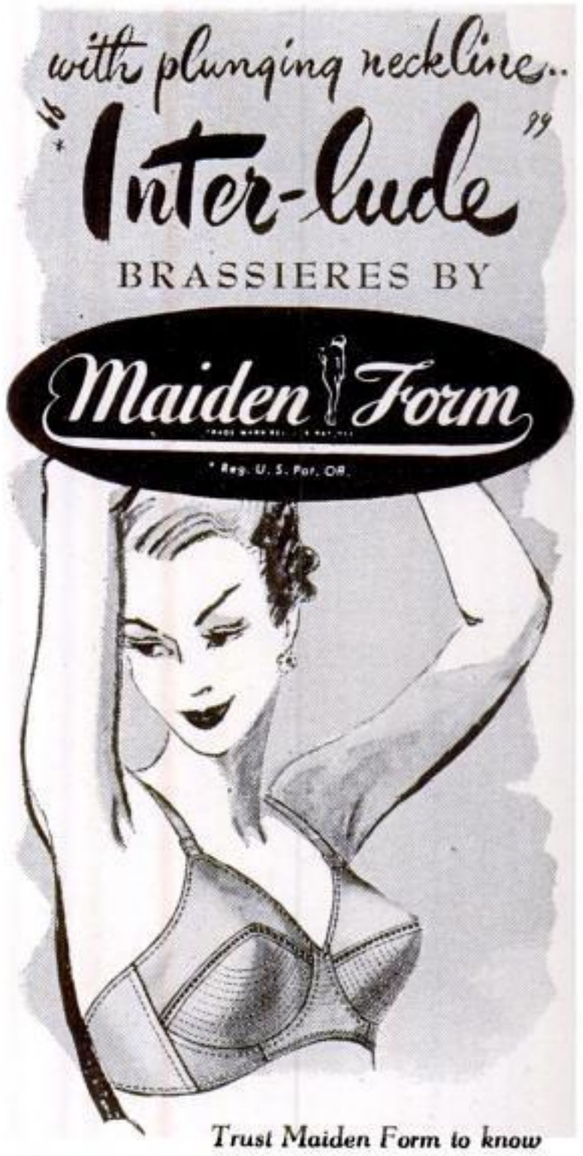
with plunging neckline..

"Inter-lude"

BRASSIERES BY

Maiden Form

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Trust Maiden Form to know that smart low-cut dresses need brassieres which are deep V-shaped in front! Here's that plunging line, in "Inter-Lude," one of Maiden Form's most popular designs for average bosoms, Tearose or White. $1.50.

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Send for free Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16, N. Y.

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The unique Jewelite Roll-Wave Brush has wide-flaring bristles trimmed to conform to your scalp. Provides healthful stimulation. Individual brush, $4.00. Dresser set, above, $12.00.

- No tribute to Mother could be more gracious than a gift of Jewelite by Pro-phy-lac-tic. Jewelite Brushes, Combs, and complete Dresser Sets, styled in the most beautiful of plastics, are available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, as well as in diamond-clear crystal. And every Jewelite Brush has bristles of long, resilient Prolon (finest of synthetic bristle) to help burnish the hair and bring out every natural highlight. Jewelite, sold at good brush departments, is a product of Pro-phy-lac-tic, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Look for the name Jewelite on the box. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

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The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
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The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
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The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
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HEMO exceeds adult requirements!

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400 USP units	VITAMIN D	410 USP units
(Not set)	NIACIN	10.3 milligrams
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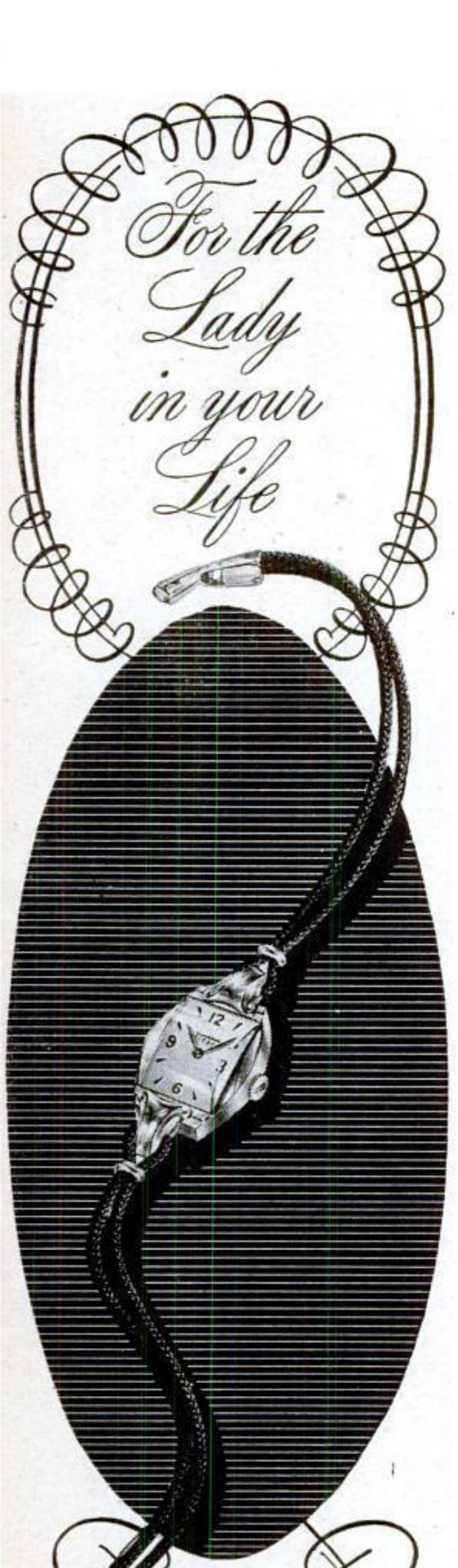
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

. . . "LENA THE HYENA'S" CREATOR CARICATURES JOHN L. LEWIS

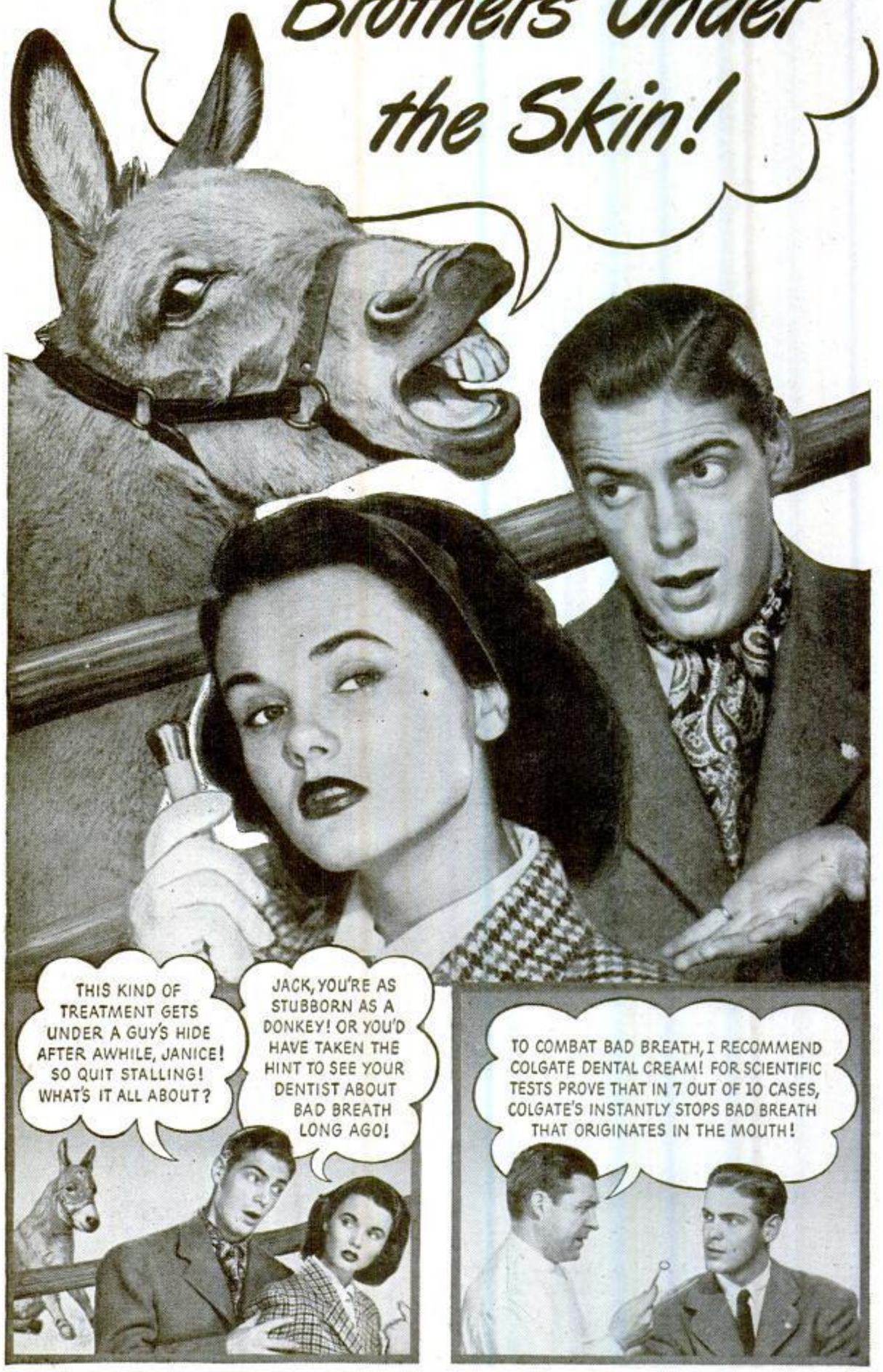
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For three decades the leonine face of John Llewellyn Lewis has been a challenge to the political cartoonists of America. Many an expert has wrestled with the drooping jowls, the gimlet eyes, and the bushy, ominous brows. Although many came close, none of them ever quite equaled the visage of the original Lewis. It was not until recently, when a really wild imagination got going on the problem, that art finally came up to nature. It produced the raucous apparition above, which should put an end to further competition. The artist is Basil Wolverton of Vancouver, Wash., an adherent of the spaghetti-and-meatball school of design. He sprang to fame last fall when he won a contest sponsored by Al Capp of *Li'l Abner* fame for the most hideous portrait of "Lena the Hyena" (LIFE, Oct. 28). After warming up on other public figures (*next page*) Wolverton found in Lewis a real match for Lena.

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Guess We're Just Brothers Under the Skin!

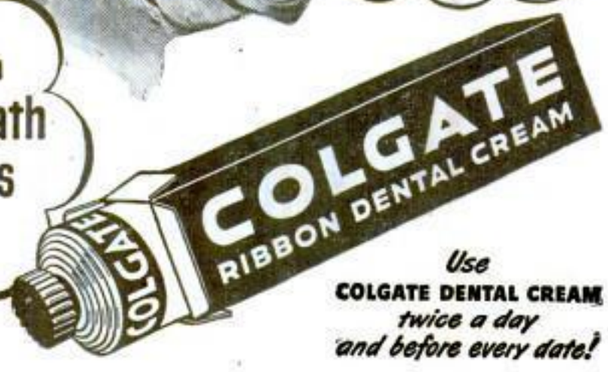


LATER–Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





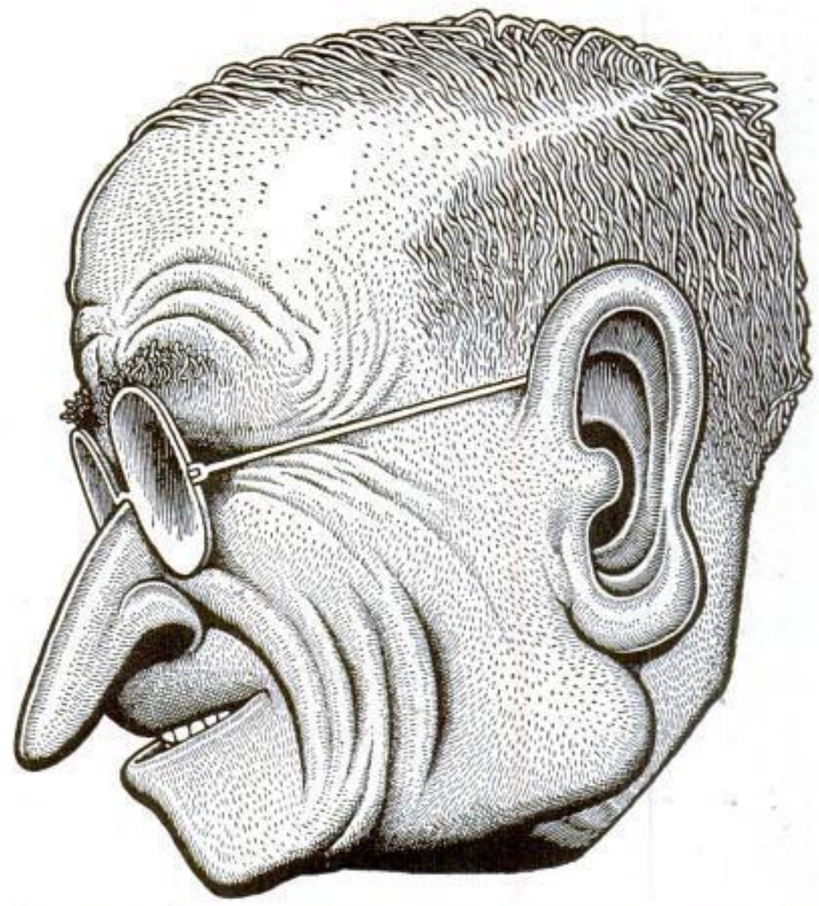
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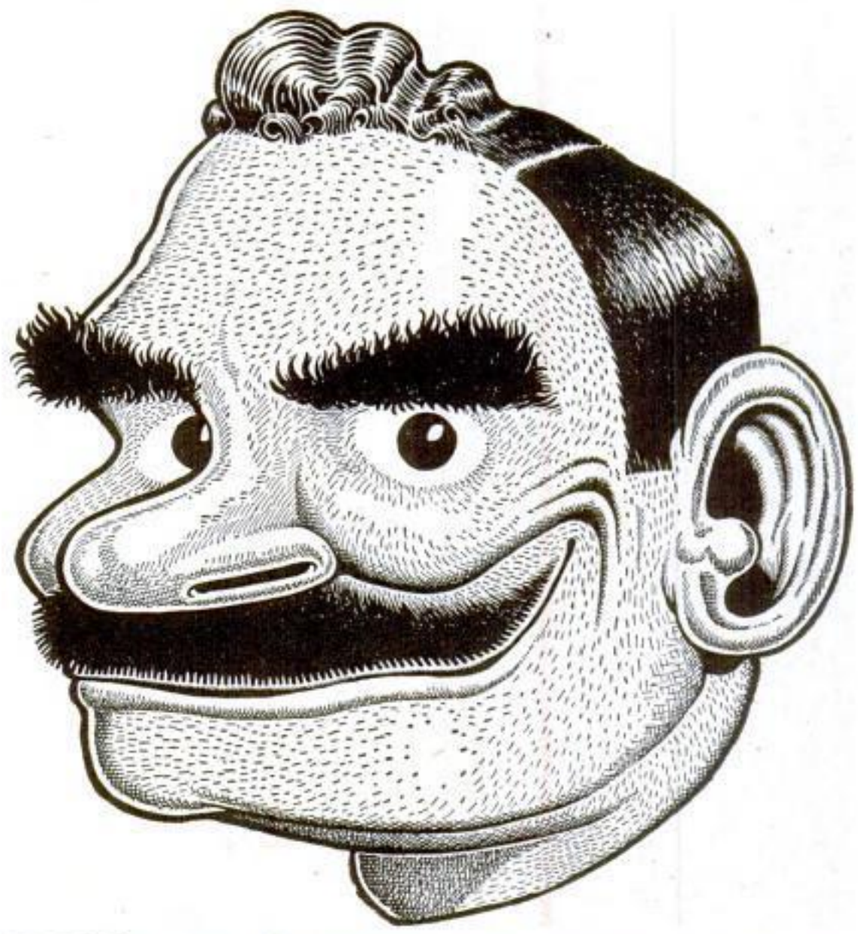
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

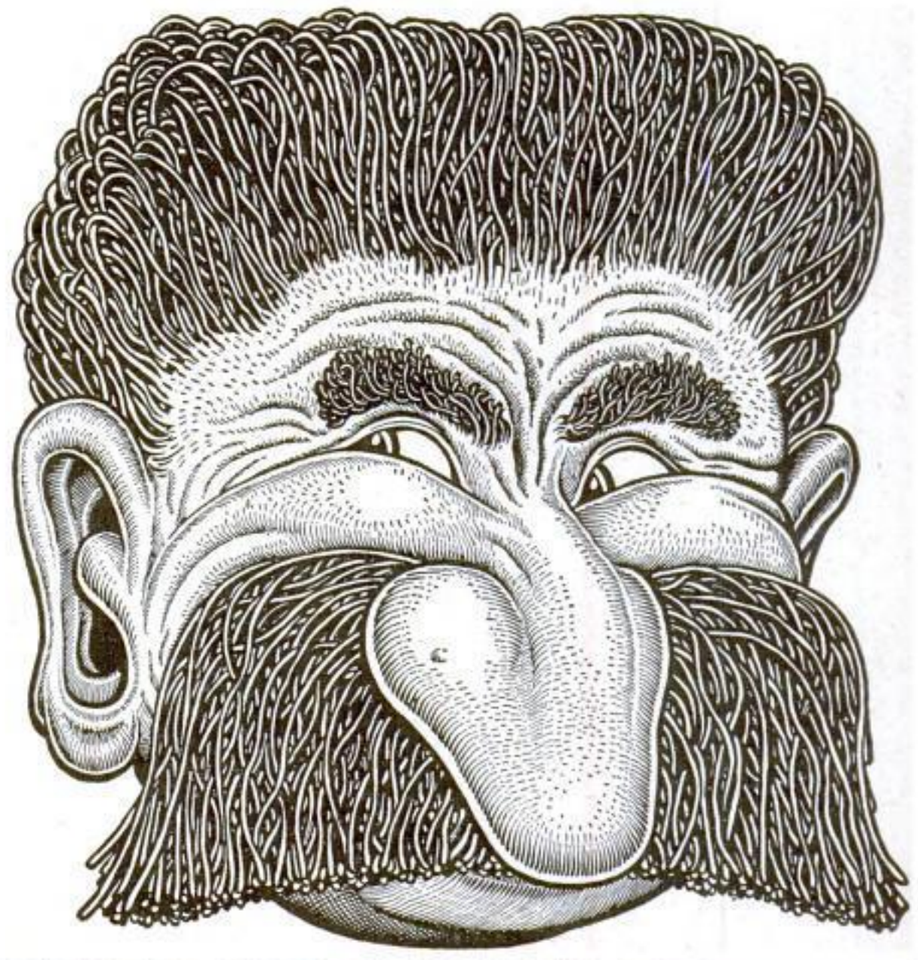
CONTINUED



KINDLY HARRY TRUMAN IS NO MATCH FOR LENA OR LEWIS



WOLVERTON PUTS AN ANTICIPATORY LEER ON TOM DEWEY



MARSHAL STALIN HAS FOXY EYES AND A SPAGHETTI BEARD

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The coat—a new All-Weather Topper by Duchess Royal. The car—a new "98" 4-Door Sedan by Oldsmobile.

It's *Smart* to go automatic...

Takes more than a spring shower to dim the beauty of this big new 1947 Oldsmobile. It's smart in appearance . . . it's smooth in performance . . . come rain or shine. Fact is, when wet weather slows down the traffic, that's when you really appreciate driving without shifting gears or pushing a clutch—the Hydra-Matic way. It's safer, too, because GM Hydra-Matic Drive* gives smoother power under perfect control — *automatically!* No wonder so many *smart* people choose Oldsmobile this year!

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2. And beauty! For the best-looking teeth in the world, at last a tooth brush fittingly beautiful. *Tek de luxe* is sculptured in Starlite*, inspired by the dynamic brilliance of modern jewelry.





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LIFE'S REPORTS



AUTHOR with 8-month-old baby and maids in door of Tokyo home.

THE CONQUERORS

In Japan they wrestle with domestic problems

by SHELLEY MYDANS

When war broke out, Shelley Mydans and her LIFE *photographer husband Carl were in the Philippines. They were the Japs' prisoners for 21 months. Now Carl heads* LIFE's *Tokyo bureau while Shelley keeps house for him.*

The first major problem that confronts any of the 1,400 American housewives who are now arriving monthly in Japan to set up housekeeping is how to deal with a vague and intricate organization known as Dependent Housing. Before she arrives in Japan the dependent's husband has gone to Dependent Housing and drawn a house, apartment or half a Quonset hut. The house (if the husband has rank enough to draw one) has been taken from its owner by the U.S. Army.

What the Japanese-run Dependent Housing organization does supply is the house; a contractor to tear the house apart and rebuild it in due time; something known as a "boiler" which is reputed to furnish steam heat and hot water; a *denki*-stove in the kitchen, several *denki*-heaters and a *denki-ya-san* to install and repair them (*denki* being the Japanese word for electricity), and a houseful of new furniture. The furniture—what is

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

How do you feel about it?



"A swell new cleaner—certainly rates with me for washing fine fabrics!"

says **MISS B. WINTEMBERG**
of Normanskill, N. Y.

"My nylons look fresh and lovely when they're washed in 'ETHYL' Cleaner. Keeps all my nice things color bright!" Suds even in cold water!

"Swell, yes! But wait till you see how 'ETHYL' Cleaner leaves dishes sparkling!"

says **MRS. ANNIE J. YOUS**
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"Quick-acting suds of 'ETHYL' Cleaner float grease from dishes, pots and pans in a jiffy. No scraping or scouring." Kinder to the hands than famous beauty soaps!





"I think you're both right! And 'ETHYL' Cleaner is super for washing cars, too!"

says **MR. DUANE B. TAYLOR**
of Battle Creek, Mich.

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SEE IF YOU AGREE...
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the NEW Mennen Baby Powder mothers chose for these 4 reasons



1 WHITER COLOR! Won by 3 to 1. Thousands of mothers who tested the new Mennen Baby Powder in unmarked containers said, "So much purer-looking."



2 SOFTER TEXTURE! 3 to 1, the same mothers said this new, improved powder, made especially for babies, is softer. It felt so very much better and more soothing on their skin — extra comfort and safety for baby.



3 FRESHER SCENT! Twice as agreeable, was the mothers' verdict on the milder, fresher new scent of Mennen Baby Powder. They liked the way it keeps baby fresh and clean . . . liked the pleasant scent it creates in the nursery.

4 BORATED! These same mothers demand a borated powder. And, of course, the new Mennen Baby Powder *is* borated. That's why it is so much more soothing . . . so much safer for your baby.

The NEW Mennen Baby Powder is Really NEW!

Your favorite store now has the new Mennen Baby Powder that thousands of mothers have tested and found better. It's made by the makers of famous Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil, used in more than 3,000 hospitals. Comes in the same familiar blue-and-white container. *Get the new Mennen Baby Powder for your baby today!*

NEW IN COLOR!
NEW IN TEXTURE!
NEW IN FRAGRANCE!

MENNEN *makers of fine baby preparations for over 70 years*

left of it after it has been dumped off an Army truck by Japanese workmen—is modern and attractive but hastily made in Japan of green wood. The few pieces which do arrive intact buckle and crack when (and if) the steam heat begins to operate.

The same organization, which soon gets shortened down to the initials D.H., also furnishes and pays for servants and a liaison man who comes once a week to mediate between the new housewife and her household staff. Some servants are graduates of the Army-run GHQ Maid School, where they learn to make a bed, sweep a floor, set a table, serve a meal. They are not expected to partake of the dependent's heat, bedding or food, but to live in quiet misery in the back rooms of the house.

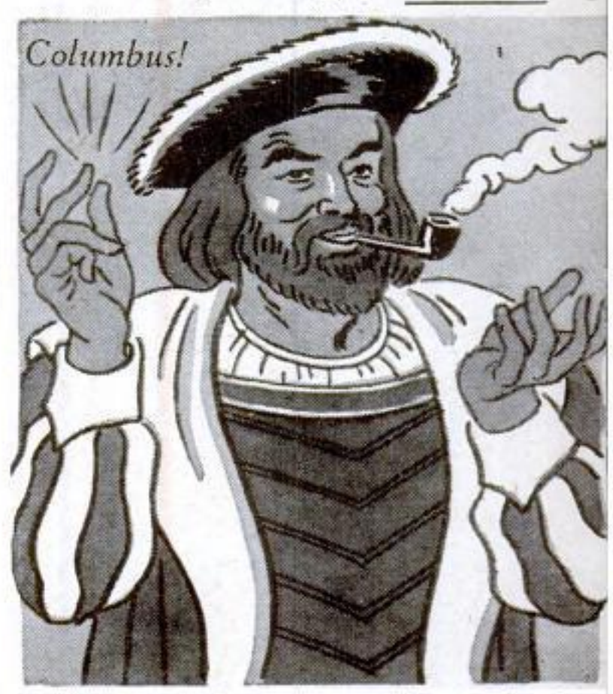
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Thus the life mapped out for the American wife is far from the pioneer existence described by General MacArthur when he first reluctantly admitted dependents to his theater in May 1946. Her trials are not those of hewing wood and hauling water; she has a boy-*san* to stoke her boiler and a maid-*san* to draw her Japanese bath. Her problems are distinctly those of our modern age. How simple it would be to draw water from the running stream! No, she must ring a bell for the maid-*san*. The bell does not work. She goes to the top of the stairs and hollers. The maid-*san* comes running to announce that there is something wrong with the boiler. Smoke is coming out of the basement where the boy-*san* is toiling and gasping over the furnace. It is the smoke from bad coal. She goes downstairs. In the kitchen are 15 men, coughing from the bad smell of the smoke. They are fixing the *denki*-stove; something has gone wrong with it again and the cook-*san* has called Dependent Housing. The distracted American asks what is wrong with the *denki*-stove but there is no interpreter to answer her and her Japanese consists of *ano-nē* (hey, you), *sō des' ka* (is that so?), *doko des' ka* (where is it?), *dōzo* (please) and *arigatō* (thank you). So she says, "*Arigatō*." She asks the maid to draw her water as soon as the plumber-*san* (previously hidden by the 15 other workmen) finishes repairing the faucets. She goes upstairs.

Sometimes the plumbers-*san* actually do some work. I know one CAF-15 (that's the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

That's putting it MILDLY!



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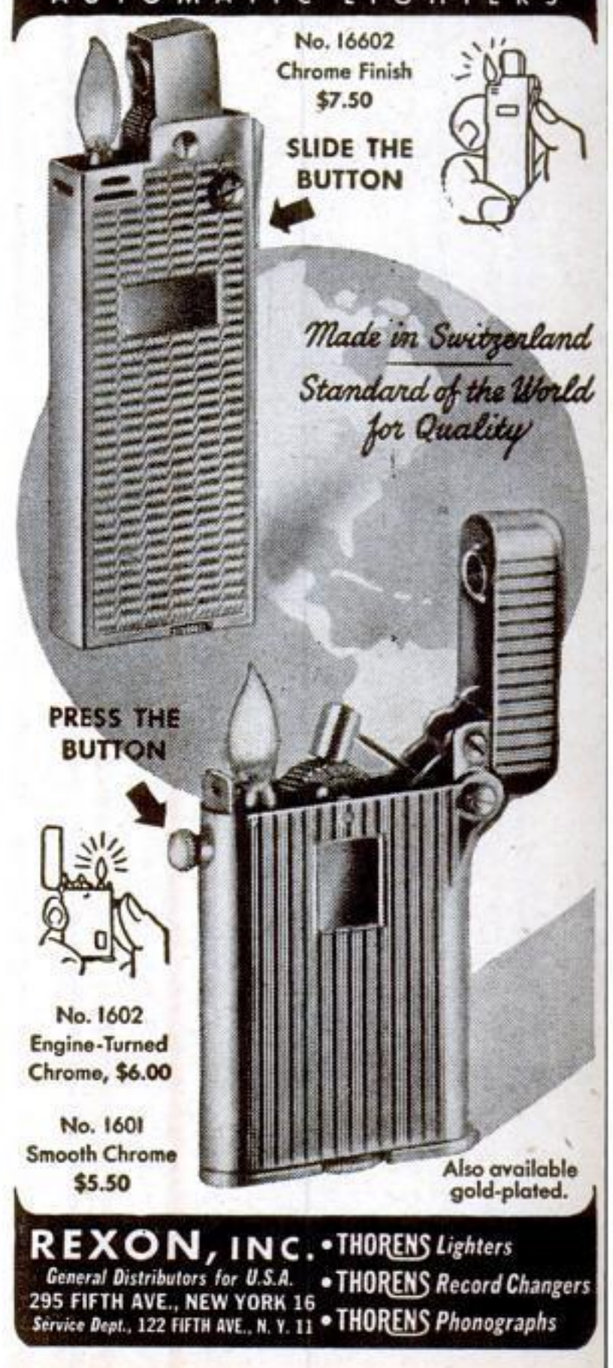


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Wise men (and women) *always* look for it on washable shirts, pajamas, work clothes, slacks, women's and children's wear.

The "Sanforized" label means: fabric shrinkage *held to a mere 1%.*

"Sanforized"... the checked standard of shrinkage. **The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used on compressive pre-shrunk fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owner of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.***

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Yes!



MARK HELLINGER, noted Columnist and Motion Picture Producer says "GREAT EXPECTATIONS is a superb melodrama. The Academy Awards have received their first challenge this year!"





CLAUDETTE COLBERT, glamorous Hollywood Star hails GREAT EXPECTATIONS as "A forceful and powerful drama!"



ROBERT SHERWOOD, Pulitzer Prize and Academy Award winning author of the Screenplay for "The Best Years of Our Lives" agrees, "GREAT EXPECTATIONS is one of the finest pictures ever to come out of England or any place else!"



HEDDA HOPPER, Hollywood Columnist and Radio Star says, "GREAT EXPECTATIONS lives up to my greatest expectations!"



LOUIS SOBOL, Broadway Columnist acclaims GREAT EXPECTATIONS "A Honey . . . take my word for it!"



THERESA HELBURN, Co-Manager of the Theatre Guild says, "GREAT EXPECTATIONS is certainly an extraordinarily fine film; beautifully conceived and photographed!"



Yes!

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IN NEW YORK CITY WILL FIRST PRESENT

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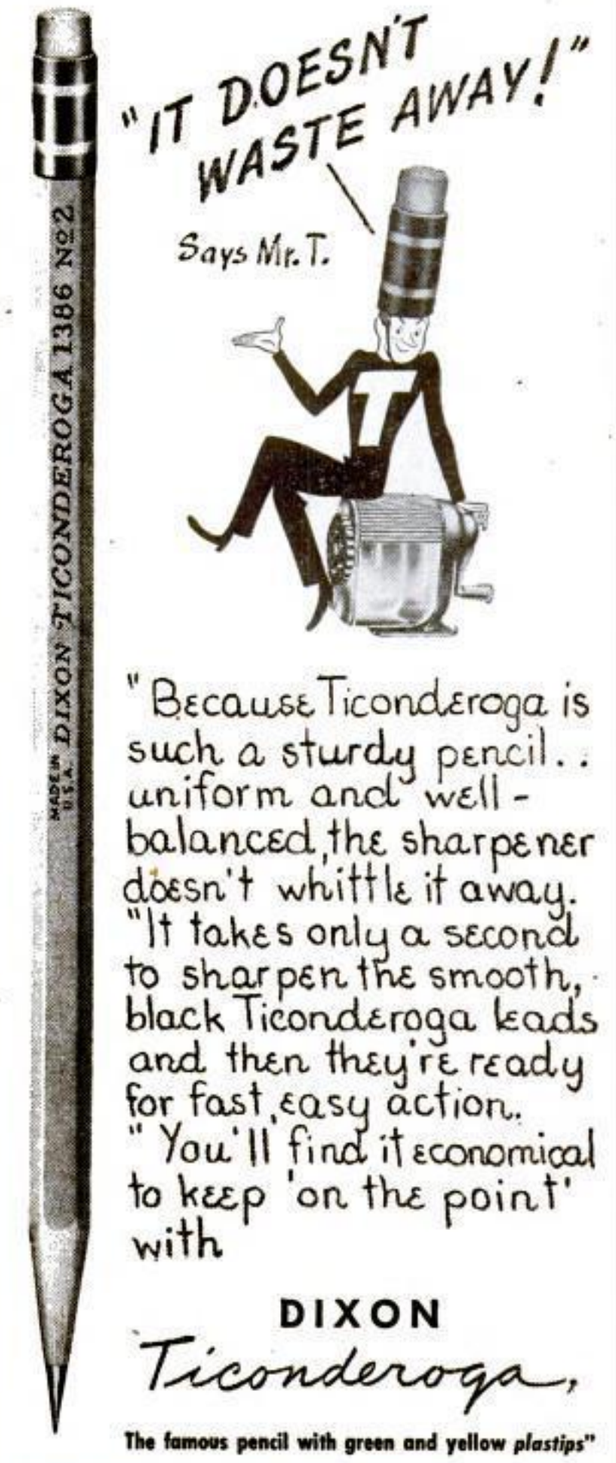
WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!

top civilian rank here, corresponding to full colonel) who boasts of the best toilet in Japan. One day a guest who was visiting him called his office in alarm: "They are trying to fix your toilet." "Stop them," said the CAF-15, "the toilet is perfect." "They say there is too much pressure," the guest reported. "The pressure is perfect. Stop them." "They are coming in the bathroom door." "Stop them!" the owner shouted. "Lock the door!"

Sometimes, when they are most needed, the cluster of coughing men at the back door turns out to be not workmen at all but investigators. It seems as if the most urgent calls to D.H. are switched to a siding or take the wrong track entirely. The wrong administration faucet is turned. Investigators begin pouring out instead of workmen. It is nearly impossible to stop the stream. I know of one plumbing investigation that went on for two weeks. The final session was one too many for the householder, a normally gentle American lady. "Are you going to fix it?" she asked. "Oh, no. We are going to report. Workmen will come to fix." "You!" she cried, snatching up a butcher knife. "Fix it now!" And she brandished the knife over them until they went to work and finished the job.

The map of modern Tokyo is like the back of a mangy dog; little tufts of greenery sheltering clusters of houses are separated by long stretches of flat, burned, dirty ruin. The houses we get are the surviving Western-style homes located in these little growing spots. Thus the dependent looks out of her windows at, perhaps, pine trees and Japanese gardens on one side, the gray landscape of long-cold ashes and broken walls on the other. In the foreground may be a woman, her bare feet in wooden *geta*. As the steam of her breath rises in the cold air she picks over the ashes from the bad coal the housewife has complained about and thrown out. Yet when the dependent walks out on a crisp morning her neighbors come to the dark doors of their fireless huts and smile and bow to her.

It is the life of the conquerors we are living. We have servants and servants' servants, and food from the U.S. commissary. The Japanese have none of these things. Yet somehow we do not feel like conquerors, demanding, receiving and relishing these things. I guess we were never reared that way.





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Nine Lives of Riley

If ever there was a deal to wear out a cat's purring mechanism, this is it! Gentle fingers in his fur, sibilant words in his ear, and beneath his paws the softest, smoothest, whitest sheets a cat could possibly cat-nap on! This is Pacific Combed Percale, the aristocrat of Pacific Sheets. Made the *balanced* way, it combines lush comfort with amazing durability. Pacific Balanced Sheets, made in various weights and priced to meet your every purpose, are sold at one fine store in each community. Ask for them by name.

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"I'm excited about
the new Cashmere Bouquet

Beau Cake

with make-up sponge right
in the case!"

—says lovely

Gail Patrick

APPEARING IN
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A REPUBLIC PICTURE





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LIFE

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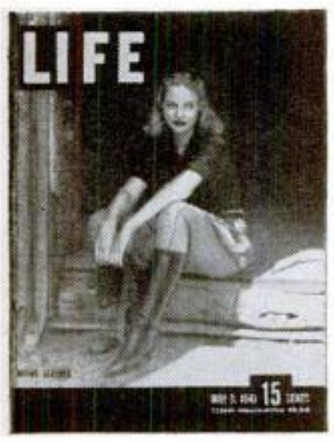
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LIFE'S COVER

Like other feminine riders shown on pages 61 to 64, Judy Hall enjoys riding as an agreeable and slimming sport. At 17, Judy is already a veteran in one career and a neophyte in another. She began modeling for her artist parents in Garden City, N.Y. five years ago, since then has posed to advertise everything from toothpaste to tires. Until two months ago she supplemented her income by working as a chorus girl at the Copacabana in New York. LIFE photographed her there (Jan. 20 issue) and as a result David O. Selznick signed her to a $300-a-week, seven-year movie contract.

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Have you a "favorite" child?

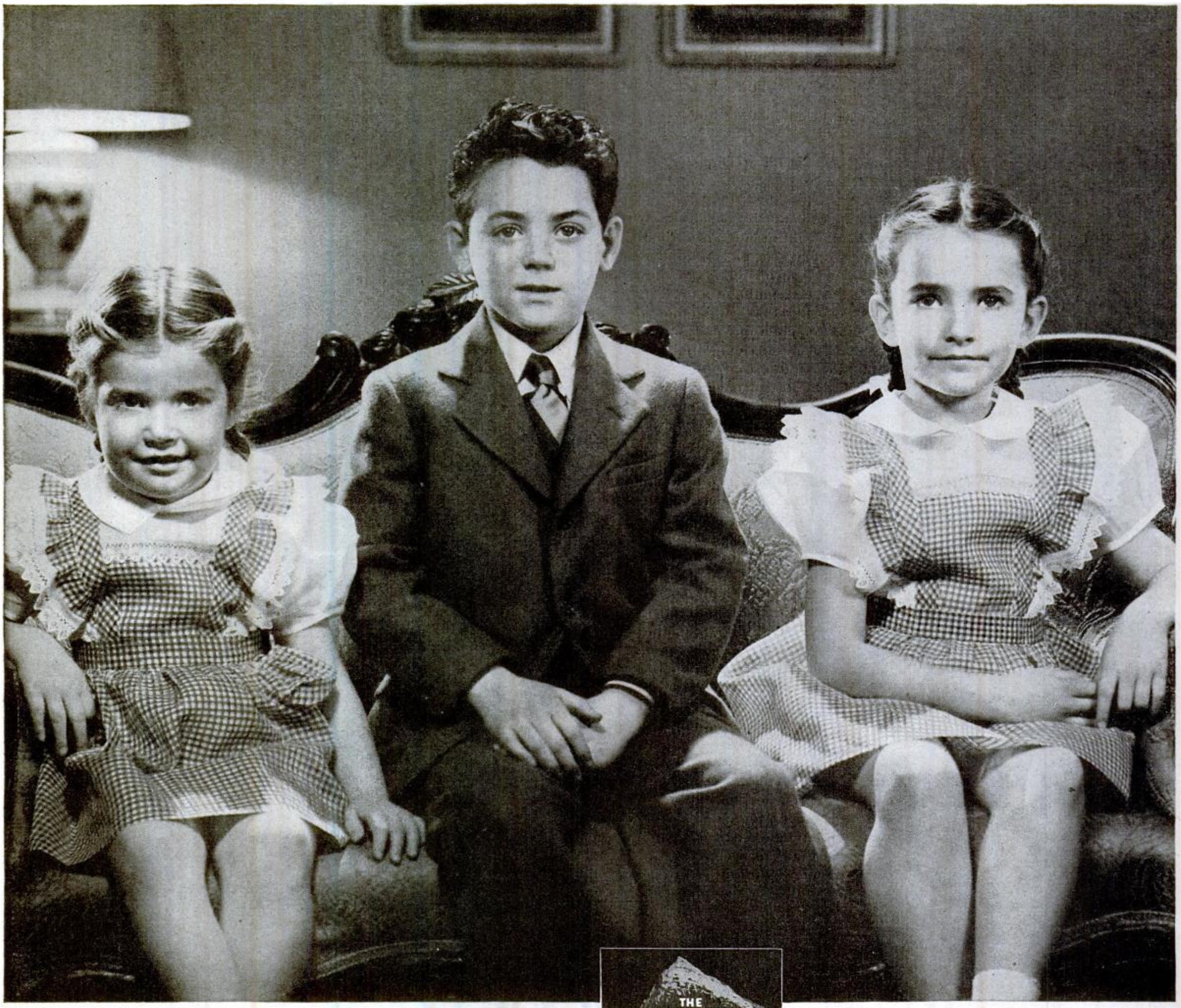
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Good parents know, too, that a child's feeling of security depends upon the sense of security of the whole family. Millions of American fathers strengthen this family security with Prudential life insurance. For a Prudential program can include a regular income for your wife and children if you should die, funds for your children's education, money to pay a mortgage on your home or to meet other needs. And Prudential insurance is particularly attractive to the family man—it is obtainable in a variety of plans, adaptable to changing family needs, and available at low cost.

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LIFE
Vol. 22, No. 18 May 5, 1947

IN NEWBURYPORT, MASS. MERCHANTS PARADE SIGNS ANNOUNCING THEY HAVE CUT PRICES 10%. SALES IMMEDIATELY JUMPED 50% AND CAUSED WIDE REACTION

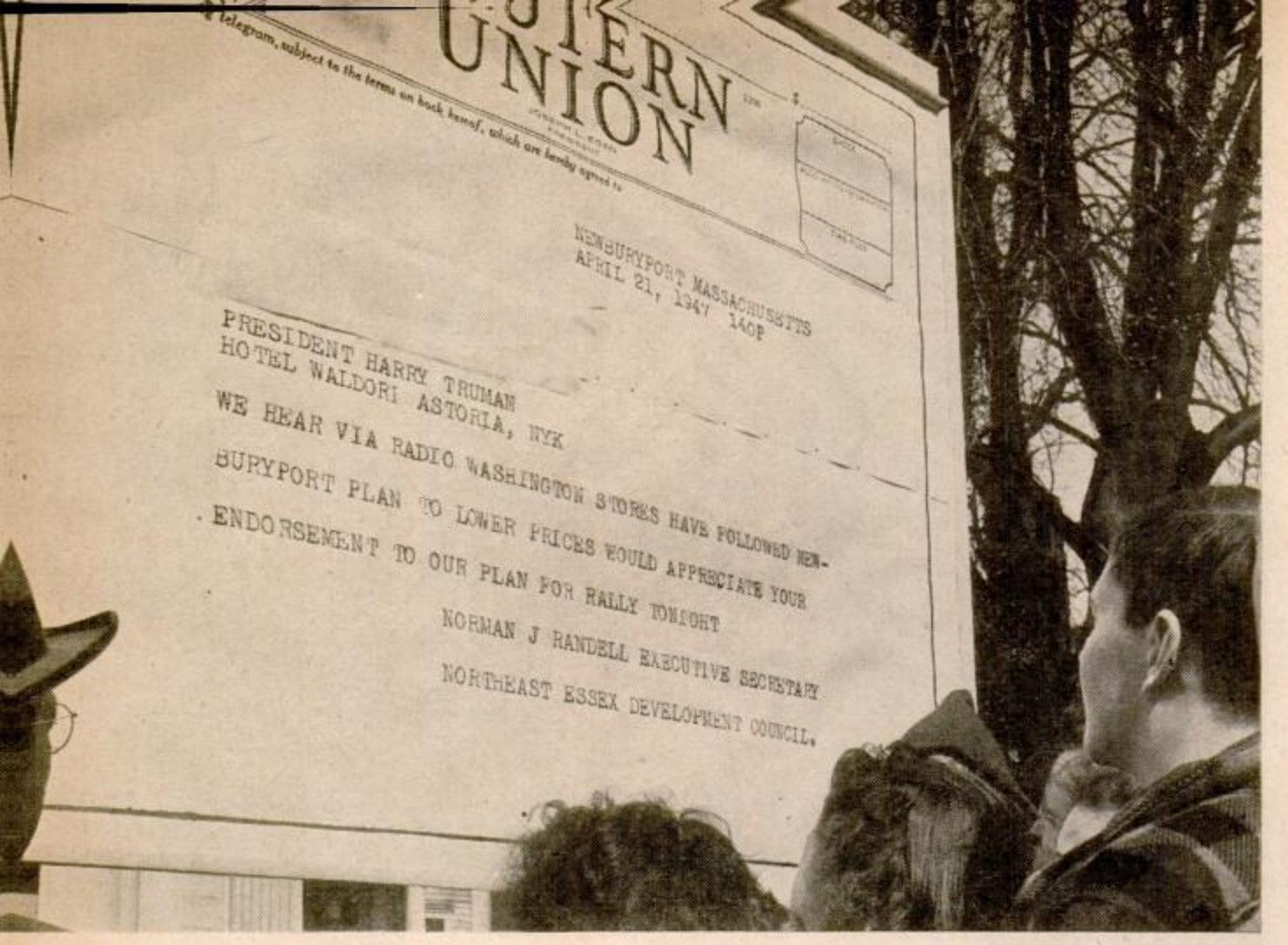
U.S. TACKLES THE PRICE PROBLEM

Ever since V-J Day, U.S. citizens have wondered if they were riding on an economic roller coaster. There was the same suspense-filled initial climb. Would there be the same awful drop? Last week the nation's headlines indicated at last that government, business and public alike felt something had to be done about it and that something could be done about it. President Truman called upon businessmen to cut prices before it was too late. The businessmen above, of Newburyport, Mass., quickly answered him. Their genially determined faces reflected an indication that the juggernaut might be tamed into a safe-and-sane pleasure car.

All along it has been vividly clear how this taming might be done: 1) by common-sense buying, 2) by all-out production, 3) by keeping prices and wages down. In Newburyport merchants started to take care of prices by knocking off 10%. There was enough national reaction to the "Newburyport Plan" to warn Big Business that the people are now price-conscious and that drunken-sailor days are past. Other such evidence could be seen in New York's garment district (*pp. 28–29*), where some estimates put unemployment as high as 60%.

In the meantime big, weight-throwing C.I.O. steel, electrical and auto unions, with an eye on the times, showed moderation by settling for about 15¢ an hour, or half of their demands, thus assuring an uninterrupted rise in production. Everyone agreed that it would take more than maneuvers like these to straighten out the war-disrupted U.S. economy. But for the long haul the U.S. last week was presented with a monumental Twentieth Century Fund survey of the past, present and future of the nation's economic way of life. The essence of the studious survey: "You ain't seen nothing yet."

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PROUD CITIZENS of Newburyport peruse a giant reproduction of the telegram the local merchants' association sent to President Truman after its 10% price-cut plan began to be copied elsewhere. The White House sent congratulations for "gratifying cooperation" in fight on high prices.



YOUNG PATRIOT (*above*), surrounded by his grandmother's shopping parcels, stares at one of Newburyport's window signs. Below: window of a supermarket on Long Island, N.Y. announces the owner refuses to be outdone by Newburyport. The plan popped up all over nation in a few days.





TRUMAN PLEADS FOR LOWER PRICES IN NEW YORK SPEECH

NEWBURYPORT PLAN

IT BOOMS LOCAL SALES AND SWEEPS NATION

The most surprising phenomenon in the U.S. last week was the wildfire spread of the Newburyport Plan, which originated with a hardware merchant named John Swanson. Inspired by all the talk about prices, John Swanson persuaded some fellow Newburyport businessmen to join him in a 10% cut. Inspired by the all-too-rare bargains, townspeople rushed to the stores. Merchants nearby watched the stampede and followed suit. The President's speech made the plan front-page news and soon it had spread from coast to coast. The question was whether the spread of price cuts could forestall the spread of dislocation and unemployment which are plaguing industries like the garment trades (*below and opposite page*) which are currently experiencing their first slump since before the war.



UNEMPLOYED garment-workers form a double line at state employment office in New York. Some days last week there were eight lines of job-seekers.

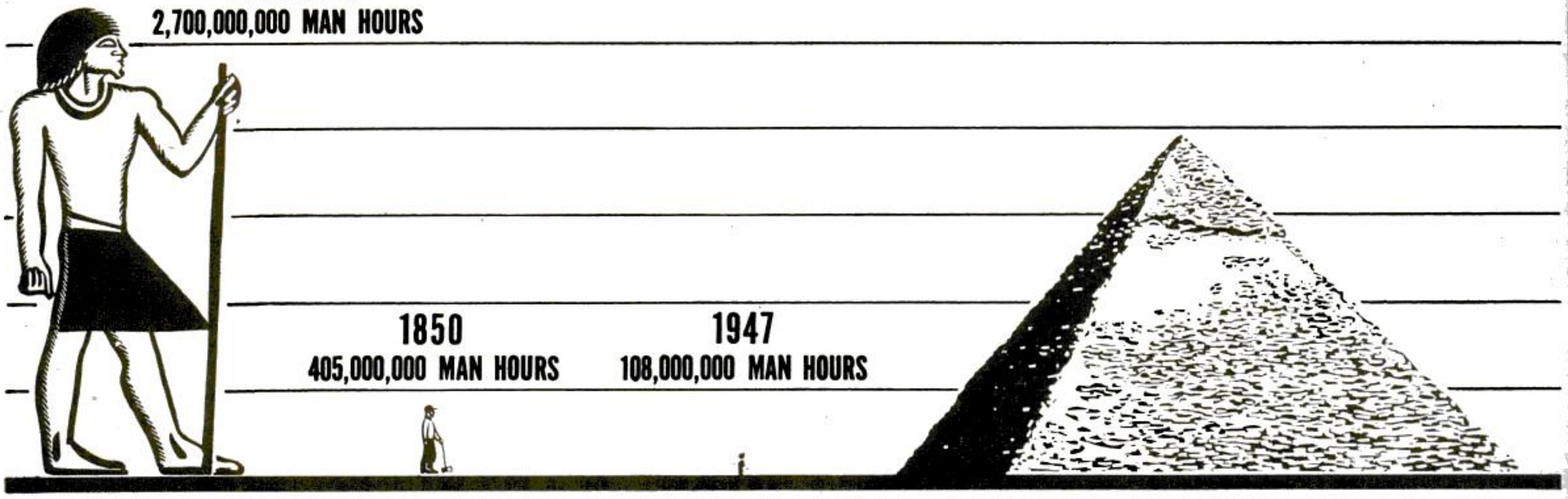
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NEARLY EMPTY GARMENT FACTORY in New York is owned by Abraham J. Rosenblatt, who glumly studies equally empty order book. The owner of Rosenblatt Frocks reports the worst dress slump in 20 years. He blames it on a) consumer price resistance, b) past disgust with poor quality in popular-price dresses, c) availability of other things.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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THE INCREASE IN PRODUCTIVITY over ancient times is shown in this chart. The Great Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt was built solely with manpower tugging at the ropes. But if it had been built in 1850, horses and crude machinery would have speeded up job. Machinery of 1947 would do it 25 times as efficiently and by 1960 it should be still easier.

GOOD TIMES A-COMIN'

TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND EXPERTS STUDY ECONOMIC PAST AND PRESENT TO FORECAST A ROSY U.S. FUTURE

While the U.S. has been going through four of the most hectic years in its economic history, 27 economic experts have been studying the merry-go-round and trying to make some sense out of it. Last week their work, which deserves some such circus word as "Gargantuan," was published by the highly respected Twentieth Century Fund, endowed by the late Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant.

Its commonplace title, *America's Needs and Resources*, could not quite conceal that here was an exhilarating story of what a free people had done, were doing, could do. Americans had, for the first time in history, harnessed machine power. And now they stood at the brink of a new epoch of shorter working hours, higher incomes, better, more rewarding ways of life. Indicative of the extreme range of the study were such miscellaneous facts as that we now spend as much on movies as on religion; that our use of canned fruit multiplied four times between the wars; that we now consume 20% less beer than 25 years ago; that we lost 10 times more in gambling machines in 1941 than in 1929; that use of snuff was more prevalent in rural areas; that our diets contain at least three dozen chemicals and that the tendency is to spend less for clothes and more for beauty treatments.

But the great value of the study was that on the basis of the present and past it was possible to project some reasonably accurate sort of picture of the future. With all the fussy caution of mathematicians, their projection was carefully qualified and conservative. It was based on the assumption of a continuing high-level economy and they planned on no disruptive war—in other words, normal times, which is asking a lot.

Nevertheless the future looks rosy. And it is a safe bet that, if we all work hard and keep the old machine rolling in gear with world economy, it will be a lot rosier than the economists dream.

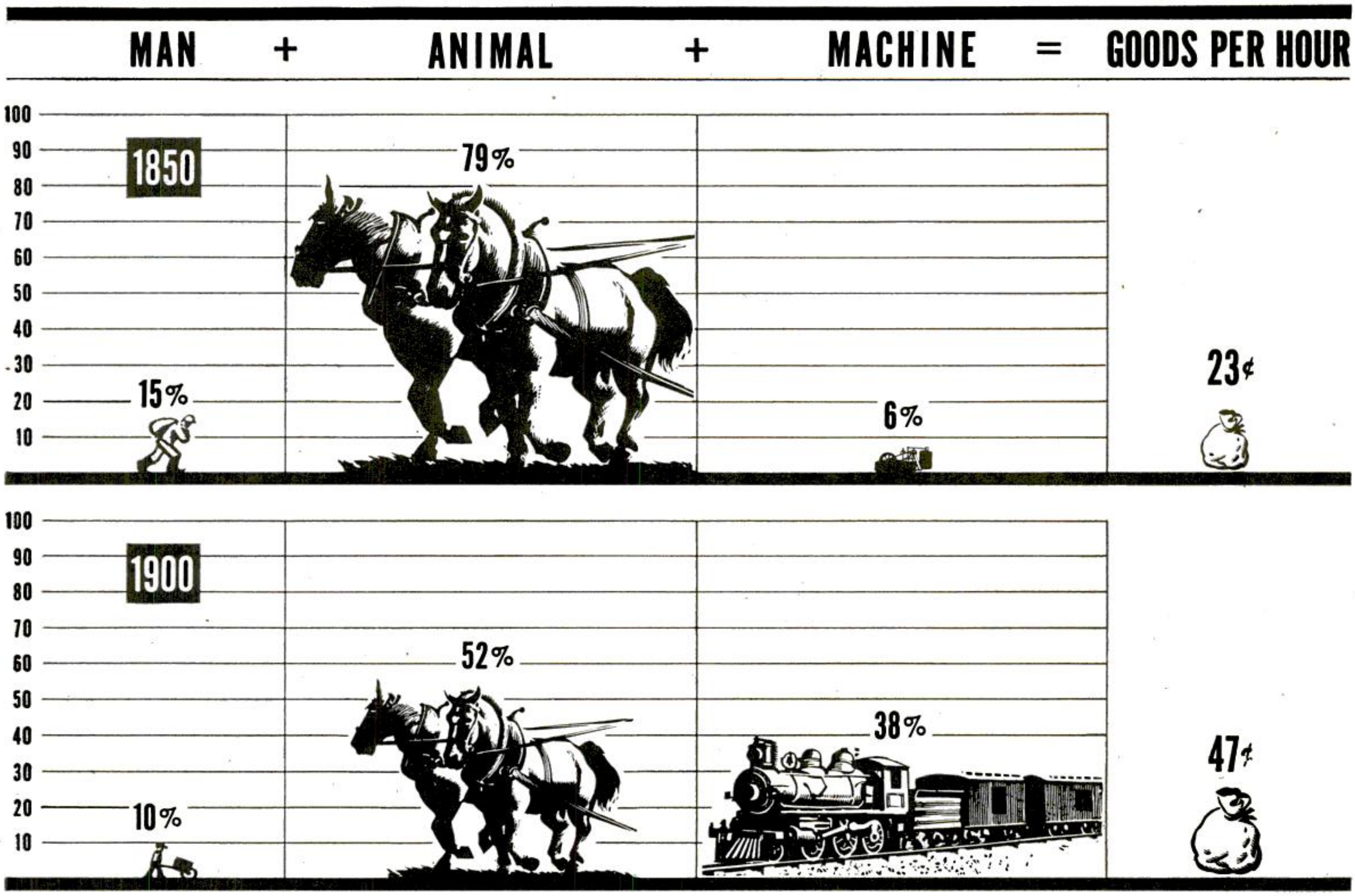
The secret of our past attainment and our future prosperity is clearly revealed by the study as the ability to produce more because we have the machines to help. The machine has taken over the work of man and beast. Our working hours, which were 70 a week a century ago, were reduced to 47 by 1944. Yet the 1944 worker turned out over three times more production than the 1850 worker. What the machine has meant over the longer historical epoch is illustrated by the Cheops pyramid shown above and by the chart opposite.

The study is also valuable in disclosing the futility of fearing and resisting the machine as we did in the mid-1930s. The inventive spirit that designs the machine always ends up creating more jobs than it eliminates. Canal boatmen and livery-stable workers gave way to railroaders and filling-station attendants. And so the examples go. Technological progress has not only raised living standards with new and infinite varieties of products; it has also made it possible to expand greatly the number and proportion of persons in gainful occupations. They have increased by 50 million in the last 75 years. And the average family (*pp. 32–33*) is materially benefited. The Fund uses "mineral energy" to signify power from water, coal, gas, oil. Translated into "machine power" this energy is now 300 to 1,000 times cheaper than the sweat of man's brow. But any skeptic who believes mineral energy has already been fully exploited needs to be given only one word: uranium.

	1929	1932	1940	1944	1960	NECESSARY FOR GOOD LIVING STANDARD
GROSS PRODUCTION PER CAPITA	$885	$600	$965	$1,445	$1,300	$1,410
AVERAGE INCOME	$735	$515	$760	$1,140	$1,035	$1,120
AVERAGE INCOME TAX	$25	$20	$35	$140	$80	$85
NET AVERAGE INCOME	$710	$495	$725	$1,000	$955	$1,035

WHAT THE FUND FORESEES on the basis of past performance is indicated above. All the figures are based on what the 1944 dollar would buy. Even in the war-rich years of 1944 the net income was $35 below what the Fund considers necessary for a good standard of living. In 1960, the Fund estimates, the net income will be $80 short. This will still be closer than ever before in peacetime. But improved technology and more hustle could well close the gap for the first time in history. It is a target for all Americans to shoot at.

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PROSPERITY depends on increasing productivity per manhour more than upon anything else. Although the above chart seems to show man diminishing in stature, the real clue is found in the right-hand column. It shows that by the normal development of machines to substitute for his own and animal power, man will, if he continues to develop and use the machine, produce an abundance of things that make up a good and rising living standard. There will be many new foods and gadgets, as well as more time to enjoy them.

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FAMILY STATUS

IT SHOULD BUY MORE FOR ITSELF

Ted Hemeke, his wife Jeanne and three children comprise just the family, perhaps minus a "statistical" child, that the Twentieth Century Fund economists had in mind when projecting their complicated charts of what life should be like in the U.S. by 1960. For in a war-wrecked world the U.S. looks good, but only by comparison. It must improve a great deal. The economists found that many millions of U.S. families live far more meanly than is good for them or for the country.

America's food, clothing, housing and even its famous plumbing should be better. Of the 37 million dwelling units in the U.S. they found 30% had no running water, 40% no private flush toilet, 45% no private bath.

To give breath and meaning to the statistics, LIFE took the Hemekes from their drab home (*left*) and showed them Cy Williams' modern six-room house on Long Island (*right*). Jeanne Hemeke was



PRESENT HOME of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hemeke at Hook Creek, N.Y. is shabby and lacks many improvements. Here Ted comes home from $60-a-week job, which Twentieth Century Fund figures is the national average.

PRESENT KITCHEN HAS DIRTY COAL FURNACE NEXT TO STOVE. THIS HOUSE IS ABOVE AVERAGE FOR FAMILY OF THIS INCOME. TED MADE IMPROVEMENTS HIMSELF



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MUST IMPROVE

TO BETTER THE LIVING OF OTHERS

thrilled with a demonstration at Stern's of a new Youngstown "unit kitchen," planned to conserve time and effort. The Twentieth Century Fund figured that to achieve a health and decency standard for everyone by 1960 each U.S. family should acquire, in addition to a pleasant roof over its head, a vacuum cleaner, washing machine, stove, electric iron, refrigerator, telephone, electric toaster and such miscellaneous household supplies as matching dishes, silverware, cooking utensils, tools, cleaning materials, stationery and postage stamps.

To most this Twentieth Century goal will seem limited and they will try to outstrip it. The number who do this will be the measure of the Fund's error in estimating a minimum. But aside from gadgets there is a more promising aspect for American life. It is in the order, charm and added leisure that such surroundings and such conveniences should inspire and facilitate in our whole mode of living by 1960.



MODERN HOUSE, being admired by the Hemekes, has all the modern features which people like Ted and Jeanne should be able to buy in order to provide full employment and improved living standards for the rest of the nation.

MODERN KITCHEN HAS A VARIETY OF ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT, GAS STOVE, IS CONVENIENT, COMFORTABLE. THIS IS AVERAGE 1960 HOUSE FOR PEOPLE OF THIS INCOME



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EDITORIAL

THE FARMER

HE IS A DUAL PERSONALITY AND OUR FARM POLICY SHOULD RECOGNIZE THAT FACT

In the woodlots of the northeast the buds of the red maple have burst their sticky phalli and the old flash pastures of native grass are opened to the barn-bound cows. Far down across the Appalachians the vines of beans and sweet potatoes crawl along the red ground. The beef of Texas muzzles among the columbine and grain is shin-high beside the Arkansas. Pink small swine buck at the dugs of sows all the way to Denver. About the ranch houses of the Sierra the grass in the dry winds now is gray, but westward in the Central Valley the grapes and melons grow. To this abundant nation there is spring.

In no other spring has so much coin jingled in the jeans of the American farmer—$24 billion from last year's production. And he has planted, or is going to plant, 2,300,000 more acres this year than last. His herds and flocks have shrunk a little, but they are appraised at more than $11 billion, an all-time high.

These bigtime figures get no grin from the city man, buying his grub at the grocery store. Food prices hit their historic peak in March and what little backwash there has been since then is unnoticeable. It is a painfully serious situation to millions of people, including Harry S. Truman. In his Waldorf-Astoria speech of April 21 he noted that retail and wholesale food prices (up 36% and 53%, respectively, over 1945) have outclimbed all others in the rising cost of living (*p. 27*).

Prices, Appropriations and Policy

It is not surprising that the high cost of food should have excited a more than usual general interest in the amount of government money being spent on the farmer and in the manner of its spending.

The home office of all U.S. husbandry, as well as its chief disbursing agency, is the U.S. Department of Agriculture. USDA and allied agencies have an estimated budget of $1.5 billion to spend on agriculture and USDA alone maintains a payroll of 76,000 employes—one for every 350 men, women and children in the agricultural population. It distributes or supervises the distribution of cash and services for three major purposes: 1) to "support" farm prices; 2) to conserve the soil; 3) to provide research and advice on agricultural techniques. Money can be saved all along the line.

Very few commodities in this, agriculture's best year, qualify for subsidies, but the budget makes provision for more than $160 million to maintain parity prices plus 10% on eggs, potatoes (sweet and white), chickens, turkeys. This looks weird to the pinched consumer. The USDA's argument is that without the assurance of supported prices agriculture would not now be producing as much as it does and prices would be higher than they are. It is a debatable thesis.

The USDA wants to continue its soil-improvement benefits by giving farmers $200 million worth of lime and superphosphate, about a fifth of their requirements. If the U.S. farmer cannot pay his whole lime and fertilizer bill this year, he will never be able to. The House Appropriations Committee has a baleful eye on this item —the largest single one in USDA's budget—and rightly so.

Even USDA's best friends admit "overlapping and duplication" in the organization's vast research and advisory functions. The House Agriculture Committee is now holding hearings on "a general, long-range agricultural program." One aim is to correct USDA's notorious proliferation. The department has been "streamlined" half a dozen times since 1939. This time it should be streamlined for good. That will also save some money.

But there is one thing even more important than thrift in any reformation of the USDA's activities. And that is an insistence that the agency cease to shower its money and services indiscriminately on all farmers alike. The truth is that U.S. farmers fall into two grand divisions whose requirements for government assistance are almost wholly unrelated.

5,800,000 Farms, 2 Farmers

As defined in the census, a farm is any plot of land down to three acres which annually grosses no less than $250 worth of agricultural products, to be consumed on or off the premises. This means that in the commercial sense, about half the U.S. farms are not farms at all. In fact, of the 5,800,000 "farms," two million account for 85% of our commercial foods, fats and fibers. It is among the 3,800,000 marginal or submarginal farms that one finds so much of our past and continuing soil ruin. These are the "rural slums," the spent acres whose owners through ignorance, indigence, bad luck, bad health or poverty have let go to hell. The Okies of Mr. Steinbeck's sentimental melodrama were not "tractored out," they eroded themselves out.

Even the disadvantaged farm family enjoys a lot of support from Jeffersonian idealists and urban sociologists who consider it a prolific breeding ground for stanch citizenry (forgetting, perhaps, such of its offspring as John Dillinger and "Pretty Boy" Floyd). But realists in the USDA itself would like to see about half the marginal farm population moved into cities, in the hope that their addition to the ranks of industry would help provide a generally higher standard of living.

The story of the other two million American farms is quite different. No hat can be raised too high to the tireless, intelligent and ingenious men and women—and children—who operate them. Like many other U.S. businessmen, their present inclination is to make their killing when they can. It is not true, however, that *all* farmers enjoy the sight of agriculture with its hand in Uncle Sam's pocket, nor do all of them enjoy Uncle Sam's hand on their shoulders. The Institute of American Poultry Industries is significantly petitioning Congress to be released from the Commodity Credit Corp. subsidy in order to shake out the marginal and backyard producers who soften the market and the industry.

Also like any other businessman the commercial farmer has his difficulties, now and in the foreseeable future. His production costs (labor, machinery, materials) have not lagged behind the national rise. His industry is the nation's most competitive, an important and contributing factor being the socialized research available to all competitors. He would like to see a continuing Golden Age of full national employment and ravenous foreign markets. But he is apprehensive of a recession and is also aware that the proportion of the national income spent on food may be on the verge of a long-term downward trend. The foreign market now provides him with 9% of his cash income. But, as the USDA has warned him, the conditions which make this so are not permanent. The required response to potential world competition is the same as the required response to President Truman's plea for lower living costs: lower production costs in agriculture. It can be done—by commercial farmers. LIFE, for instance, knows of wheat-growers (names not furnished on request) on good land, with industrialized methods, who can "make" wheat for less than 60¢ a bushel. That price would give even the fat-landed Argentines something to think about.

Fecund Future

For low-cost commercial farmers the future is not only bright but exciting. A century ago it took 85 farmworkers to feed themselves and 15 other people. That ratio is now reversed and in the future even fewer agricultural workers will supply more and better produce. They will do so with new and better machinery, with new and improved strains of seeds and livestock, with new combinations of minerals and fertilizers, with new soil practices and new insecticides. We had a little preview of this era even during the war when, in spite of a drop in the farm population from 30 to 25 million and in the face of weather which was not quite as beneficent as one was led to believe, we fed a large part of the world and ourselves better than we had ever been fed before. Future production capabilities are enormous—2¼ times the sky-high 1943 level, according to one bulletin from the USDA.

As for the inefficient, or crypto-farmer, we had better re-examine the construction of the governmental umbrella which for so many years has been held over his head. If he chooses peasantry as a way of life, this is a free country. His wishes are to be respected. Maybe he even ought to be helped along toward an improved form of peasantry. But it should be distinctly understood that his is essentially a welfare problem. It has little to do with agronomy.

On the other hand, the effective sector of our agriculture has the strongest claims on the nation's understanding and confidence. Recognizing its need for centralized research and counsel, we cannot deny it those essential federal services with which it is unable to provide itself. We can and should, however, see to it that the efficient farmer is not trampled to death in the present costly, disorganized rush to his assistance. He doesn't need it and we cannot afford it.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

Last week what was left of the luxurious French liner *Normandie* lay exposed like an artist's cross-section as junkmen slowly whittled her into pieces. Already her First Class Grand Dining Room ("La Grande Salle à Manger") was an enormous shelf of steel (*top center*). Her massive rudder (*bottom foreground*), almost as large as a boat itself, wobbled uselessly in the ebbing tide. It has taken four months to hack and peel away the *Normandie*'s bow and stern. Finishing her off will take six more.

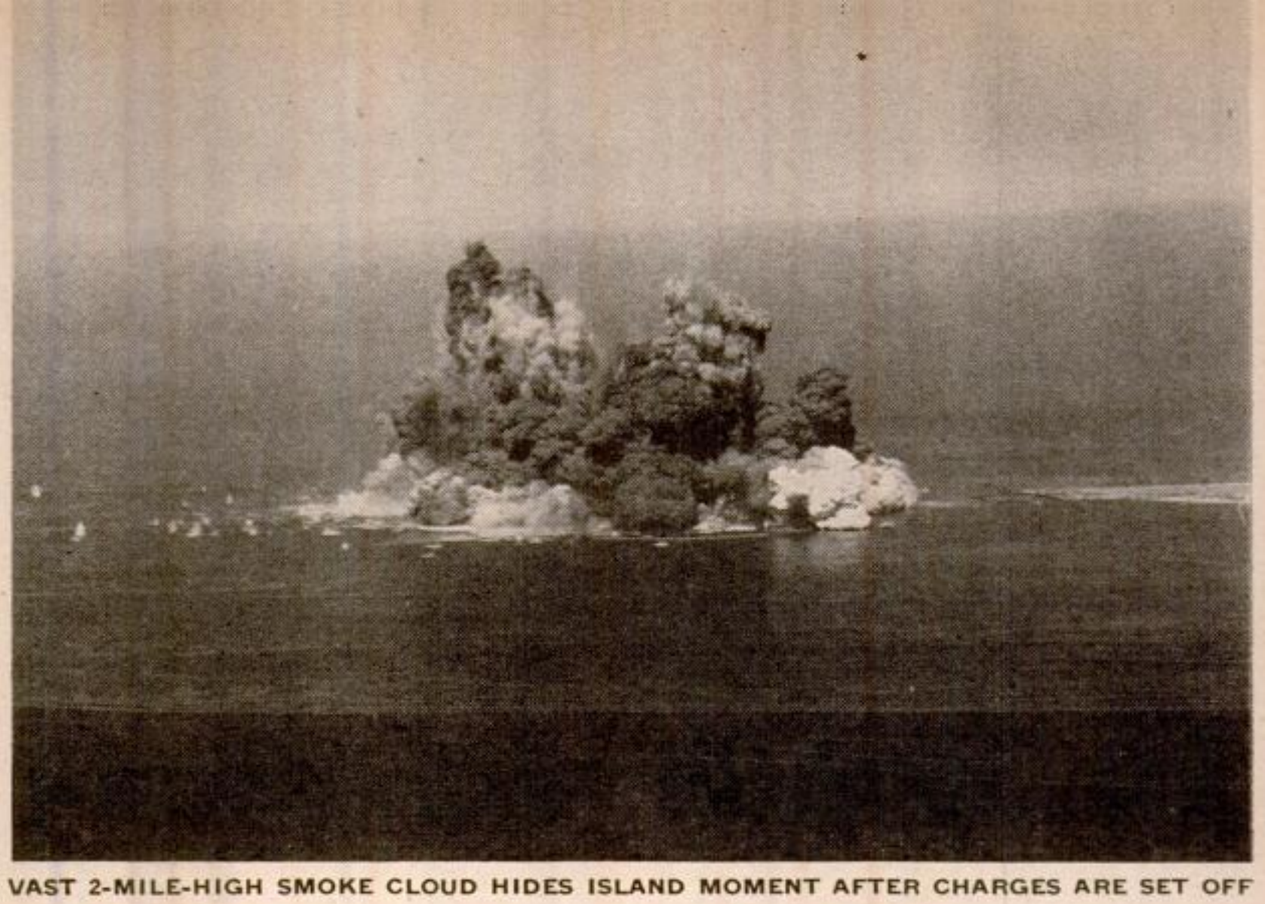
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NORMANDIE'S INSIDES ARE BARED IN CUTAWAY VIEW AS WRECKERS HACK HER TO PIECES FOR SCRAP

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WARTIME AIR VIEW SHOWS HELGOLAND'S TOWN AND HARBOR WORKS



VAST 2-MILE-HIGH SMOKE CLOUD HIDES ISLAND MOMENT AFTER CHARGES ARE SET OFF

HELGOLAND GOES UP

British destroy German fortress so it cannot menace them a third time

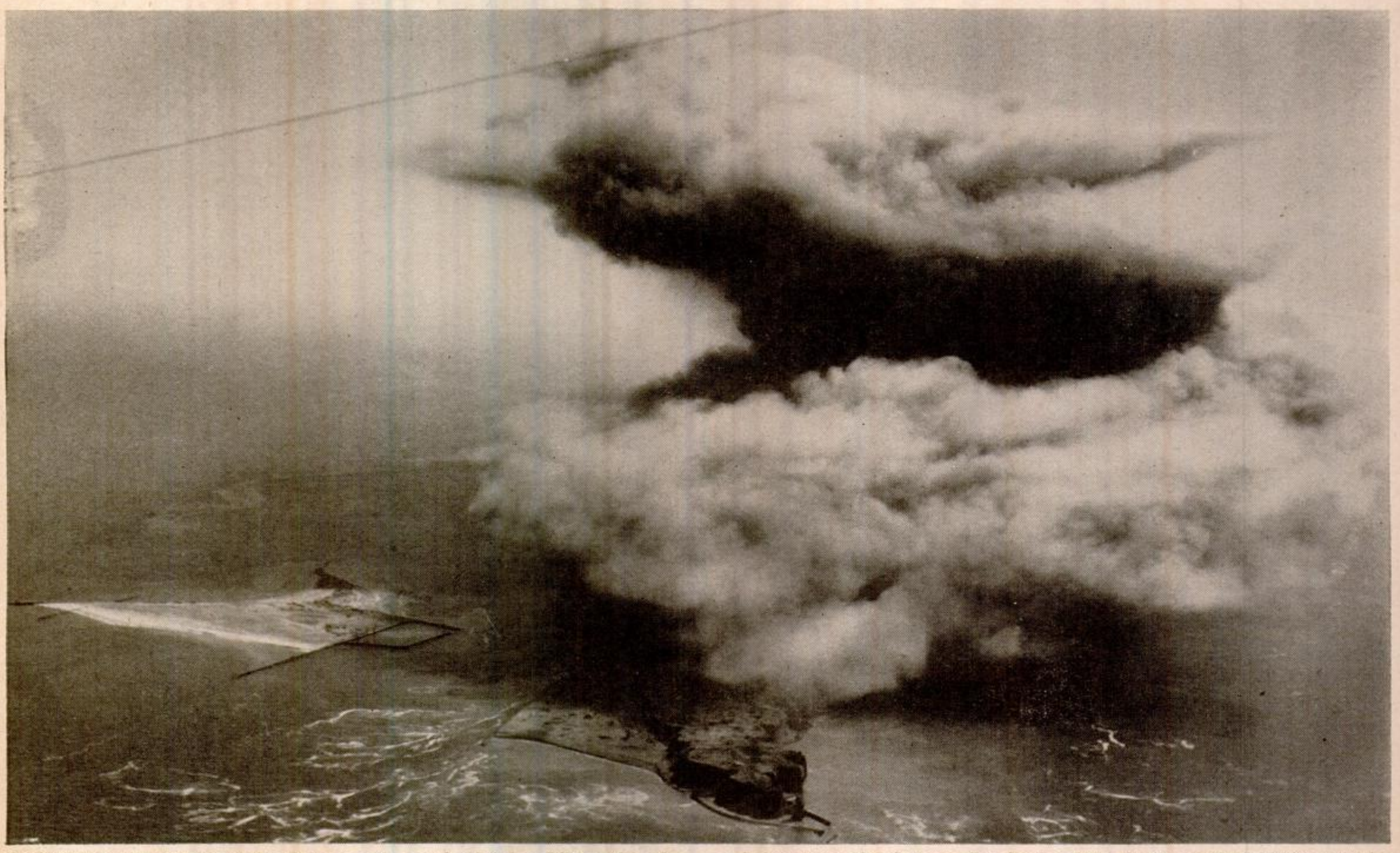
One sunny day last week the red-cliffed island of Helgoland, 28 miles off Germany's North Sea coast, disappeared in a towering column of tinted smoke. Two hundred and seventy-five miles away a delicate seismograph needle set in mountain rock swung crazily for a full three minutes.

When the great smoke cloud finally lifted, Helgoland looked like a fragment of the moon (*opposite*). In its eight miles of subterranean tunnels and beneath its massive concrete U-boat pens, the British navy had detonated 6,700 tons of gelignite, torpedo war heads, depth charges and TNT. Only a few of the houses on the triangular island's peak were left intact.

In two world wars the Germans had used Helgoland as a base for attacks on Britain. It was to make such a use more difficult in another war that the British blew it up. But the Frisian inhabitants, who had all been moved to the mainland, could well wonder if the destruction of their homes had been worth it. V-weapons have already made Helgoland strategically obsolete. And even if it should regain its military importance, there is nothing to stop a country from fortifying it again, as Hitler proved in the '30s.



IN THE NORTH SEA, just above the Channel, 160-acre Helgoland lies 285 miles from London, 95 from Hamburg.



SHOWERS OF DEBRIS riffle North Sea as rocks, metal and timbers fall away from the rising smoke cloud. Germans had expanded the milelong island with jetties, earthworks and causeways, and early in war they developed the adjoining sandspit of Dünen-Insel as an interceptor airstrip. Helgoland artillery protected mainland bases such as Cuxhaven.

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HALF-HOUR AFTER the explosion Helgoland had become a wasteland of broken buildings and furrowed rock. In foreground shadowed valleys trace the collapsed tunnels. Dimples along the coast at right once housed heavy artillery batteries. In the dusty distance, beyond the shells of wrecked houses, are shattered U-boat pens and harbor installations.

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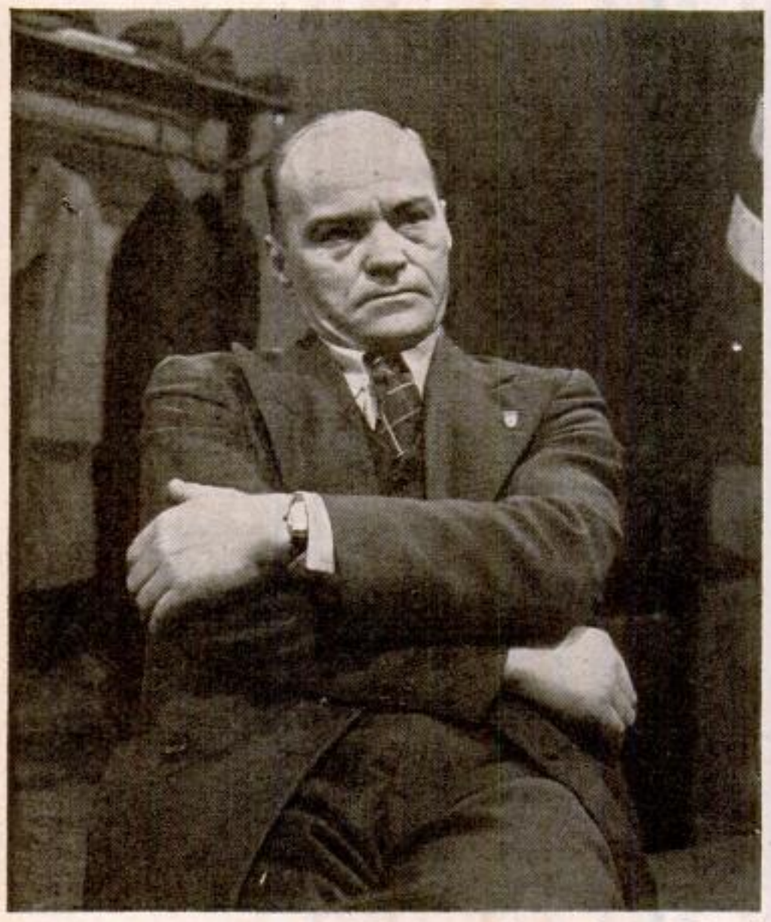
THE TRIAL'S CAST OF CHARACTERS INCLUDES PROSECUTION WITNESS ACIDLY TESTIFYING (CENTER), DEFENDANT WARHOL (FOREGROUND), PROSECUTOR (LEFT), JURY

COMMUNIST TRIAL

Union officer takes the stand and denies he is a member of party

Last January, Peter J. Warhol, business agent for Local 61, Upholsterers' International Union, A.F.L., was accused of being a Communist. In U.S. labor this was nothing new. It was a problem which has plagued many U.S. unions but which has brought more talk than action. But Local 61's leaders acted, suspended Warhol. He demanded a trial. On April 15 and 16, in a dingy hall in Minneapolis, he got it.

Sober-faced union members filed in to watch the dramatic scene. Testimony against the defendant mounted: one witness said Warhol once declared he would fight on Russia's side in any war against the U.S.; another claimed Warhol took union contracts to local Communist headquarters for approval. Warhol fidgeted when he was charged with having said at a Christmas party: "I am a Communist." Then, still arguing (*opposite*), Warhol left the trial. He would have six weeks to worry about the verdict.



DEFENSE WITNESS Wiosky said members of local were "amazed and perplexed" by charges against Warhol.



PROSECUTION WITNESS Bishop swore Warhol reversed his attitude toward war when Russia was invaded.



PROSECUTION WITNESS Blixt, teamsters' official, said he heard Reds referring to Warhol as a Communist.

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OF UNION OFFICIALS (RIGHT), STENOGRAPHER (RIGHT, BACK TO CAMERA)



DEFENDANT REARS BACK AND TELLS THE COURT HE QUIT THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN 1938



END OF TRIAL finds Prosecutor Hoffmann still arguing with Warhol (*foreground*) over the definition of Communism. Although the decision will not be known for at least six weeks, Warhol made outcome evident. When repeatedly asked, "Do you still believe in Communism?", he squirmed and said, "I believe in the same principles."

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WITH PERFECT APLOMB PRINCESS ELIZABETH STANDS IN STOCKING FEET WHILE QUEEN WRIGGLES UNCOMFORTABLY IN SADDLE SHOES BORROWED FROM DAUGHTER

PRINCESS TAKES OFF HER SHOES

When Cecil John Rhodes died in 1902, he asked to be buried in Rhodesia, the country that bears his name, "in the Matapos, on the hill I called the 'View of the World.' " This hill is a terrifying mass of black stone, extremely difficult to climb. In his romantic selection of a burial site Empire Builder Rhodes could hardly have foreseen the embarrassment he caused the British royal family last month.

On April 15, nine days before ending a 7,000-mile tour of their African empire, Princess Elizabeth, her sister and the queen clambered up the hill to Rhodes's grave. The rugged climb tore the queen's shoes to ribbons and the obliging princess gave the queen her own. Then the princess, who may someday rule 500 million people and 14 million square miles, calmly padded about in her stocking feet.



RHODES'S GRAVE IS SURROUNDED BY BOULDERS

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Why do families go for this Noodle Soup?

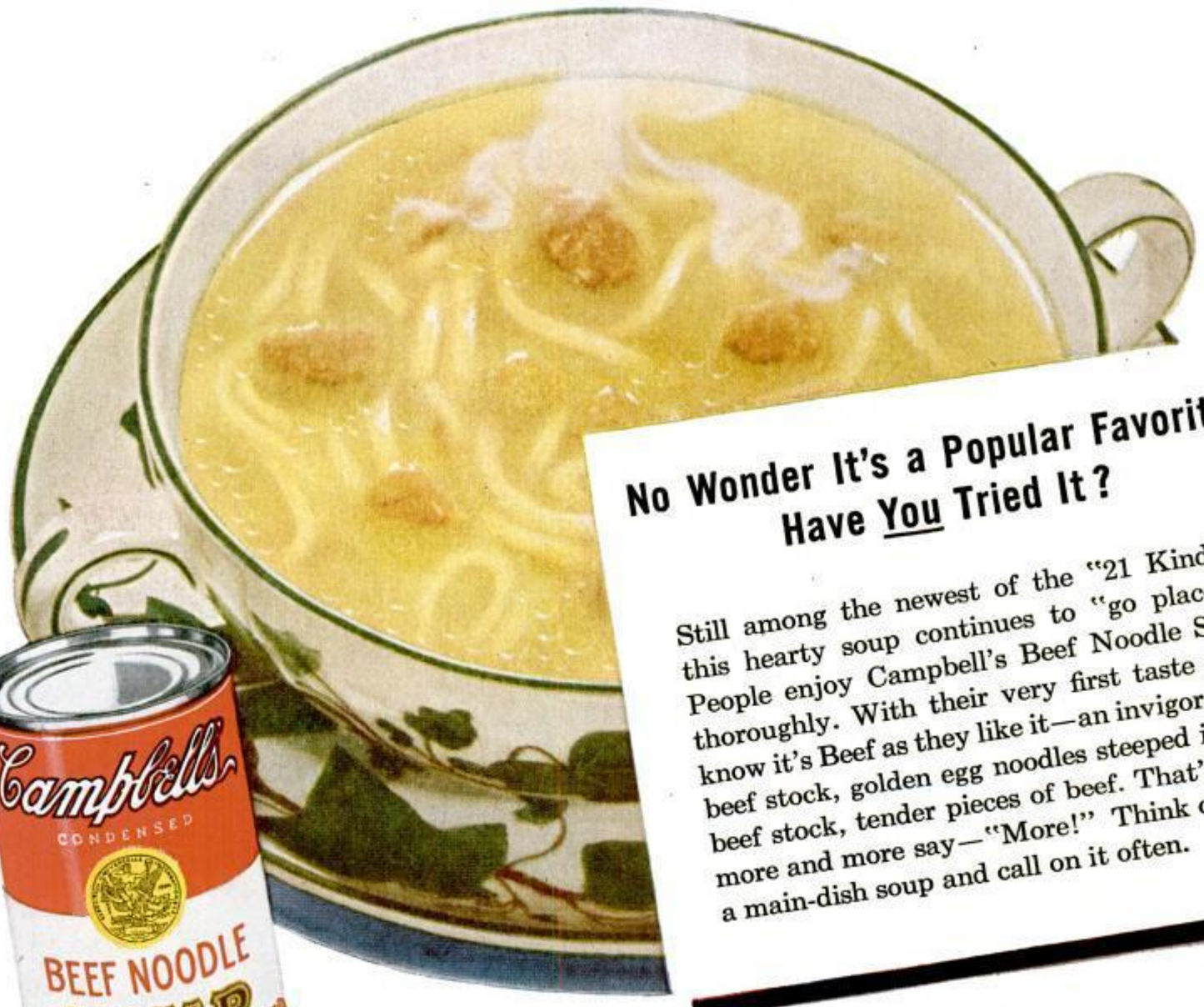


Because it's BEEF through and through!

BROTH—
Simmered from Lean Beef

NOODLES—
Steeped in the Beef Broth

BEEF—
Pieces Generous and Tender



No Wonder It's a Popular Favorite!
Have You Tried It?

Still among the newest of the "21 Kinds", this hearty soup continues to "go places". People enjoy Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup thoroughly. With their very first taste they know it's Beef as they like it—an invigorating beef stock, golden egg noodles steeped in the beef stock, tender pieces of beef. That's why more and more say—"More!" Think of it as a main-dish soup and call on it often.



Lasso in hand
I take my stand;
Then twirl my loop
'Round Campbell's Soup!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's BEEF NOODLE SOUP

Copyrighted material



Please put stars in my eyes

THEY SAY all brides are beautiful. Please, let that magic work for me.

And it will . . . if the things that are in my heart shine through in my face. So I'll let the photographer worry about my veil and my flowers . . . while I think about Jim and me.

When did I fall in love with him? It's hard to remember, now. Maybe the day our sailboat got stuck on a sand bar. Or that moment at the dance, when the music stopped, but we didn't step away . . .

Oh, it *had* to come out like this. Not just because we have such fun together, or even the wonderful romantic part, but because Jim and I are so alike in the way we want our life to be.

We've no rich relatives to endow us, but we'll do things right ourselves. A small wedding . . . but a church one. Just four place settings in my beautiful International Sterling pattern . . . but *solid* silver, to last a lifetime.

Here comes that little glow I always get when I remind myself I own real sterling . . . when I think how proud Jim and I will be to use it, and to have other people see it.

And years from now, when my grandchildren look at my wedding picture, they'll have another sentimental tradition: my even-more beautiful International Sterling that has become "family silver."

When you choose *your* lifetime silver, see the exquisite International Sterling patterns.

Every one is artist-designed . . . finest detailed . . . rich in its weight of solid silver.

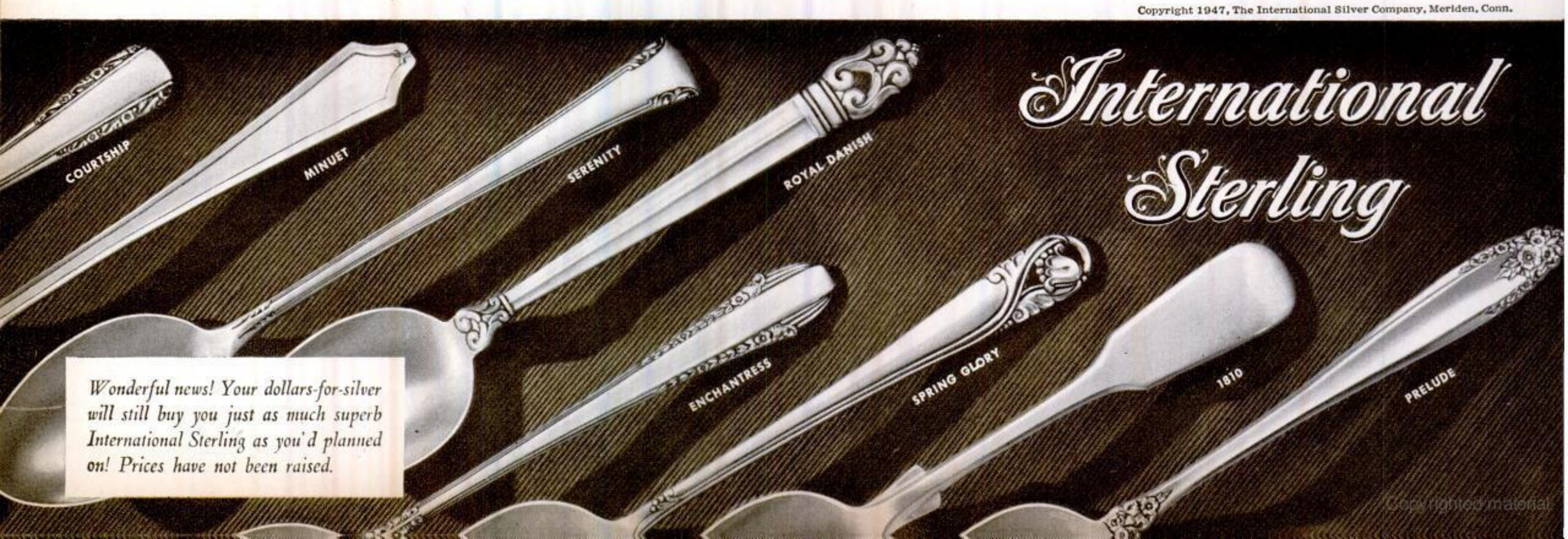
Begin, if you like, with individual place settings (knife, fork, teaspoon, salad fork, cream soup spoon, butter spreader).

And hear this welcome news: *prices on famous International Sterling have not been raised!* Individual place settings are as little as $21.50.

All these patterns are made by The International Silver Company in the U. S. A.

TUNE IN to *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet,* Sunday evening, 6:00 p. m., E.D.S.T., Columbia Broadcasting System.

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AT NEW YORK'S GREENWICH VILLAGE INN, LORRAINE DE WOOD CASHES IN ON HER SUDDEN FAME AS "LA TIRANA" BY SINGING A FEW SONGS FOR $1,250 A WEEK

FAME COMES TO "LA TIRANA"

WHEN HER EX-BOYFRIEND IS KILLED AND THE TABLOIDS FIND HIS DIARY, A SINGER GETS A NEW JOB

The young lady on this page, a nightclub entertainer who calls herself Lorraine De Wood, was elevated to fame and at least temporary fortune last week by the combination of the U.S. tabloid press and a killing aboard an old Navy boat anchored off Havana, Cuba. Miss De Wood had nothing to do with the killing; indeed at the moment she was some 1,500 miles away, singing in a second-rate Milwaukee nightclub called the Tic-Toc.

The tabloids, however, never hesitate to look even in Milwaukee for another angle to a juicy story. And in the Havana shooting they had just the story to inspire them. John Lester Mee, a neurotic young Navy veteran given to Freudian flights of fancy, had been shot to death by the mistress of his winter vacation, one Patricia Schmidt. Miss Schmidt, as if in answer to an editor's prayer, was an exotic dancer billed as La Satira. Exotic dancer in the nightclub trade means a girl who goes through a few motions while wearing as few clothes as the cops will allow in the city where she is working—and Miss Schmidt had frequently been photographed in her working clothes. The tabloids could hardly have hoped for more, but they got it. It turned out that Mee's wife, in Chicago, was also an exotic dancer and a blonde to boot.

The New York *Daily News*, which is the most enterprising of all tabloids, quickly discovered Mee's diary and some love letters that he had written to various girl friends around the country. They were full of titillating quotes: "Man is obsessed with sex. Women absorb sex more naturally into their lives. Why do I feel this way?" "Promise me, my beloved, one small, modest favor. That you shall permit me to bathe you. Bring your dinner to you. Perfume you. Carry you to the sofa and read my poems to you." The rambling diaries also referred frequently to "La Tirana Diabla" ("Devilish Tyrant"), whom Mee appeared to like best of all his girls.



IN SHOWER Lorraine poses for a publicity picture after arrival in New York.

The *Daily News* found La Tirana in Milwaukee, in the person of Miss De Wood. Yes, she confessed, Mee was "the strangest and yet most wonderful man I ever knew. He was worth being in love with for awhile. [But] I also felt that in him was another man—a man who could be cruel, even sadistic." Naturally La Tirana could not be left in obscurity. A New York nightclub promoter stole her right away from Milwaukee and put her on display at $1,250 a week.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 43

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"It's none of my business..." said the Tycoon



As reported by The Old Conductor



". . . BUT HOW CAN a young fella like you afford such a special tobacco?" "Doesn't *cost* so much," said Joe. "It's the borrowing."



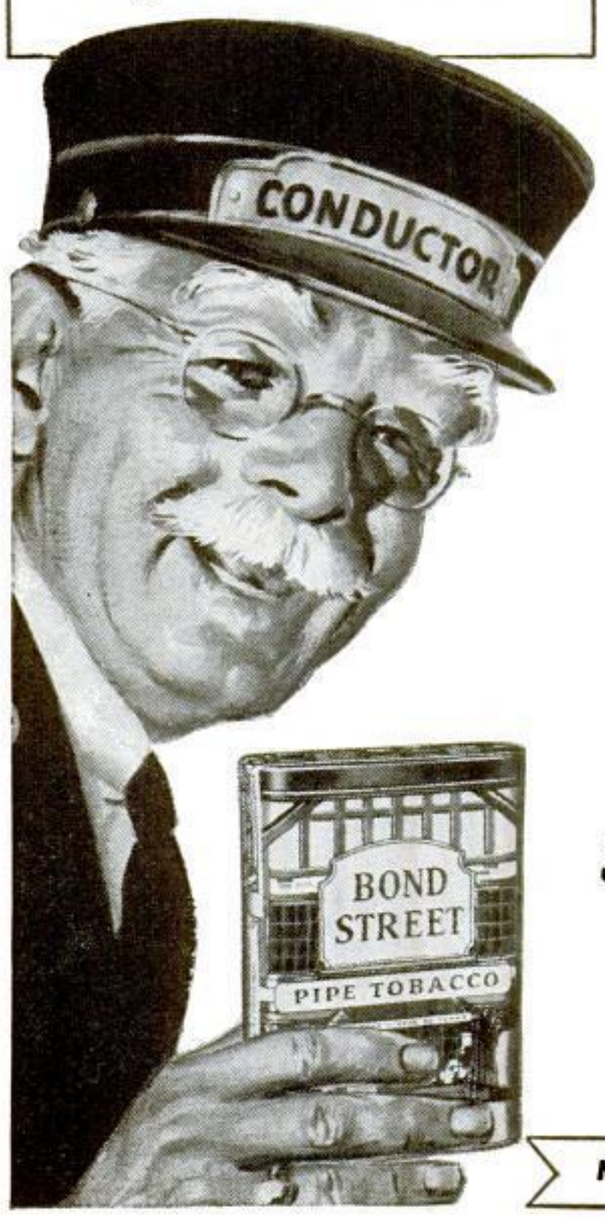
"BOND STREET smells so good, they *all* want to try it. You see, it contains an aromatic tobacco never before used in popular mixtures."



"WELL, I LEND 'em some. It's so mild they can inhale it, yet rich and full bodied. Soon, *they've* changed to Bond Street, too."



"AND THEN IT'S my turn . . . I borrow back from them." The Tycoon lit up his briar. "With interest, I trust," he admonished.

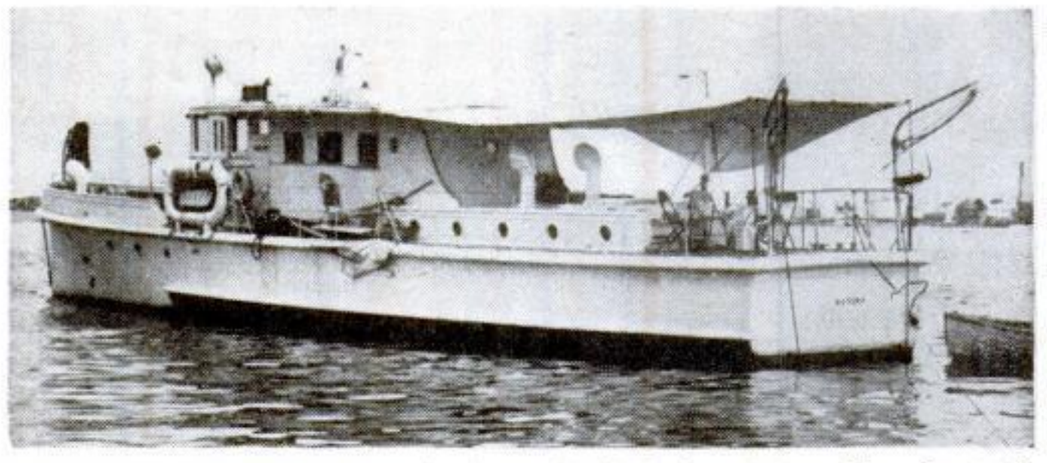


"change to BOND STREET ... for fragrant smoking!"

Made by the PHILIP MORRIS PROCESS



SHOOTING VICTIM John Mee is shown dancing in nightclub with his blond wife while he was in the Navy. La Tirana says that she did not know Mee was married until she received a letter from Mrs. Mee. "She told me that I was the only woman she ever feared, though she knew her husband had many others."



SCENE OF SHOOTING was this boat, which Mee bought from Navy for $750, but which tabloids called a yacht. He first named it *La Tirana*, changed to *La Satira* when Miss Schmidt moved aboard as his mistress. Miss Schmidt said their romance ran aground on quarrels over money and the fact that he was married.

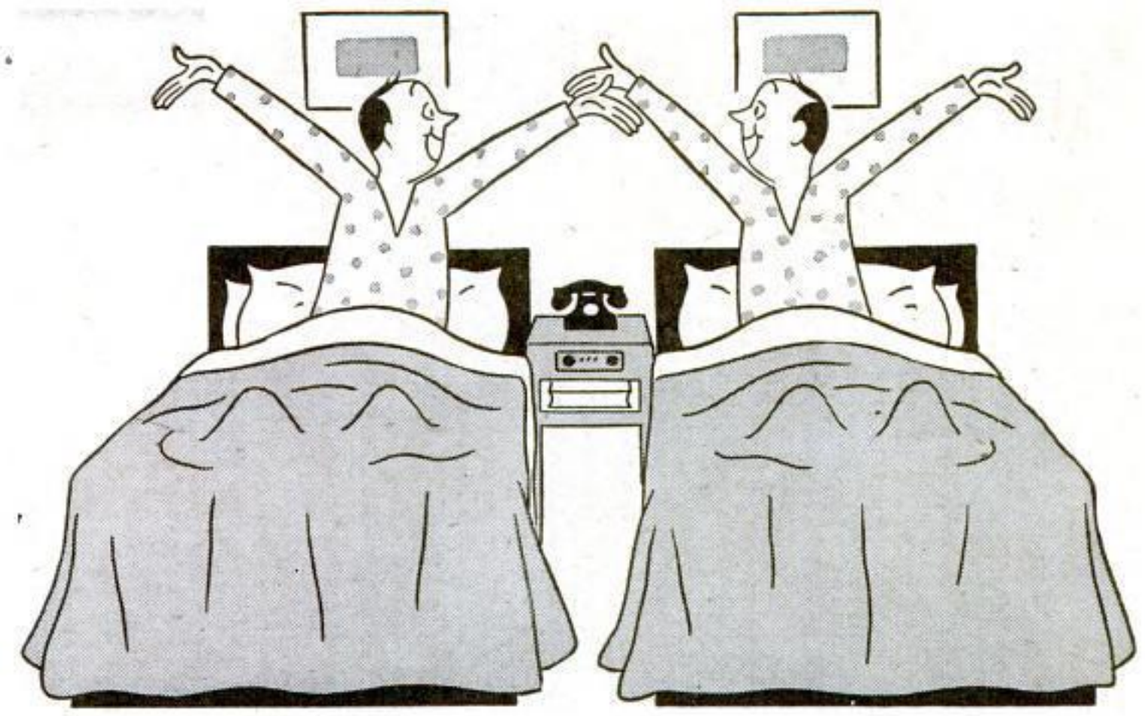


WOMAN WHO STARTED IT ALL, La Satira, as Miss Schmidt was known in nightclubs, sits in a Havana prison after shooting. She claimed she shot Mee in self-defense when he beat and threatened her during a quarrel and that his last words were, "Kill yourself. I'm going to die and I want you to die in my arms."

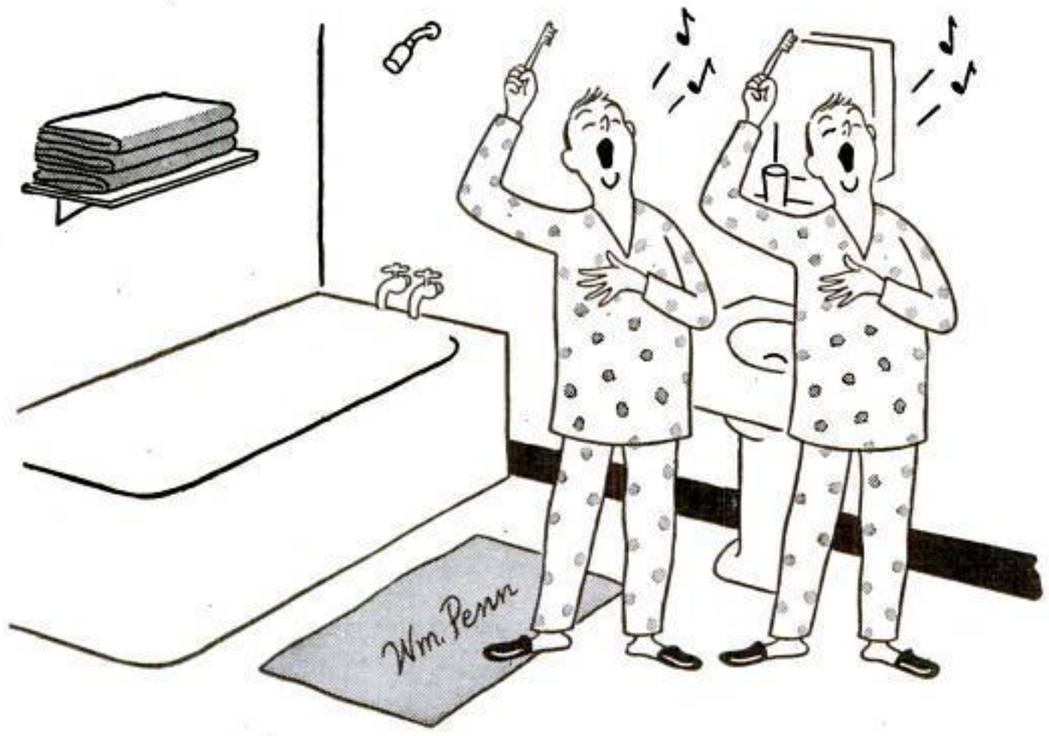
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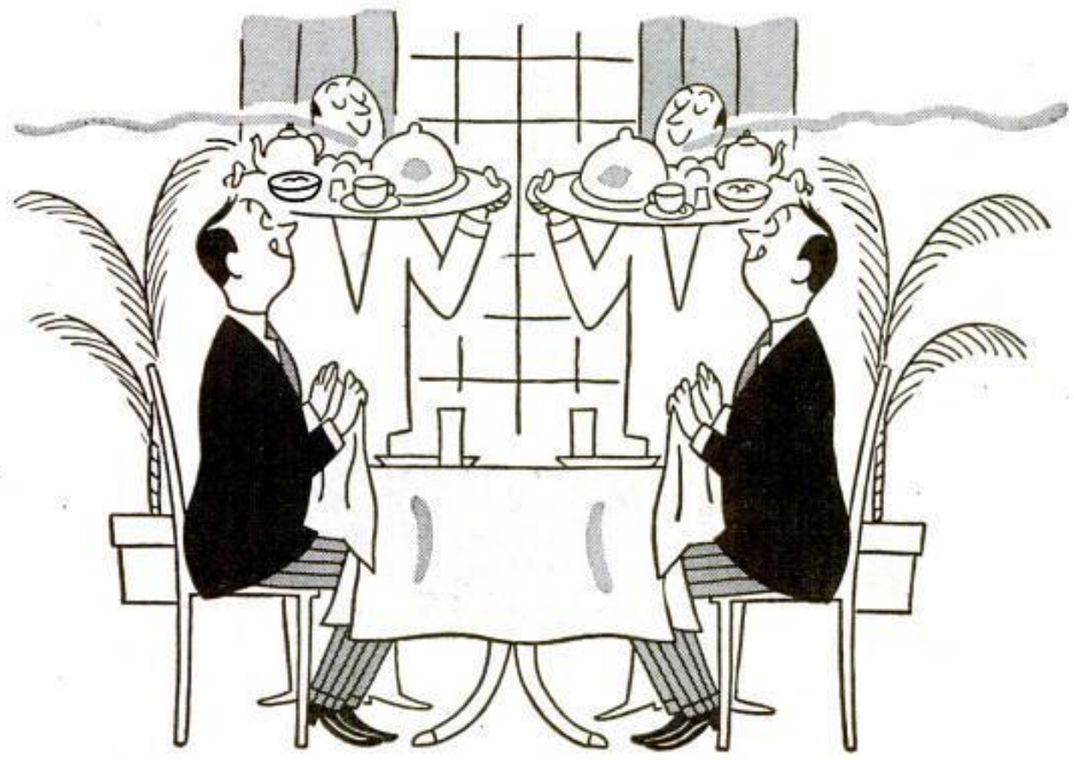
1. Could be you'll wish you were twins when you visit the William Penn, the Statler Hotel in Pittsburgh. It's one place where you really *are* a guest, and you would enjoy the superb service and friendly hospitality just *twice as much* if there were two of you!



2. You'll find *double pleasure* in your spacious Statler bedroom. *Awake*, you'll rejoice in the comfortable chairs and the convenient radio. *Asleep*, you'll glory in a grand night's rest, thanks to Statler's super-comfortable, 837-coil spring mattresses.



3. If you sing in your bath, you'll sing duets in praise of the William Penn bathroom. There's always plenty of steaming hot water, a double supply of snowy-white towels, and cakes and cakes of lathery soap.



4. When you sit down to a delectable Statler meal, you'll probably eat enough for two. All of your favorite dishes are on the Statler menu, and there are lots of special delicacies, all prepared by expert chefs, and served in the deft, courteous Statler manner.



5. If you *were* twins, both of you would find the William Penn's location mighty convenient . . . close to business, theater, and shopping districts. (Remember, if you *aren't* twins, you can always make two trips to a Statler, and double your enjoyment that way.)



HOTELS STATLER IN ***BOSTON • BUFFALO • CLEVELAND***
DETROIT • ST. LOUIS • WASHINGTON

STATLER-OPERATED ***HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA*** **NEW YORK** ***HOTEL WILLIAM PENN*** **PITTSBURGH**

P. S. Here's a tip for your trip! Try to plan your visit to a Statler for Friday, Saturday, or Sunday—that's when you'll have the best chance of getting the kind of accommodations you want!

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ON THE 52 LANES OF SUNSET ALLEYS IN HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., A 12½-ACRE BOWLING PALACE WHICH COST $1,500,000, 3,500 GAMES ARE BOWLED EVERY 24 HOURS. MEN IN

THE U.S. GOES BOWLING

Biggest season nears end as 18,500,000 disciples make it the most popular of all participant sports

The 52 bowling alleys in the picture above, sprawling across the Hollywood sound stage on which Al Jolson made his first talking picture, are symptomatic of the mushroom growth of a U.S. sports industry. Thirty years ago tenpins was a semirespectable adjunct of the dingy basement saloon. Now it is the most popular of U.S. participant sports, and palaces like Sunset Bowling Center (*above*), one of the three most lavish in the U.S., dot the urban landscape.

This month bowling is winding up an unprecedented season. There were more leagues (33,000 sanctioned by the American Bowling Congress) and more bowlers (18,500,000) than ever before. They spent more money ($200 million for balls, bags, shoes and fees) than in any previous year. On April 19 bowling

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RAISED CHAIRS (BACKGROUND) OVER BOWLERS ARE FOUL-LINE JUDGES

even moved into the White House, where a private alley was installed for President Truman, who knocked down seven pins with his first ball.

The popularity of bowling has a homespun derivation. It stems from the *Gemütlichkeit* which permeates even so lavish a bowling establishment as the one pictured above. To the companionable men and women who bowl once a week for their Sunday school, Kiwanis Club or Elks Lodge, bowling has become a way of life. The bowler is an emotional extrovert who beats his breast in anguish after missing an easy shot, then turns and alibis soberly, "There's a high board on No. 5 alley."

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Debbie's dolly had a party,
Dolly spilled her tea!



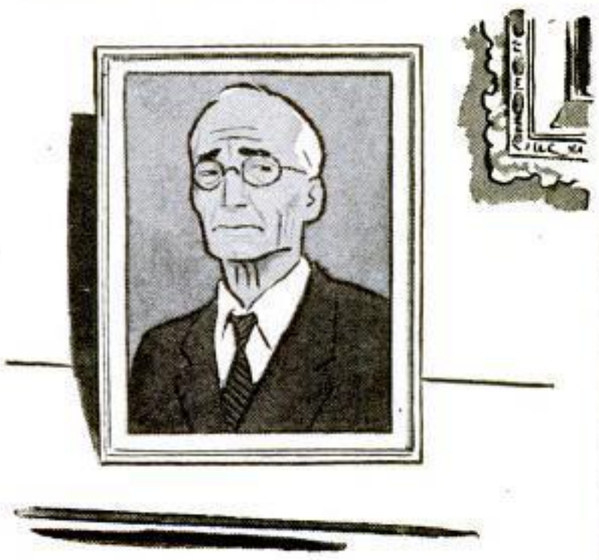
WINDEX cleaned the table glass
As quick as quick can be!



Time for cleaning windows came, but
Where, oh where was Bob!



Mom got WINDEX. Bob says now
He *likes* to do the job.



Grandpa, on the mantel, looked
So old and gray. But then . . .



Mom used WINDEX on the glass,
And he's himself again!



Spray it on, and wipe it off,
WINDEX is so quick!



Cleans your windows, picture glass,
And gets 'em looking slick!

WINDEX is a must for house cleaning. No dust with WINDEX! No streaking, no film. Insist on WINDEX every time. Don't trust cheap substitutes.

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX

TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *by The Drackett Company*

COSTS LESS THAN A PENNY PER WINDOW—EVEN THRIFTIER IN THE BIG 20-OUNCE SIZE.

Copr. 1947, by The Drackett Co.

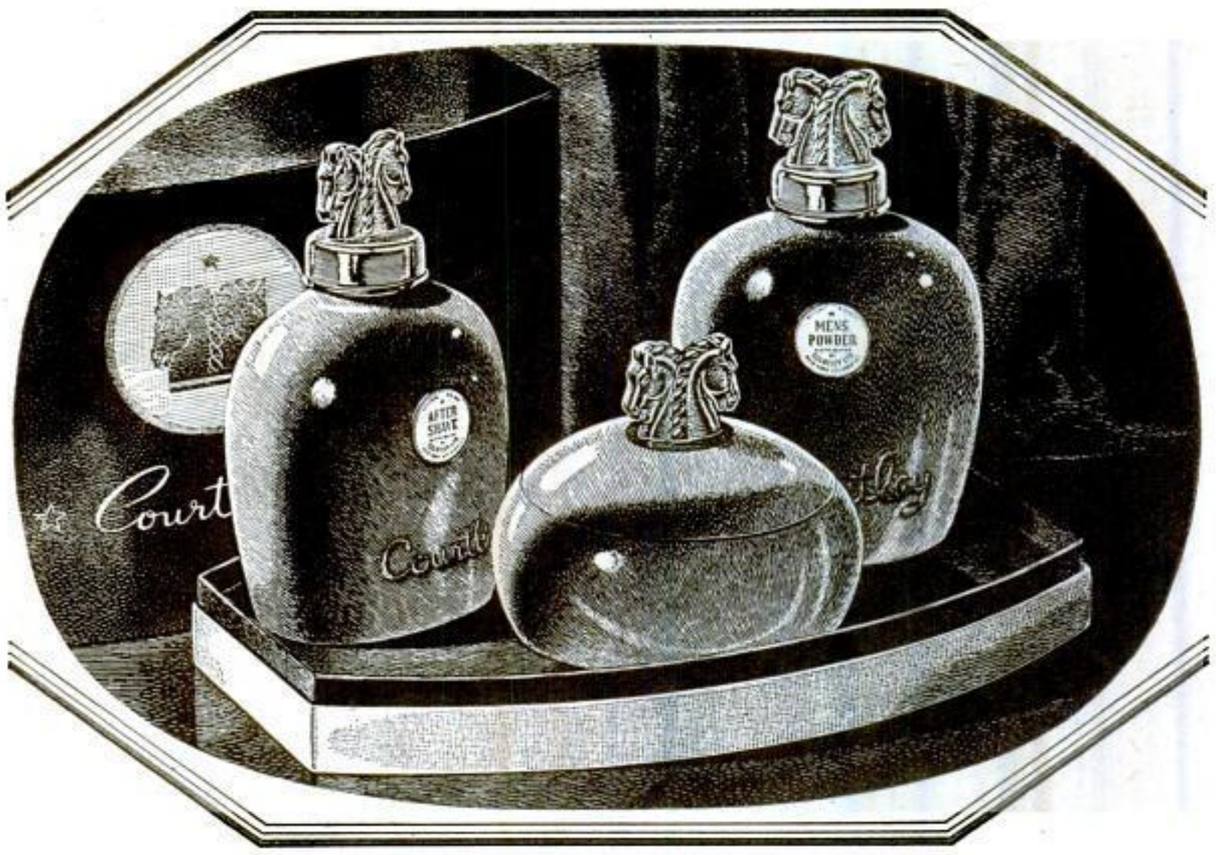
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The last word in gifts for men



Courtley

MAGNIFICENT MEN'S TOILETRIES IN MATCHLESS CONTAINERS



COMBINATION SET OF AFTER-SHAVE LOTION, POWDER, SHAVE BOWL, $5.75 plus tax. Other sets, all colors.

For his birthday, anniversary, any special occasion, give him the finest gift of its kind . . . Courtley men's toiletries. The handsome "permanent" containers, the clean, magnetic, masculine air these superior products give him, will thrill him for years. Look for Courtley products on counters and in windows of the best stores everywhere.

Combination sets in many colors to decorate the bedroom or bathroom. A complete line of men's toiletry needs—cologne, hair dress, powder, deodorant cologne, soap, etc.

COURTLEY, LTD., NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES

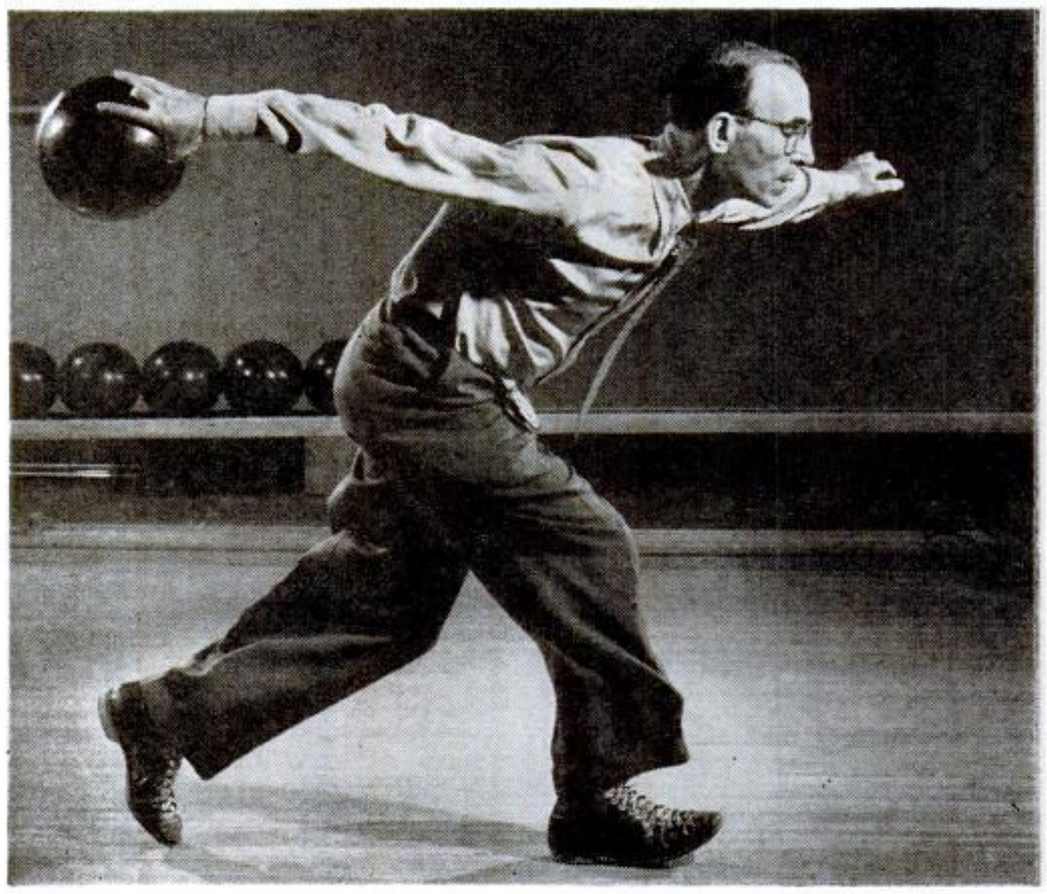
MEN GIVE IT PAINFUL CONCENTRATION



ANXIETY is the commonest bowling emotion. Fred Holtz of Teaneck, N. J. hops about waiting for his ball to hit pins. Bowlers call this "winding it in."



DISGUST is expressed by Teaneck bowler who holds his nose after failing to knock down all 10 pins in two tries. This is missing (or "blowing") a spare.



PERFECT FORM is shown by Milwaukee's Hank Marino, the former match game champion. He uses the oldtimers' grip of two fingers instead of three.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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when your heart cries
STOP!

You must stop. A life depends on it. How good it is to know that you're riding on Fisk Safti-Flights, America's only tire with White Safety Stripes.

The instant you press the brake pedal, hundreds of film-cutting tread blocks automatically go to work. That's the job that Fisk's Safety Stripes do for you.

With Safety Stripes you stop fast. You stop smoothly. You stop straight!

See your Fisk dealer soon. A set of new Fisk Safti-Flights on your car might save a life...tomorrow.



...it's the
STRIPES



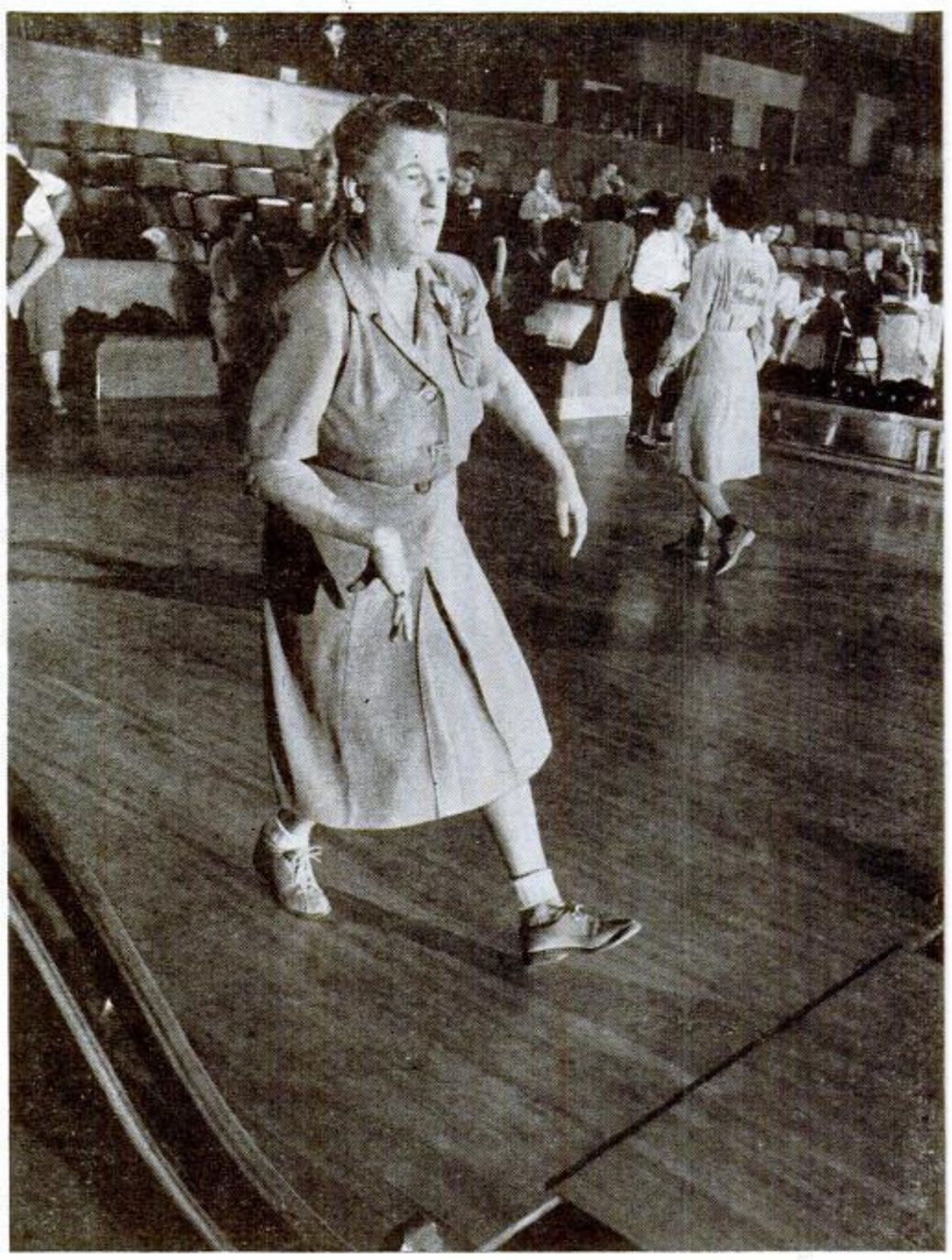
TIME TO
RE-TIRE
Reg. U.S.
Pat. Off.

FISK
Safti-Flight
THE SAFETY STRIPE TIRE

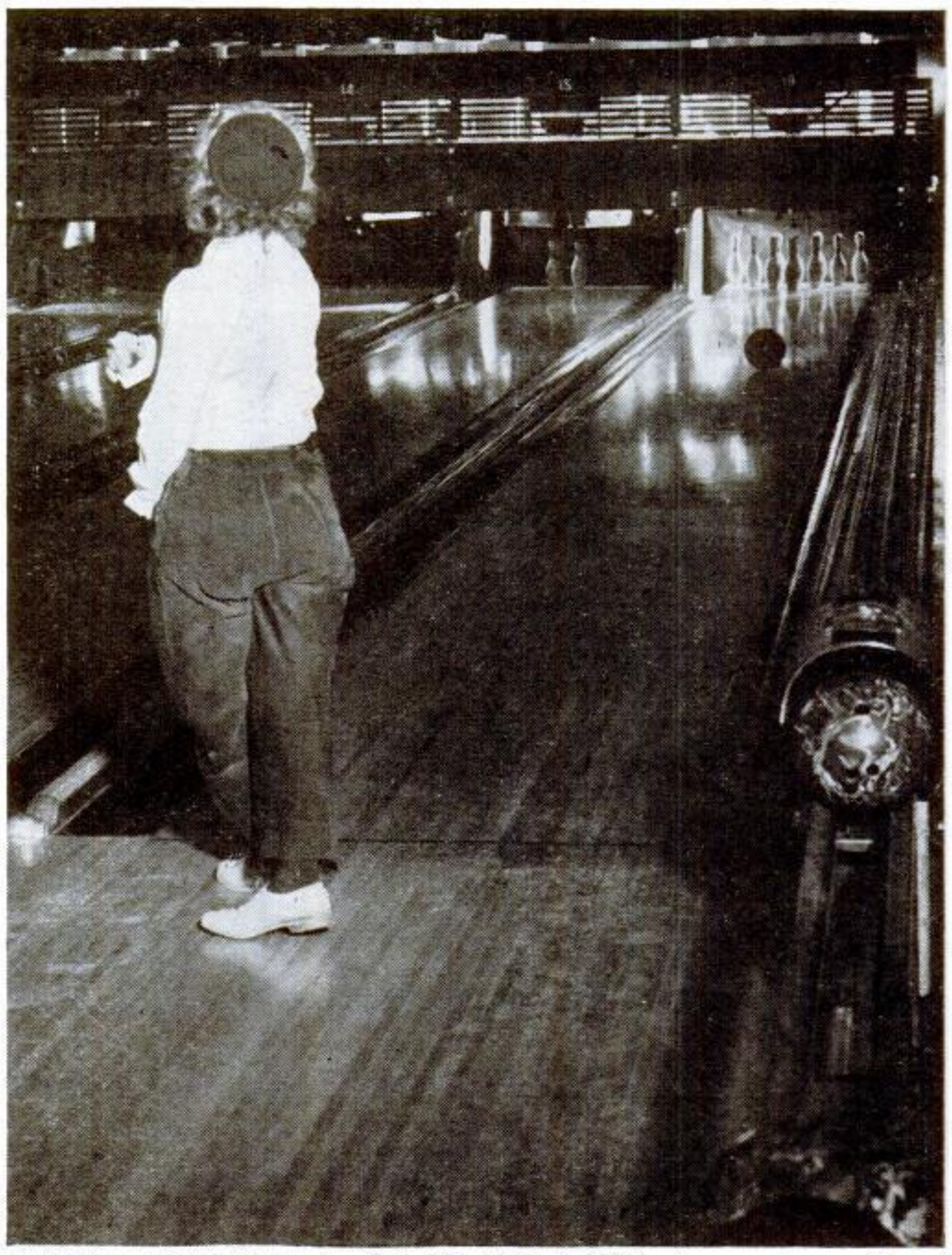
FISK TIRE COMPANY, DIVISION OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

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TWO OF THE 3,500,000 WOMEN BOWLERS



BODY ENGLISH is applied to a wayward pitch by Mrs. Florence Wilson of Teaneck, one of 3,500,000 U.S. women bowlers. Women have their own international tournament, use lighter 14-lb. balls, make lower scores than men.



PERFECT STRIKE is aimed by Mrs. Winnie Elliott into pocket at right of the head pin in Teaneck alley. Ball should scatter all 10 pins. Perfect game consists of 12 straight strikes, but this happens only once in 380,000 games.



"You mean this doesn't soothe you, Mom?"



BABY: Rockaby, Mom—*and smile!* You're supposed to enjoy this. You *wished* you could be me!

MOM: Me and my wishes! I didn't *know* what a life a baby leads—strapped down one minute, squirming around the next. Does *your* skin get as uncomfortable as mine is now?

BABY: That it does, Mom. I'm sorry about *you*—but I *had* to make you realize what I've been howling about. If ever a baby needed Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder—that's *me!*

MOM: Okay, angel—but why *both?* Is that what the stork ordered?

BABY: It's what plenty of *doctors* order, Mom—including *mine.* Didn't you hear him suggest smoothing me with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil? After my bath, he said. And at diaper changes—to help prevent urine irritation.

And, Mom—where were you when he told you to give me plenty of sprinkles with silky-soft Johnson's Baby Powder, to help keep chafes and prickles away?

MOM: Honey, I just haven't been careful enough!



BABY: Oh, well, Mom, skip the apologies—just *never* skip the Johnson's. You'll never want to, when you see how smooth and peach-luscious it helps keep my skin!



Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder
Johnson & Johnson

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L.S./M.F.T.



Copyright, The American Tobacco Company

Yes! LUCKY STRIKE Means Fine Tobacco...

So smoke that smoke of Fine Tobacco -

LUCKY STRIKE



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PART OF THE AMERICAN SCENE

Niagara Falls—one of nature's grandest gestures. Its dynamic beauty has made it a showplace of the North American continent . . . a dramatic part of the American Scene *Painted by John F. De Martelly.*



Throughout this nation of coffee lovers—**MORE PEOPLE BUY AND ENJOY MAXWELL HOUSE THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF COFFEE!**

• Like the famous Falls, Maxwell House is part of the American Scene—for coffee is America's favorite beverage, and Maxwell House its favorite coffee.

Finer flavor is the reason. To achieve it, many choice Latin-American coffees are expertly blended for *mellowness . . . vigor . . . richness . . . full body!* Then "Radiant Roasting" develops the *full* flavor goodness. Vacuum packing seals it in, roaster-fresh. No air can get *in*—no flavor can get *out!* No wonder more people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand at any price!

Tune in . . . Maxwell House Coffee Time . . . George Burns & Gracie Allen, NBC, Thursday night

Good to the Last Drop!



NEWS! Now you can get it in *Instant* form, too!

MAXWELL HOUSE, TOO, IS PART OF THE AMERICAN SCENE

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THESE 215 EMPTY BOTTLES REPRESENT PRESIDENT WALTER S. MACK'S ESTIMATED CONSUMPTION AT FIVE PARTIES HE GAVE FOR HIS PEPSI-COLA STOCKHOLDERS

PEPSI'S PARTIES

In four cities they "hit the spot" with hitherto unseen stockholders

The annual meeting of a big corporation like U.S. Steel or General Motors is a party to which every stockholder is invited. Few come, however, except some well-barbered gentlemen with pockets full of voting proxies. The average corporation executive does not think he has missed anything by not meeting his stockholders.

The man holding a bottle of pop in the picture above is disturbed by this relationship. He is Walter S. Mack Jr., president of the Pepsi-Cola Company. Recently Mr. Mack gave five parties—two in New York, one each in Jacksonville, Los Angeles and Chicago—and invited his 25,000 stockholders. Eight thousand of them came, drank 15,000 bottles of Pepsi-Cola and babbled with joy over the company's 1946 net income of $6,266,728.30. Mr. Mack shook hands with nice old ladies and drank more Pepsi-Cola than anybody (*above*). After the parties were over, he went home to bed. His only regret: he has but one stomach to give to his stockholders.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Experience bears good fruit

More than a quarter of a century of experience is summed up in the new "Toastmaster" toaster, latest and ablest descendant of America's *first* fully automatic toaster. And that's for *you* to profit by, when your choice rests upon the toaster that most people want, above all others. . . . It's a more beautiful toaster than ever, and more flawless in performance, with a new, exclusive Flexible Timer to pop the toast up perfect every time. . . . "Toastmaster"* toasters are being made in ever-increasing quantities, but tremendous demand makes them still hard to find in many places.



TOASTIMONIAL

We were given a "Toastmaster" toaster as a wedding present in 1934. We have had toast every day since, and our family now includes two boys with husky appetites. We only wish our other presents and investments were so good and wise.

SYLVIA B. McCAUGHEY
Scarsdale, N. Y.

$18.75
Fair Trade Price

TOASTMASTER *Automatic Pop-Up Toasters*

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company, manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters, and Toastmaster Products. Copr. 1947, TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS DIVISION, McGraw Electric Company, Elgin, Illinois.



PEPSI-COLA JINGLE ("Pepsi-Cola hits the spot") is sung for stockholders by President Mack (*center*), Executive Vice President Bryan Houston (*second*

THE MEETINGS ARE WARM AND FOLKSY

Mr. Mack likes to be warm and intimate with his Pepsi-Cola stockholders. He beams on them and says, "Our stockholders look awfully good to me." The stockholders applaud. He says, "Congratulations on being such good-looking stockholders." There is more applause. He says, "I'm glad you've come here to take your hair down and ask your very worst questions." The very worst yet: in New York a little girl wanted to know why certain stores charged more than the advertised price (6¢) for Pepsi-Cola. Mr. Mack endeavored to explain the delicate problem of chiselers in a sellers' market.

In Los Angeles Mr. Mack told the women to take home any floral decorations they wanted. One woman picked up an azalea plant 4 feet



WOMAN STOCKHOLDER is greeted by President Mack in New York. Two thousand came to this party, brought 100 children, drank 2,300 Pepsi-Colas.

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from the left) and Vice Presidents George O'Neil (in charge of purchase), Talbot Freeman (in charge of franchise) and Richard Ritchie (in charge of research).

AFFAIRS AS WHOLE FAMILIES SHOW UP

in diameter and made for the door, but she foundered under the load. Everywhere stockholders called to ask what clothes they should wear, were told to come as they wished. Guests were elegant in Los Angeles, New York and Chicago (where women wore their best Easter hats on a foul morning). In Jacksonville, Fla. some men came in overalls.

Stockholders brought their children and assorted relatives. A Los Angeles man called Mr. Mack to ask if it was all right for the wife to come. Mr. Mack said it was. The man then wanted to know if he could bring an aunt who lived with the family. Mr. Mack again said fine. But, the stockholder said, if his aunt came Grandma would be left alone and could she come too? Everybody showed up and had a fine time.



CRITICAL STOCKHOLDER asked why the company didn't use 10-ounce bottle, save money and ruin the jingle, "Twelve full ounces, that's a lot. . . ."



Every moment...
be delightfully perfumed!

Be irresistibly lovely *every moment* . . . awake every morning still veiled in dainty fragrance that clings to your body, your pillow, your bed. Just follow this enchanting ritual: First—bathe in water made fragrant and soft as dew by Bathasweet Water Softener; it is far more cleansing than ordinary water . . . helps you to lasting daintiness. Second—use Bathasweet Soap in the same delightful fragrance. Third—accentuate your loveliness with Bathasweet Cologne. Finally—give your body the smoothness of alabaster with Bathasweet Talc, also in the same fragrance. Enjoy this luxurious ritual tonight, and tomorrow awake still surrounded by perfumed daintiness. For your morning bath, use the same Bathasweet ritual for day-long loveliness.

Bathasweet
BEAUTY-BATH Ritual

1. Perfumed Water Softener (30 baths—$1.25)
2. Soap (box of 3, $1.50)
3. Cologne ($1.50)
4. Talc (Mitt $1, Canister 50¢)

All Prices Plus Tax, Except Soap

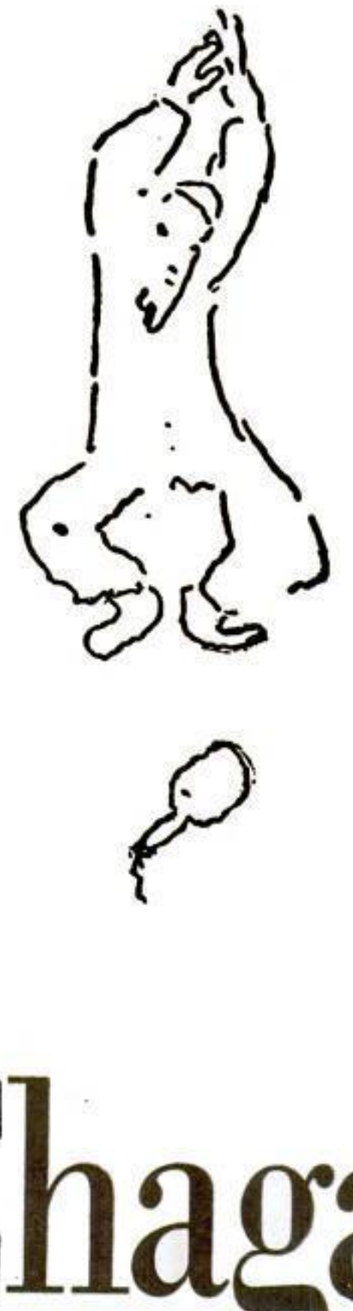


3 fragrances . . . Spring Morning, Garden Bouquet, Forest Pine
Other Bathasweet luxuries· Bubbling Bath Oil, Foam Bath, Pine Oil, Shower Mitts

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Chagall

HE PAINTS A WORLD OF CHARMING FANTASY



The gaily colored Slavic fantasies of Marc Chagall have been the caviar of the art world for nearly a generation. But within the past year, via several huge exhibitions and appearances as backdrops for successful ballets, they have become spectacularly popular and familiar to average Americans who have bought them on Christmas cards and looked at countless imitations of them in perfumery and clothing ads. The charm of Chagall's work easily explains this. Unlike much modern art his paintings are sentimental, gay and illustrative. Their subject matter is a world of tragicomic whimsy where the laws of gravity are cheerfully disregarded, where ecstatic lovers fly through the air with the greatest of ease and where the people (*above and left*) have an affinity to those James Thurber draws. It is populated by multicolored angels, peasants, fish, birds and violins, by sad-eyed pigs and cows. Its colors are noisy and ebullient, laid on with Byzantine splendor. Its atmosphere is as quaint as an old-fashioned valentine seen through the eyes of a child.

Though he has been hailed by the surrealists as a brother, Chagall belongs to no school and has few followers. The individual, personal touch that distinguishes his art is the outgrowth not of theories and methods but of nostalgia for the homely, Yiddish folklore of the Russian town of Vitebsk where he was born in 1889. The essentials of his small-town peasant view of life were present in his earliest attempts at painting. This view survived several years of study in St. Petersburg under the famous Russian scenic designer Leon Bakst and more years of association in Paris with Georgio de Chirico, Guillaume Apollinaire and the rest of the artistic *avant-garde*. It survived the Russian revolution, which saw Chagall a designer for the Jewish State Theater in Moscow and a somewhat dreamy and unsystematic art commissar in his home town. Unhappy, Chagall left Russia but still remains as Russian as borsch, *kasha* and herring. A curly-haired, stocky, affable man with a slight resemblance to Harpo Marx, Chagall hates to hear his work referred to as "fantasy," which is the inevitable word applied to it. Since 1941, when he was chased out of France by the Nazis, he has made his headquarters in New York. Last winter he ventured to take his first airplane trip. He was relieved when he landed. "The airplane," he commented later, "is too fantastic."

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THE JUGGLER, half bird and half man, was done in 1943. It is full of symbols of Chagall's childhood memories—of circuses, of the house in the town of Vitebsk, of his Uncle Neuch who played the violin, of the big clock which hung in the Chagall home. Figure at upper right is often-repeated symbol of a bride.

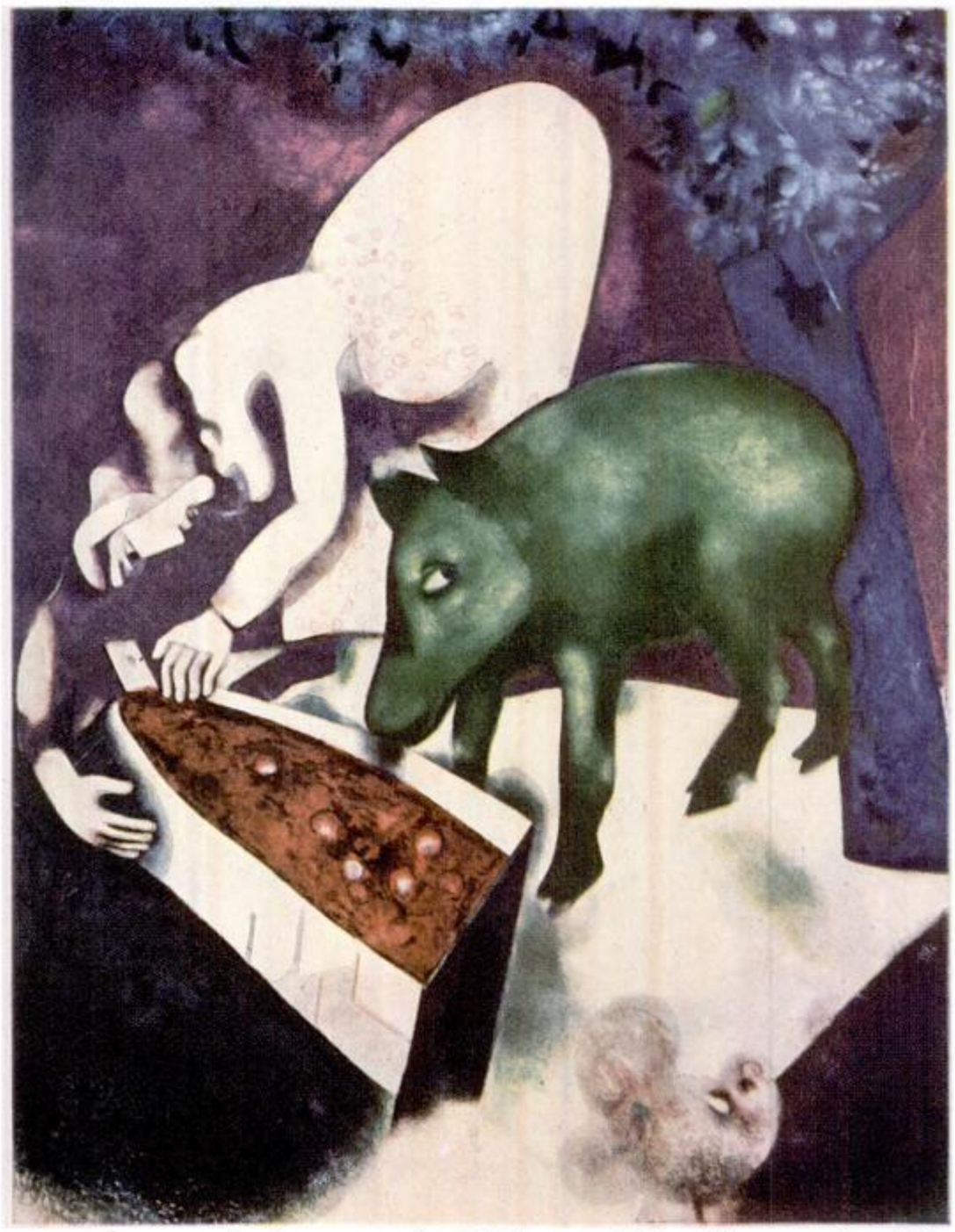
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MARC CHAGALL CONTINUED



RABBI OF VITEBSK, one of few realistic canvases painted by Chagall, was done in 1914 when he returned to his home in Russia after eight years in Paris.

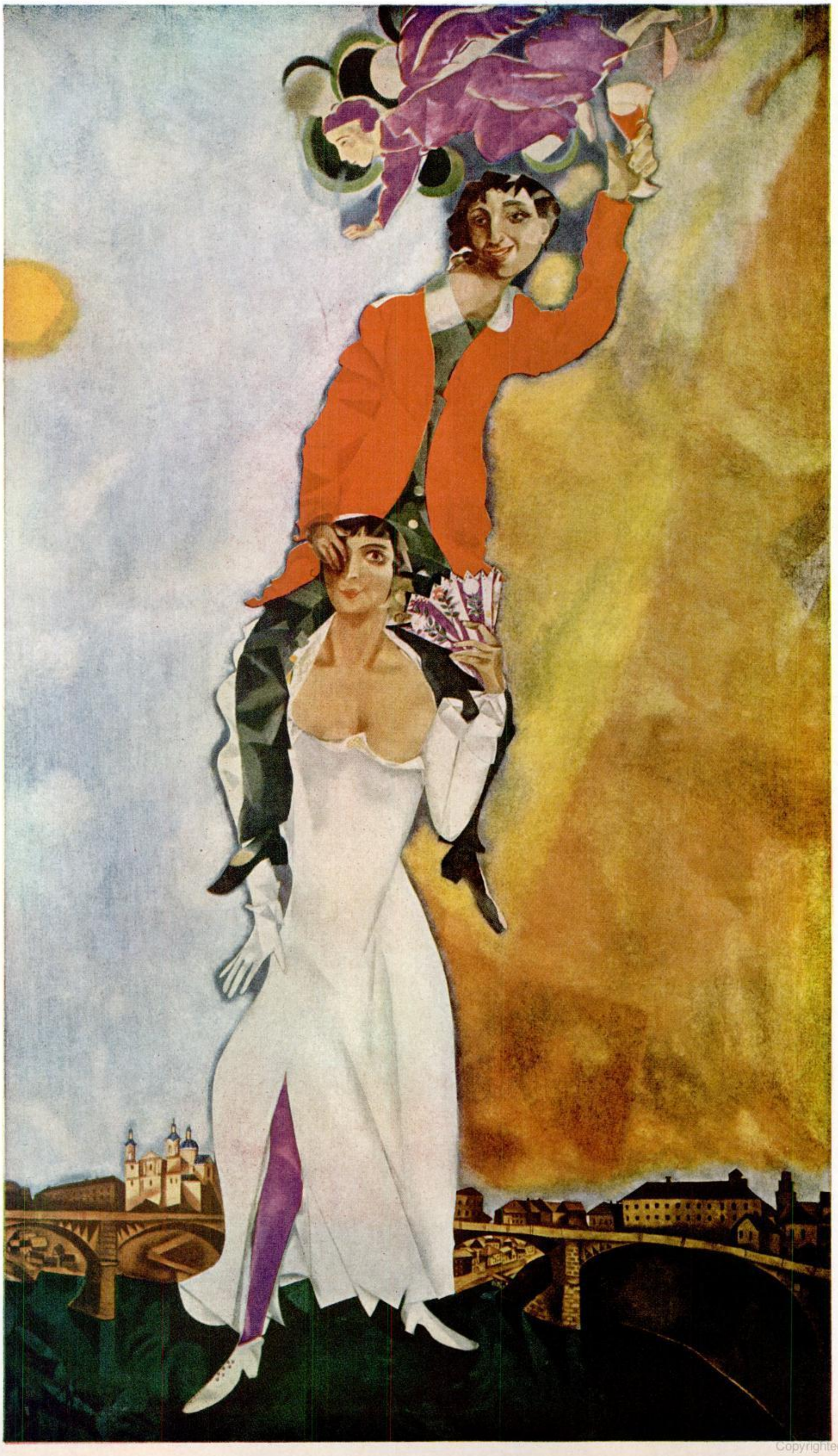


THE TROUGH, which was painted in 1925, is one of Chagall's masterpieces. The barnyard animals and arc-shaped trough are recurring motifs in Chagall's work.



HOMAGE TO THE EIFFEL TOWFR is Chagall's sentimental tribute to Paris, where he has spent 20 years. For Chagall bouquets symbolize both France and landscapes. The flying figure, which has become a sort of Chagall trademark, is a symbol of happiness of the lovers shown at right.

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DOUBLE PORTRAIT, done in 1917, is third of an annual series of canvases Chagall painted of himself and his late wife to whom he was devoted. Buildings in background show a Russian town.

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Who says you have to be Born a good cook!

Any Cook Can Be Sure of perfect results on the new, 1947 Electric Ranges by Westinghouse. They're so *easy to use*, so *fast*, so *sure* in their uniform cooking results.

Exclusive Tel-A-Glance Switches cut out guesswork. Faster-than-ever Corox units provide right temperatures for all types of surface cooking. The new, fast Deep Well Cooker *now* deep-fries, steams, boils. Also does most types of surface cooking. Ovens have balanced heat, waist-high broilers.

Beautiful to look at . . . Still more beautiful in Performance, these new Ranges, and many other Westinghouse electric appliances, are on their way to you now. They'll save you endless work. See them at your Westinghouse retailer's.

Every house needs Westinghouse

Maker of 30 MILLION Electric Home Appliances

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION • PLANTS IN 25 CITIES • OFFICES EVERYWHERE • APPLIANCE DIVISION, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Tune in Ted Malone . . . Monday **through** Friday . . . **11:45 A.M., E.D.T. . . . ABC Network**

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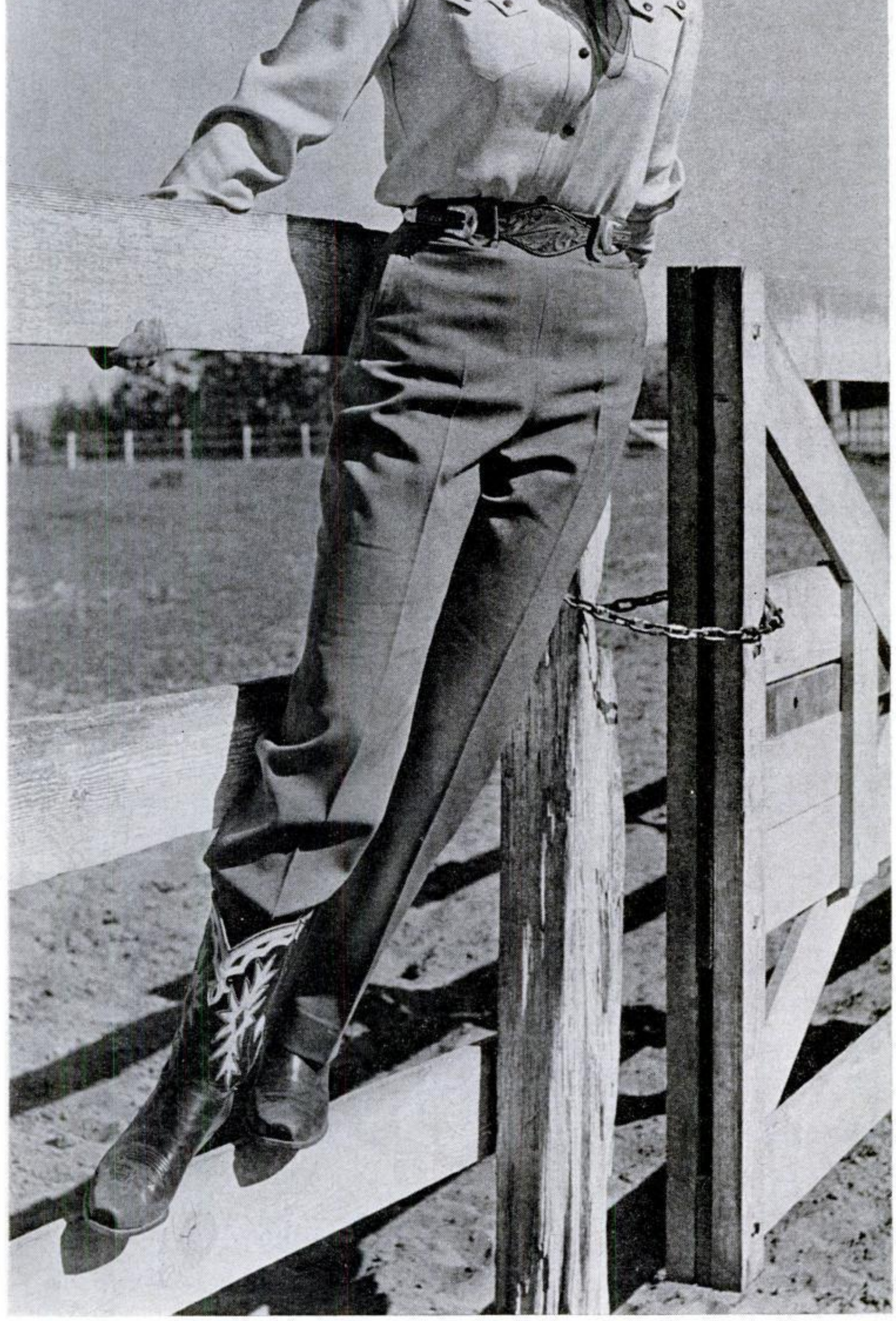
WESTERN MEANS TWO-TONE SHIRT, BRIGHT SILK TIE

RIDING CLOTHES

They enjoy a healthy sales boom as riding becomes more popular

Of all women's clothes, riding habits follow the strictest rules. Says Emily Post, "A riding habit, no matter what the fashion happens to be, is the counterpart of an officer's uniform; it is not worn to make the wearer look pretty!" Nevertheless riding is fast becoming one of women's favorite sports. Riding schools report record enrollments, 10 new dude ranches are opening this year and riding togs of all kinds are in the midst of a sales boom. A large part of this renaissance in riding can be attributed to the Western style of riding, for which clothes are easy-going, attractive and inexpensive.

In the East costume rules are considerably more stringent. Everyday riders like Judy Hall of LIFE's cover often ignore them but for those who follow the conventions there is one habit for hunting, another for saddle riding (formal), a third for hacking (just plain riding). For such fashion-conscious riders a correct Eastern outfit costs at least $300.



PERCHED ON THE FENCE of the Pebble Beach Stables in Monterey, Calif., amateur horsewoman Gloria Campbell wears whipcord frontier pants, wool shirt. Belt and boots, showy part of Western outfits, are handmade.



FANCIEST OUTFIT for Western riding has matching embroidery on pants and bolero. Hat ties under chin.

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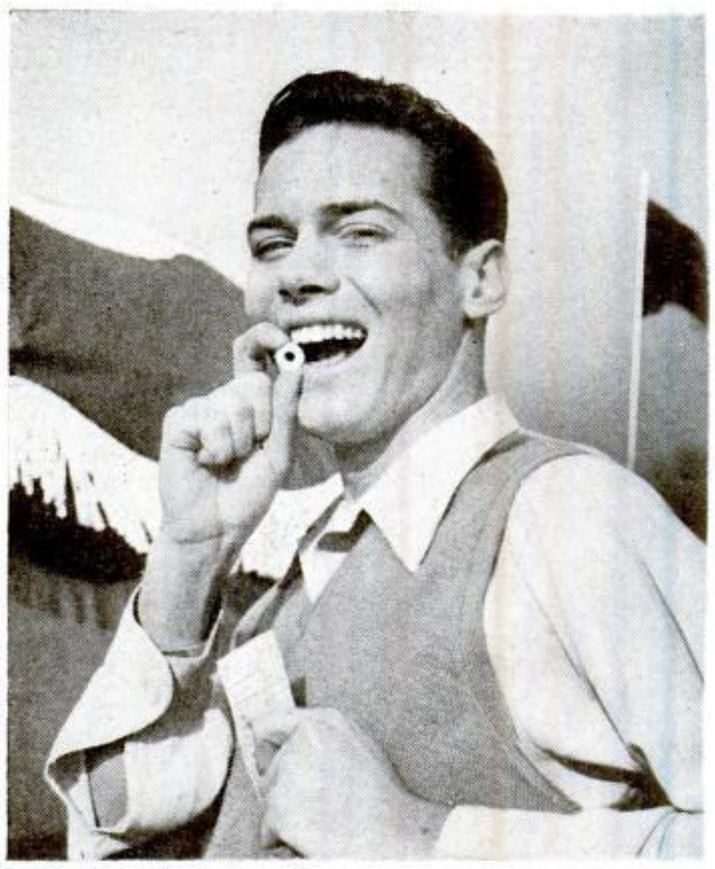
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If she's got you
stymied like this

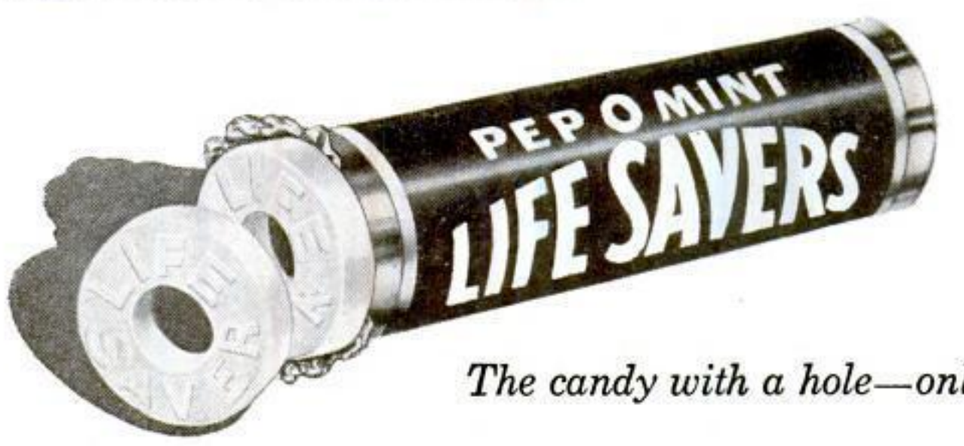


When you'd rather be
clubby like this



TRY THIS

MORAL: *For a sweet close-up after eating, drinking, or smoking, let Life Savers freshen your breath. Always good taste.*



The candy with a hole—only 5¢

FORMAL EASTERN RIDING REQUIRES A



ESSENTIAL ITEMS in the well-dressed rider's basic habit usually include vests, crops, belt, studs, assorted shirts, boot grips, boots, hats, gloves and underwear. Long-sleeved shirts (*left*) may be worn with a bow tie, a long tie or, on



SIDE-SADDLE SKIRT, once the only costume for women riders, is now seldom used except for hunting and other very formal occasions. Always worn over matching jodhpurs, skirts must be made to order, cost at least $173.

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MULTITUDE OF PROPER ACCESSORIES



formal occasions, a stock. High boots are preferred for jumping and hunting, short laced boots, or jodhpurs, give greater comfort in warm weather. Colorful vests, never worn without a coat, serve a purely decorative purpose.



FORMAL HUNTING HABIT worn by Socialite Anne Morningstar has aluminum-lined (in case of spills) derby hat, white stock, black boots. Collar is trimmed with yellow and red colors of the Fairfield Westchester Hunt Club.

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SPEAKING OF RECORDS by FRANK WILLIAMS

HOLDER OF EVERY OFFICIAL WORLD'S BACKSTROKE RECORD FOR MEN—

ADOLPH (SONNY) KIEFER

..BEATS MOST FREE-STYLERS SWIMMING ON HIS BACK !!

I LIKE TO SEE WHERE I'VE BEEN!

..SONNY BECAME A BACKSTROKER BECAUSE AS A KID HE DIDN'T LIKE TO GET WATER UP HIS NOSE.

..DURING THE WAR HE TAUGHT SWIMMING TO 11,000 PHYSICAL INSTRUCTORS AT THE NAVY'S BAINBRIDGE, MD., SCHOOL.

I FEEL LIKE A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT

COUSIN ADOLPH!

..STAN BRAUNINGER, THEN THE CHICAGO LAKE SHORE A.C.'s SWIMMING COACH, PERFECTED THE UNUSUAL WINDMILL STYLE--WHICH HELPED KIEFER TO WIN 38 TITLES IN 11 YEARS OF NATIONAL COMPETITION AND IS NOW THE ACCEPTED FORM FOR BACKSTROKE SWIMMING.

HE LOOKS SHARP!

..SWIMS SO SMOOTHLY THAT HE SEEMS TO BE ONLY HALF TRYING. ..THIS EASE, HOWEVER, CONCEALS A FLAMING COMPETITIVE SPIRIT— HE LOST ONLY ONE RACE DURING HIS CAREER!

NOW YOU'RE CATCHING ON!

HE FEELS SHARP!

YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND SONNY IN THE "PINK" AS HE CARRIES ON HIS AMBITIOUS SCHEDULE OF LECTURING AND COACHING TO MAKE AMERICA A "SWIMMINGLY SAFE" NATION.

HE IS SHARP!

YES SIR, SONNY KIEFER ALWAYS USES GILLETTE BLUE BLADES WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED. THAT'S BECAUSE THEY GIVE HIM THE SLICKEST, MOST REFRESHING SHAVES MONEY CAN BUY. ALSO -- HE KNOWS THAT DOUBLE EDGES MEAN DOUBLE ECONOMY!

look SHARP
feel SHARP
be SHARP
use Gillette Blue Blades
with the SHARPEST edges ever honed!

You *look* sharp for you enjoy the swellest shaves ever. You *feel* sharp because they're refreshing and give you a lift. You *are* sharp for you get far more shaves per blade and save money. Ask for Gillette Blue Blades.



ENJOY BOXING FRIDAYS OVER ABC NETWORK. GILLETTE'S CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ALSO AIRS THE ALL-STAR BASEBALL GAME, JULY 8, AND OTHER CLASSICS YEAR ROUND.

Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston 6, Mass.

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The only safe sure proven MOTHPROOF method used for years by big woolen mills and now sold for home use!



One spraying actually mothproofs the cloth itself for a WHOLE YEAR

If you want to be *absolutely* sure that moths will *never* eat your precious woolen coats, suits, dresses and rugs—you must actually MOTHPROOF the wool itself with LARVEX—the sensational magic spray which gives POSITIVE PROTECTION against moth damage—the safe, modern, proved way to mothproof which big woolen mills rely on.

It's Sure! Moths will commit suicide by starvation rather than eat anything treated with LARVEX. LARVEX penetrates each tiny woolen fibre and mothproofs the cloth itself. Protection lasts a whole year.

It's Quick! Just spray the garment with LARVEX and hang in its usual place *ready for immediate wear.* No wrapping. No storing. No mothball, camphor or cedar odor. No harmful vapors. LARVEX is odorless and stainless.

It's Inexpensive! It costs no more to LARVEX a suit than it does to get it dry cleaned. And LARVEX gives POSITIVE PROTECTION against moth damage. You can buy LARVEX for only 79¢ a pint. $1.19 a quart.



TESTS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF

The illustration shows, at the left, moth worms eating cloth untreated with LARVEX. At the right, it shows cloth treated with LARVEX. Notice how moth worms absolutely *refuse* to eat anything treated with LARVEX.

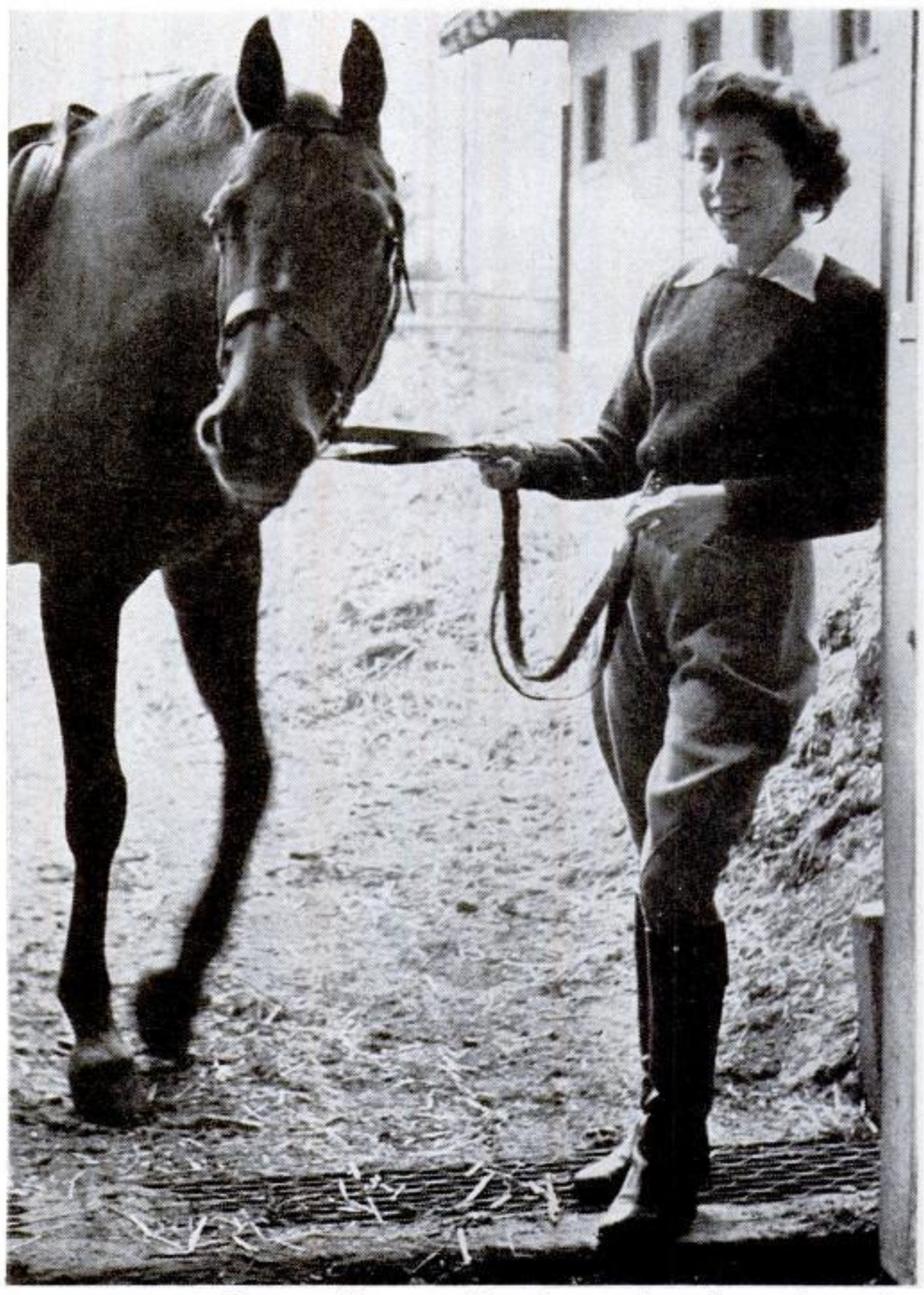
LARVEX

The Largest Selling Mothproofer





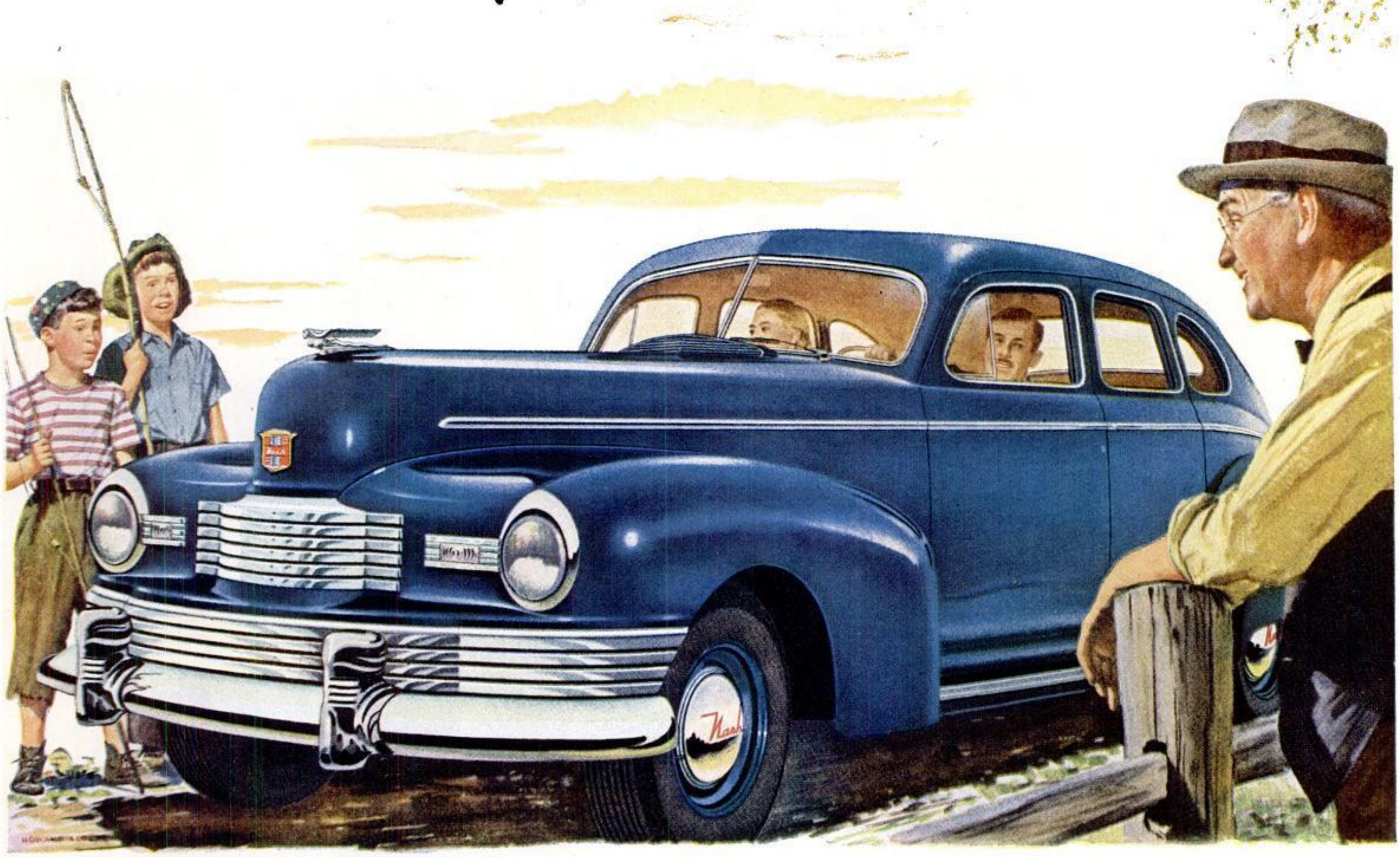
BAREBACK RIDERS scorn appurtenances of fashion, wear whatever is comfortable. In Carmel, Calif., teen-ager Barbara Jenkins likes to wear blue jeans.



FOR HACKING Eastern riders are independent in their choice of everyday attire. Most common costume is usually a shirt, s weater, breeches and boots.

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Why try to be calm?



Blue skies above . . . and a ribbon of road ahead. Trees in new blossom . . . and you in a bright and spanking new Nash "600."

Why try to be calm?

Let's nudge that throttle and explore what's happened in automobiles these long lost years.

It's *Who-i-s-h . . . and you're gone.*

There used to be a bad road here—remember? And wind-roar, and wheel-tug, and swaying. . .

And dust in your face, and a draft on your neck . . .

Now they're gone . . .

Yes, gone—because this is the day of the Nash "600." The day of the modern, nimble, lighter weight car . . . that's cushioned on coil-springs, all around . . . easier to steer, safer and quieter with its unitized, welded frame-and-body.

The day of Conditioned Air, too. Come rain or shine, or cold or dust, you twirl a dial to have comfort automatically made to order.

Like it? Just keep on going—

At moderate highway speed your next stop for gas is *500 to 600 miles away!* And tonight just give the back seat a pull—with a Nash Convertible Double Bed you can sleep anywhere!

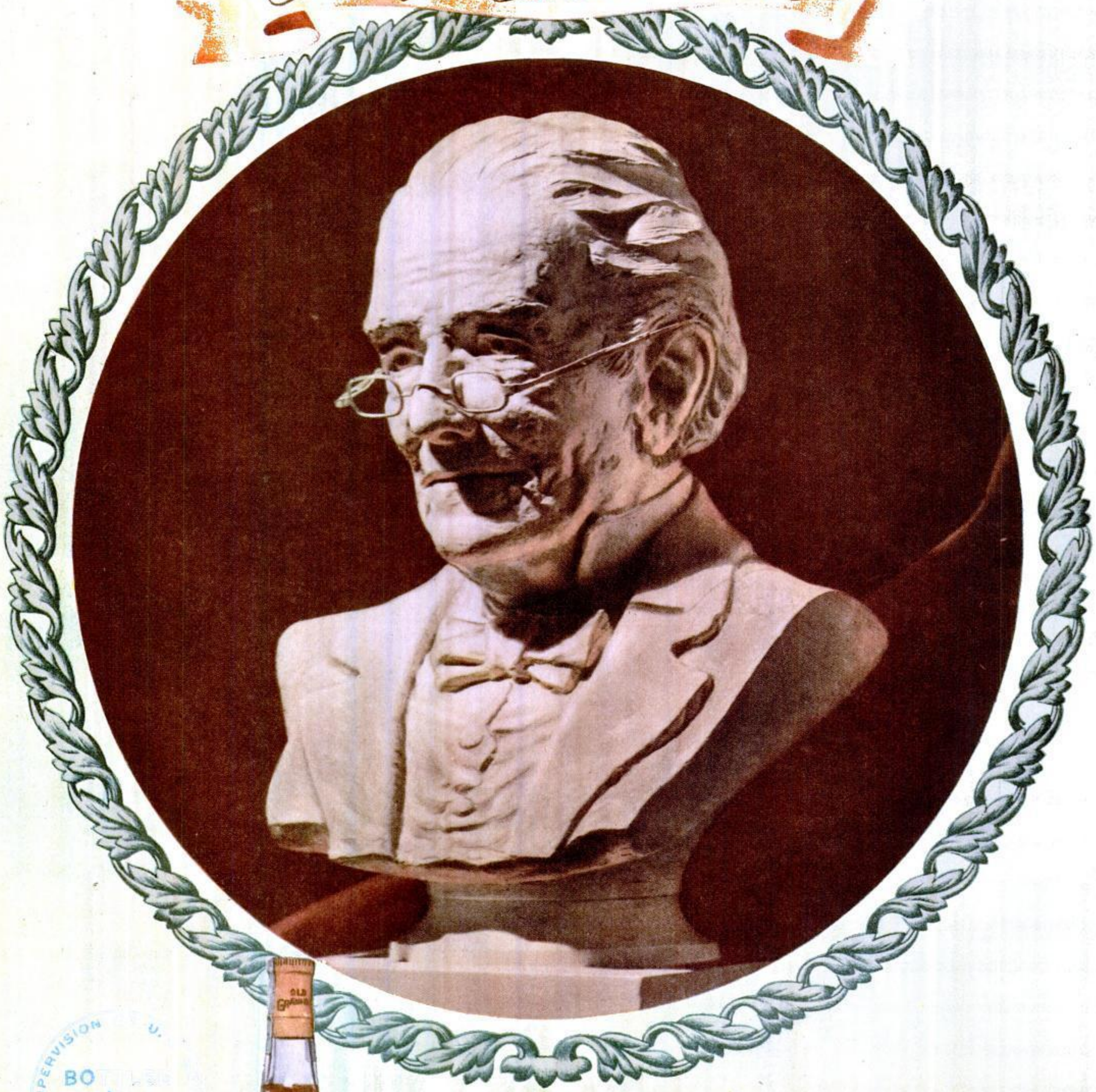
There's a new kind of automobile dealer in America today. There's where you'll find the new Nash "600" and the new Nash Ambassador.

You'll be ahead with **Nash**

NASH MOTORS DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

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Head of the Bourbon Family





Titles can be empty things but not so with Old Grand-Dad's. As head of the bourbon family this famous Kentucky straight whiskey has a prestige solidly built on giving pleasure—the pleasure of a drink that's sparkling to look at, rich in aroma and flavor, delightful and heart-warming in any form.

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond • 100 Proof

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

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AT AN ELECTION RALLY BUDDING POLITICIAN LORETTA YOUNG ASKS BLUNT QUESTIONS WHEN A CANDIDATE SMUGLY ANNOUNCES, "I STAND ON MY RECORD"

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Farmer's Daughter

An entertaining film makes timely fun of machine politics and some of the country's unthinking voters

In this pre-election year *The Farmer's Daughter* (RKO), a misleading title since the movie has nothing whatever to do with traveling salesmen jokes, provides a funny, pointed commentary on the workings of big political machines and the wonderfully peculiar voting habits of many U.S. citizens. In the film angular Loretta Young, equipped with a pleasantly phony Swedish accent, plays a housemaid named Katie who worms her way into the affections of the politically powerful family of a young Minnesota congressman (Joseph Cotten). It takes Katie no time at all to acquire the permanent devotion of the congressman and his mother (Ethel Barrymore), who really runs the state machine, little more to get into politics and wind up a congresswoman herself. Though the movie has some politically implausible moments, it is both believable and hilarious when Katie's political mentor (Charles Bickford) clearly proves just how closely an enthusiastic audience at an election rally follows the jumbled words of the speakers (*p. 70*).



KATIE LEAVES the family farm to start nursing career in the city but an itinerant barn painter borrows all her money and she is forced to take a job as a housemaid.



AS A MAID in home of a rich family which dominates the state's biggest political machine, Katie voluntarily begins to air her forthright political views at party conferences.

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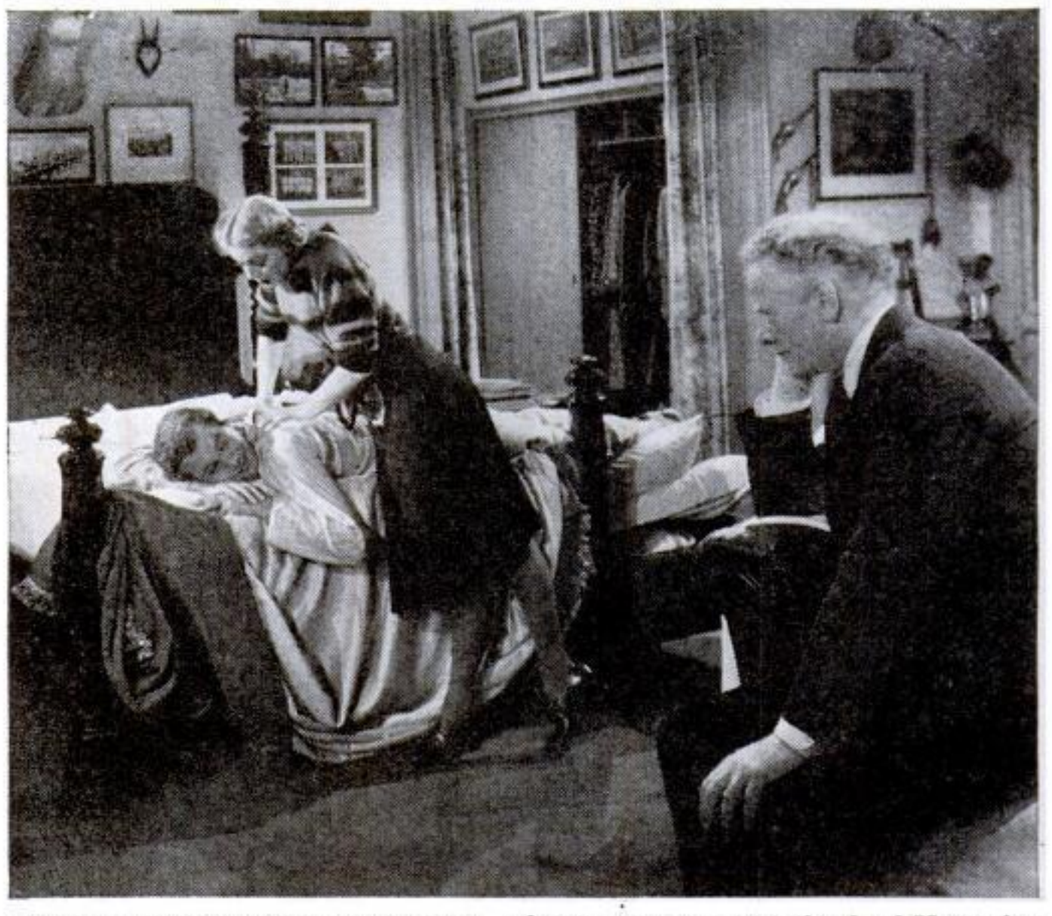
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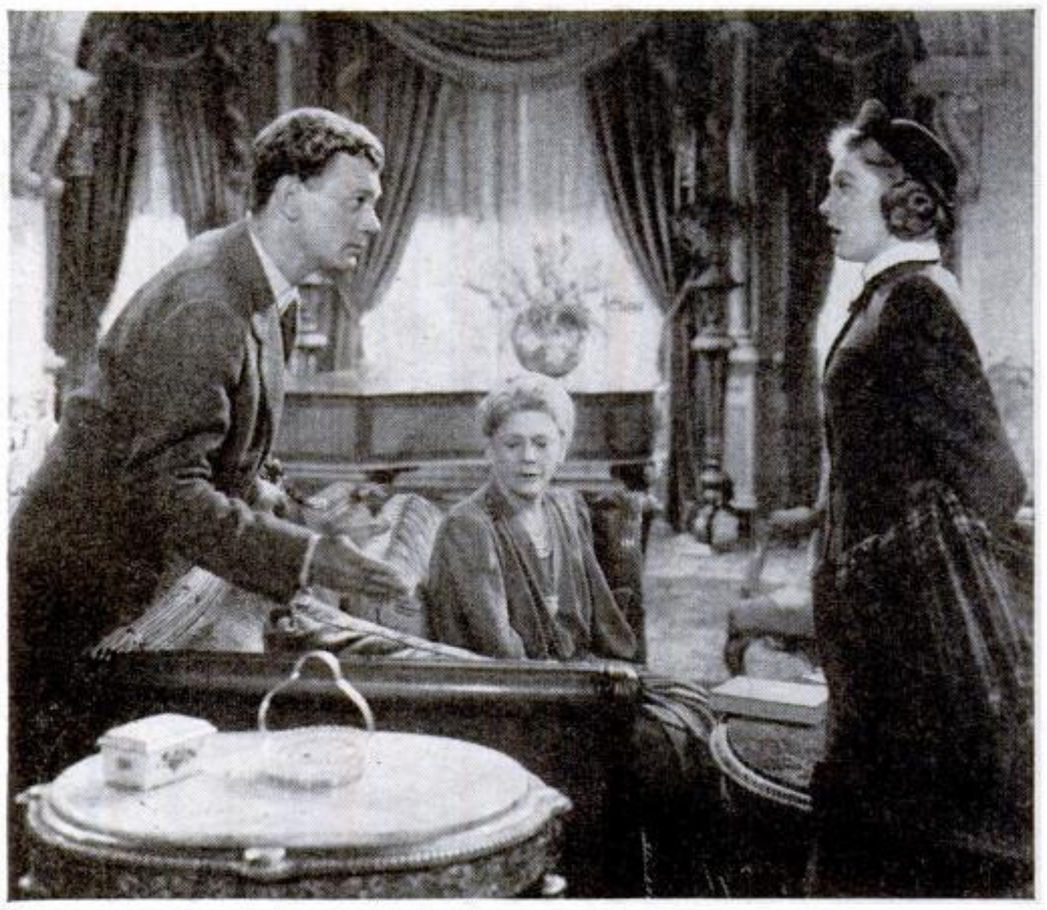
"Farmer's Daughter" CONTINUED



OUTSPOKEN KATIE deflates pompous running mate (*center*) of Congressman Morley (Joseph Cotten, *left*) by implying that no sane person would vote for him. Cotten gets used to this, gives Katie credit for rare political honesty.



KATIE MASSAGES MORLEY, who is now growing fond of Katie for more than political reasons, after he has had a minor skating mishap. Morley's butler Clancy (Charles Bickford) skeptically watches the whole performance.



KATIE QUITS HER JOB, says goodby to Morley and his mother (Ethel Barrymore) after Morley's political opponents, impressed with Katie's rally speech (*p. 67*), persuade her to accept the opposition nomination for Congress.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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On Mother's Day—May 11—or on any happy occasion tell those you love what's in your heart—with a telegram.

ANY OCCASION—birthday, wedding, anniversary—immediately becomes happier when a telegram arrives to tell your family or friends that you're thinking of them.

Write your own telegram if you wish or send any of the suggested Mother's Day messages in the handy leaflets that you can get at any Western Union office. Your message will be delivered on colorful, attractive Mother's Day stationery.

In business, too, a telegram is something "special." Businessmen have always known it says: "I'm important, open me first."

At home or traveling, telegrams are so easy to send. Just drop into the nearby Western Union office or telephone Western Union from home or from any phone booth. Telegrams from home can be charged to your phone, and from phone booths can be paid for through coin slots. Use Western Union for every "keep-in-touch" purpose.

SEND "COMMENCEMENT CONGRATULATIONS"

"Graduation Day" is a high spot in a young person's life. Make it even more memorable for the young graduate—send your best wishes by Western Union. A telegram is always a treasured keepsake of such happy occasions.

"Isn't there someone who would like to hear from you today?"





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As lovely as a romance

"half-moon" watch bracelet

Jacques Kreisler collaborates with Cupid, to create a watch bracelet as exciting as a whisper in the dark. Tiny "half-moon" links create the essence of romance, faithfully interpreted in ENDURING KREISLER QUALITY. Dubl-lock or Marvelock clasp, snug as a hug forever. A perfect Mother's Day gift. In the colors of yellow or pink gold. **$8.50** at fine stores everywhere. Price includes Federal Tax.

*makes a smart watch look smarter**

Jacques Kreisler

World's largest maker of Watch Bands for men and women

*TRADE MARK ©1947 JACQUES KREISLER MANUFACTURING CORP. AVAILABLE IN CANADA

THE VOTERS CHEER FOR DOUBLE TALK



AT AN ELECTION RALLY bumbling politicians like the one above spout double talk such as, ". . . The future . . . and I tell you, somerfault paspaloose histalech rester boff ELECTION!" All the clapping, screaming and garbled speechmaking confuses Katie, who has never attended such a rally before.



ANOTHER SPEECH is studded with such rare gems of political oratory as ". . . Git-gat-gittle fee-fair-fittle mix-max-mittle pad-pod-piddle NORMALCY!" Both this speech and the one before it are continually interrupted by thunderous applause from the audience, which at no time understands a word.



AUDIENCE COMPREHENSION of speeches is tested by Clancy when Katie asks him what the yelling is for. "At these things," he says, "they'll applaud anything." When Katie does not believe him, he suddenly stands up and shouts, "Fish for sale!" The audience promptly goes into a paroxysm of cheers.

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"NEW BEAU" by Douglass Crockwell. Number 3 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

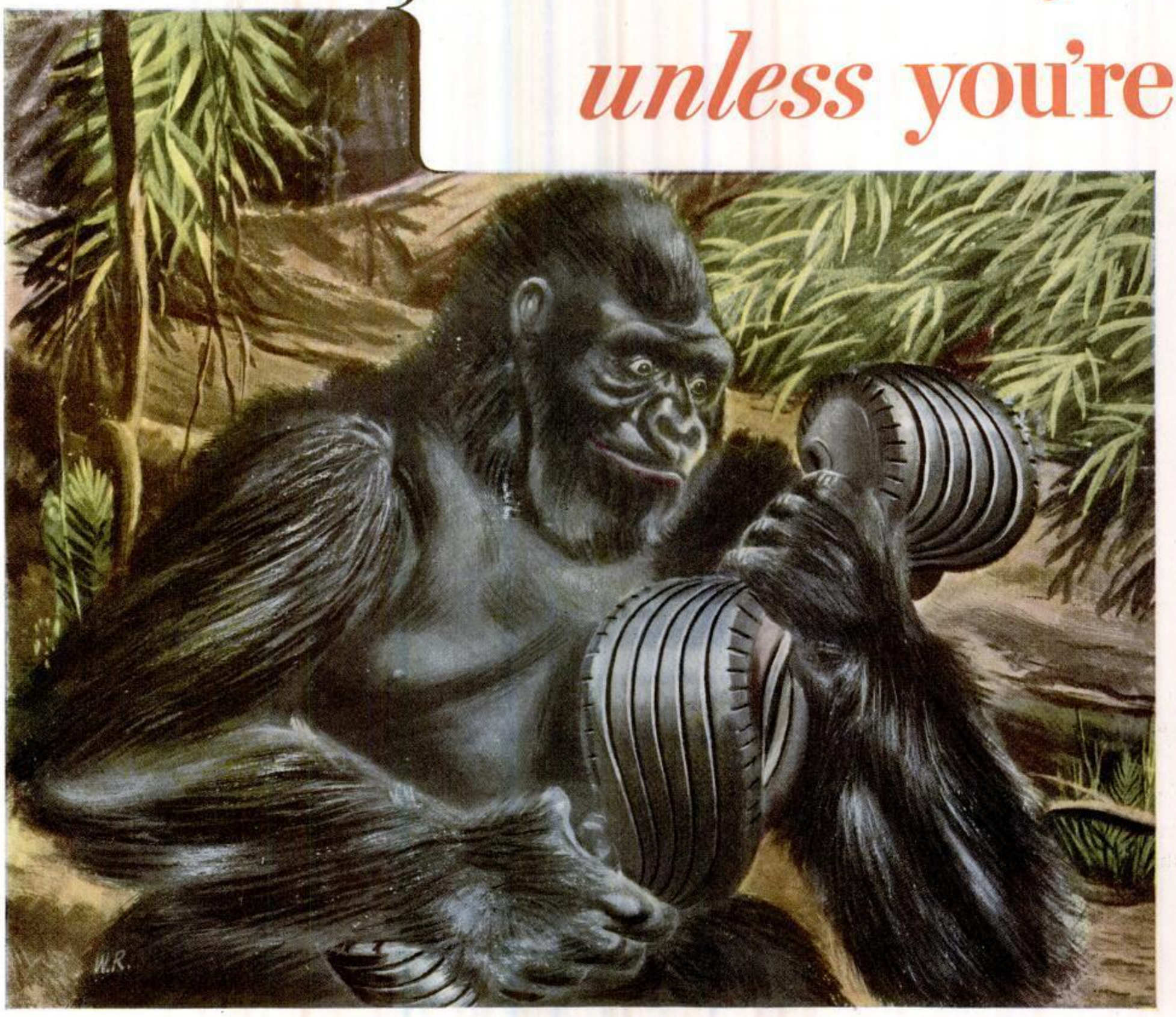
For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.



AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Copyrighted material

You don't stay first *unless* you're best





This will give you a rough idea of what happens to your tires every time you drive your car.

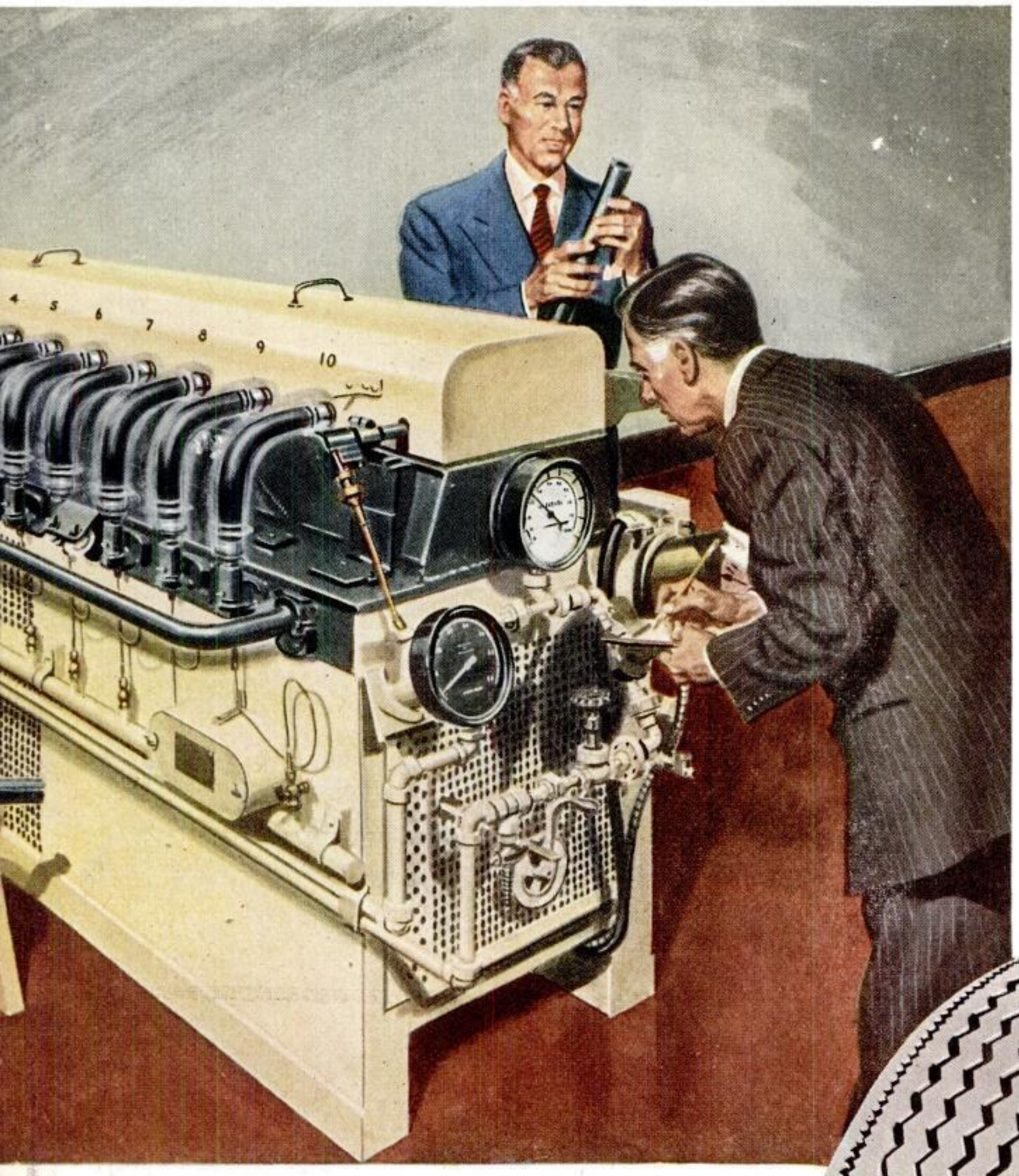
The toughest gorilla ever born couldn't give a tire the constant twisting, stretching, straining punishment that it gets in a few months' service on the road.

To bring you tires that can take it, Goodyear runs over 22 million miles of tire tests every year. This is just part of the testing story. Goodyear's research men have a pretty good idea of the results before a road test is made. Here's why . . .

First–every year for 32 years

GOODY

Copyrighted material



ng into a tire's future! This uncanny machine, invented by Goodyear, tests tires before they are built!

Those things that look like bits of rubber hose are hollow tubes made of new materials proposed for Goodyear tires.

The machine inflates these tubes. Then, bent at an angle, they are revolved so rapidly that they are a mere blur to the eye. This duplicates the twisting, stretching strain that a tire gets in service. Road speeds of more than 100 miles an hour can be simulated.

Here is one more of the many ways Goodyear makes sure that you get extra toughness, mileage, and safety in today's Goodyear tires. It's one more reason why Goodyear holds its place as America's first-choice tire for the 32nd consecutive year.

YEAR

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

MORE MILEAGE FOR YOUR MONEY

Goodyear tires deserve Goodyear tubes. Get *both* from your Goodyear dealer—your Tire Service Headquarters.



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Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



"I coaxed, I chided, I cajoled my mirror," says Ruth Cliffe of Inglewood, Calif. "But it was no use. The complexion it showed me stayed dull, dingy and coarse-looking. I don't need to tell you that life's no whirl for a girl with a complexion like that!



"Then the Palmolive Plan came into my life! During a telephone conversation, a friend of mine urged me to try it. She told me how 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—tested this Plan on 1285 women and proved it can bring a lovelier complexion to 2 out of 3 . . . in just 14 days!

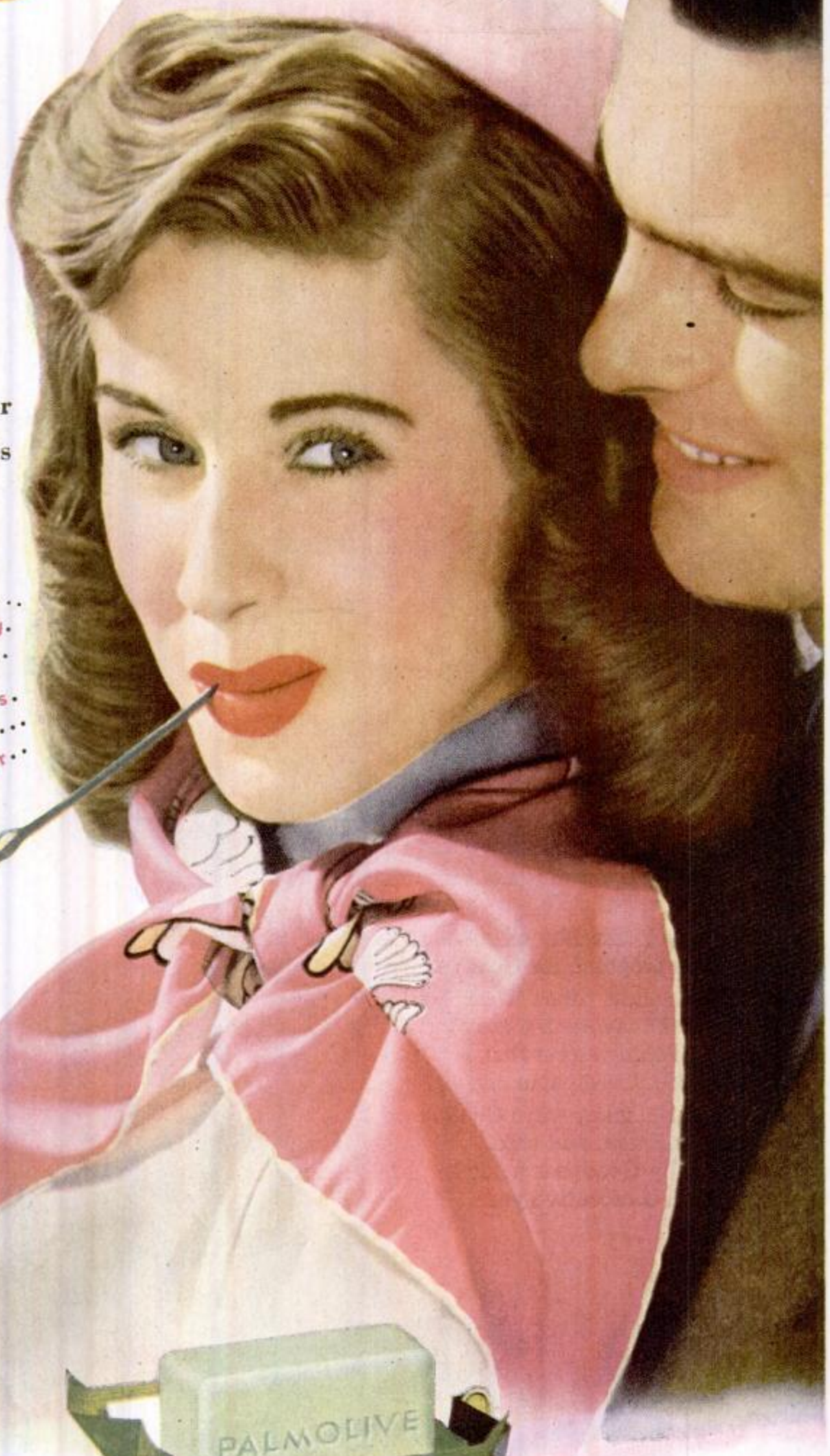
"Here's all you do:
Wash your face with Palmolive Soap.

Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!

Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.

Just 14 days after I started the Palmolive Plan, my complexion was fresher, brighter—noticeably finer looking, too!"





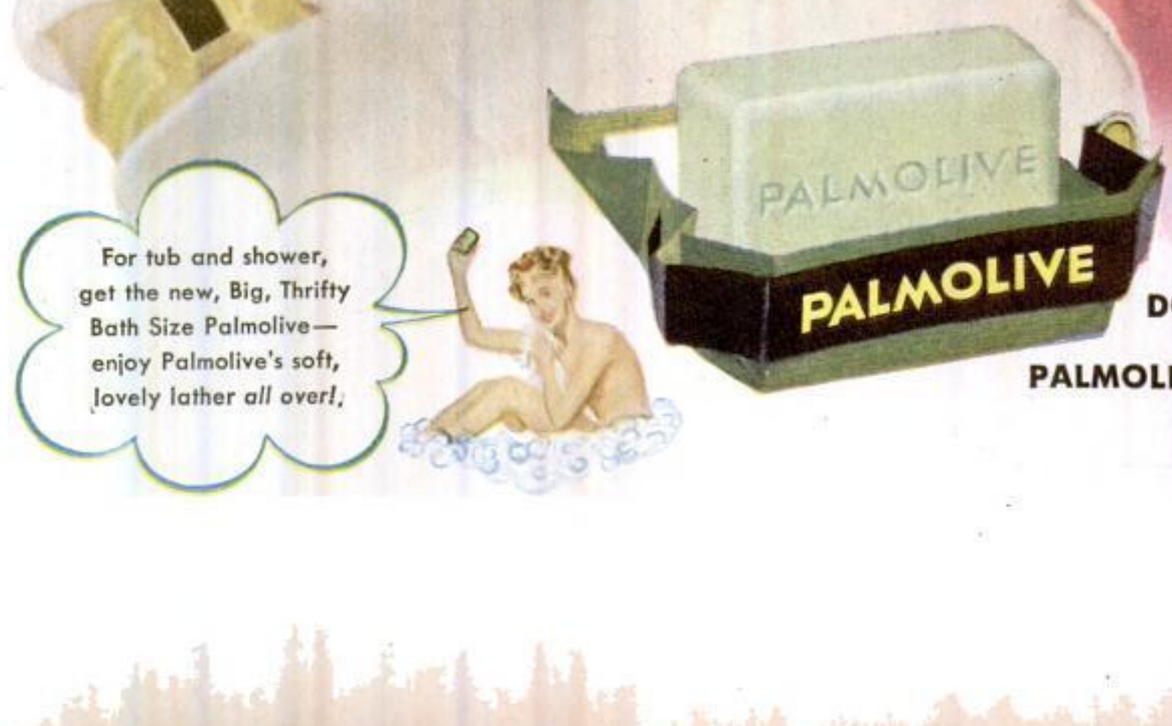
YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 days!

Less Oily.....
Smoother, Younger looking.
Less Coarse-looking....
Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
Less Incipient Blackheads.
Fresher.....
Brighter, Clearer Color..

IF you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what beauty care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!



For tub and shower, get the new, Big, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive—enjoy Palmolive's soft, lovely lather *all over!*

DOCTORS PROVE

PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

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NATURE NONSENSE

English professor makes a hobby of pooh-poohing popular notions

Bergen Evans (*right*), an English professor at Northwestern University, is an outstanding candidate, along with the weather man and the tax collector, for the position of world's worst wet-blanket. When years ago skeptic Evans began pinning down guests who regaled fashionable dinner parties with wild yarns like the one about strong men whose hair turned snow-white with terror overnight, he found himself growing less and less popular. His latest book, *The Natural History of Nonsense* (Knopf, $3), is an engaging, energetically researched collection of the vast body of similar old wives' tales and the other nonsense which almost everybody believes to be gospel truth.

Debunked in the book are many widely held misconceptions: that lightning never strikes twice in the same place (*below*), that wolves run in packs, that pigs are temperamentally dirty (*p. 78*), that lemmings deliberately drown themselves in the sea. LIFE on these pages illustrates a few of Evans' attempts at fact-finding, fully expects many of its readers to differ violently with his conclusions and come up with eye-witness accounts of even stranger notions.

The Evans, or spoil-sport, approach to all popular ideas, such as the one that snakes always hypnotize their prey before attacking them (*p. 78*), is to ask "How do you know?" or "Did you see it?" This is also known as the scientific approach. Taking nothing for granted, Evans assumes that everyone is a liar until he is proved truthful, a system which has led him up some astonishing paths of inquiry. These range from serious subjects like race myths and fallacies about childbirth to investigations of mother love among birds, the value of circumstantial evidence in murder trials, the spouting habits of whales (*p. 81*), the "infallible" homing instincts of dogs, the non-slyness of foxes and the "existence" of wolf children. But the best thing about the professor's gay book is perhaps its incontrovertible message that man's most desirable asset is skeptical common sense.



BERGEN EVANS, 42-year-old professor who makes a hobby of debunking such popular fallacies as the one that gorillas have hairy chests, examines a stuffed one (*above*) in Chicago, discovers its chest quite hairless.



LIGHTNING STRIKES Empire State Building in New York about 20 times a year, disproving the proverb



that it never strikes twice in the same place. Because of their steel framework, which grounds the electric discharges of the lightning that they attract, skyscrapers are among the safest places to be during electric storms.



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New!

'GUIDING EYE'

Gives World's First Face-Tailored Shave



So Comfortable

you wonder how whiskers can be gone . . .

So Clean

you wonder how they can ever come back!

SEE THE New Gem Razor! On its head there's a new device — Gem's 'Guiding Eye'!

SIMPLY SHAVE with the 'Guiding Eye' flat against your face and amazing things happen:

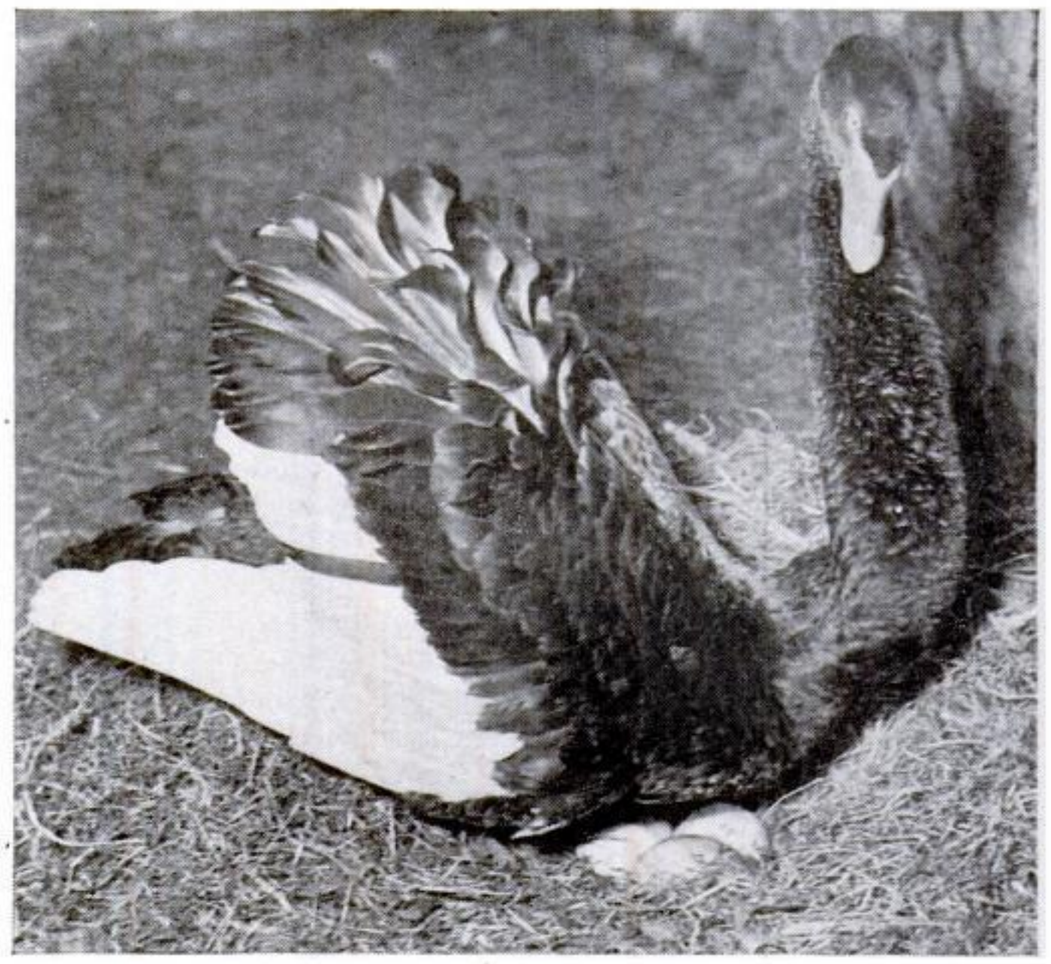
YOUR KEEN Gem Blade follows *your* facial curves—meets beard just right! The razor actually tailors the shave to *your* face—wings whiskers away!

SO GET the New Gem Razor with the 'Guiding Eye'! Get the Shave of Tomorrow—*today!*

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM!

New GEM RAZOR

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.



PARENTAL LOVE, which leads the male swan to alternate with his mate on their eggs, is not really love at all, says Evans. The birds merely want to alleviate irritation on their bodies by contact with the eggs' cool surface.



PARENTAL IMPARTIALITY displayed by father robin in feeding babies is, according to Evans' research, actually automatic. Each bird when fed must evacuate and in doing so cedes his preferred place in the nest to another.



PEACOCK'S PRIDE, according to an old legend, causes its beautiful tail to drop in shame when it looks down at its ugly feet. In fact, the peacock's muscles will not permit it to hold its fanlike tail erect when its head is lowered.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

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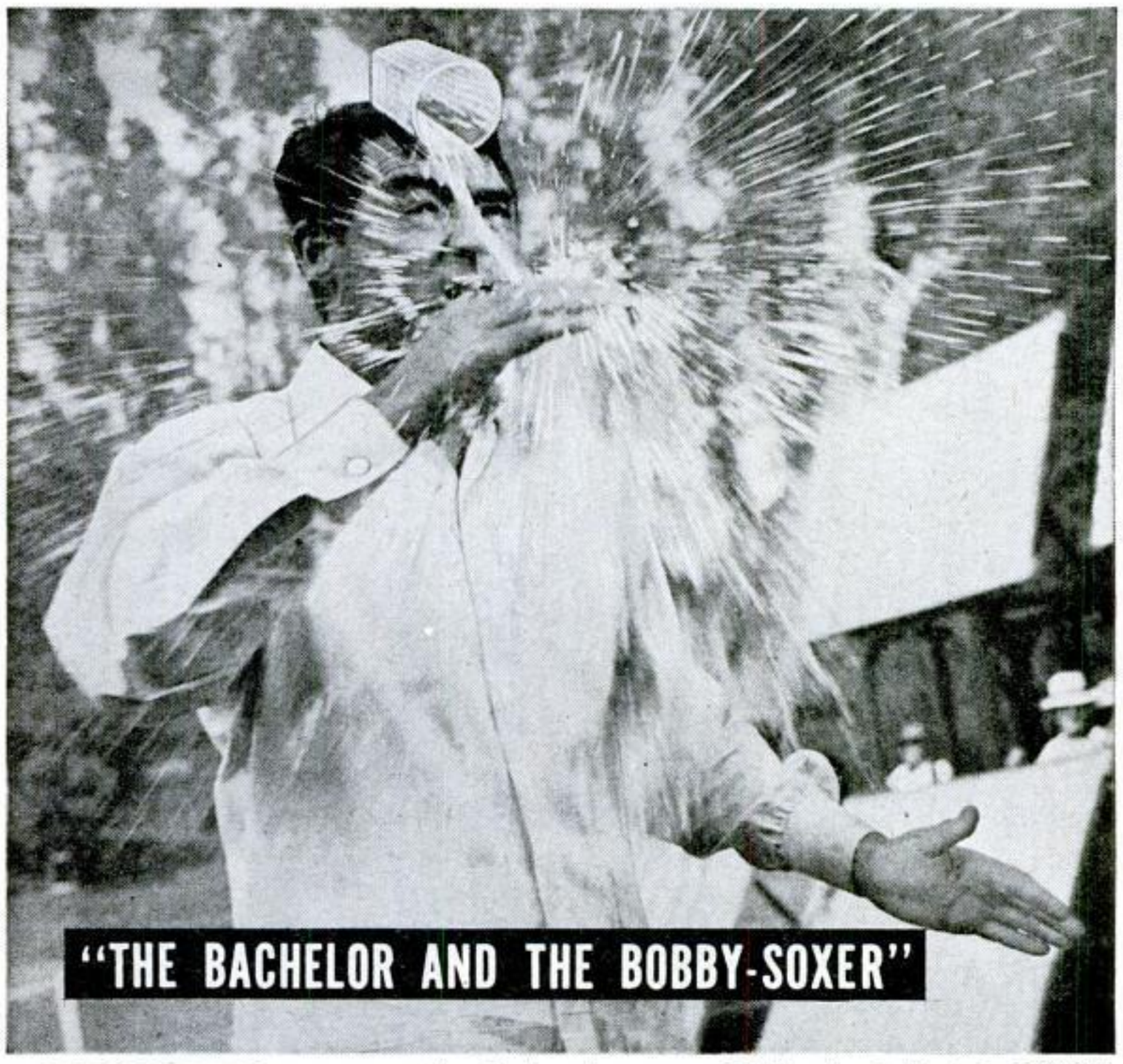
RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE WEEK



RAPTUROUSLY unaware of gathering storm clouds, HENRY FONDA and BARBARA BEL GEDDES share a tender kiss in this closeup from *The Long Night*, a Hakim-Litvak Production. Rival VINCENT PRICE ignites Fonda's rage, creates a crisis. Star cast includes ANN DVORAK.



UPROARIOUS GREETING. Cameraman catches JAMES STEWART and JANE WYMAN reacting to surprise visit of old friends on *Magic Town* set. Visitors watched scene filmed, learned what happens when a man with *ideas* meets a girl with ideals in ROBERT RISKIN'S independent production.



CARY GRANT loses water glass balancing race at high school picnic in RKO's *The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*, soon to world premiere at New York's Radio City Music Hall. Story of a bachelor's efforts to squelch a bobby-soxer's crush co-stars CARY, MYRNA LOY, SHIRLEY TEMPLE.



EXCITED EXPLORERS. Mounted on their bike, ready for high adventure, are Goofy, Donald Duck, LUANA PATTEN, Mortimer Snerd. They add to the tomfoolery of WALT DISNEY'S new Technicolor musical cartoon, *Fun and Fancy Free*. Also starred, EDGAR BERGEN, Charlie McCarthy.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

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A COWBOY'S OUTFIT IS *Functional*



Jockey Underwear is Functional



THERE'S ONLY ONE JOCKEY

It's a Brand...
It's a Trade Mark...
It's Made By

Coopers Inc.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

From his ten gallon hat to his high-heeled boots, the cowboy's outfit is functional. It provides body protection *plus* freedom of action.

Jockey Underwear, too, is functional. Its exclusive Y-Front gives buoyant, scientific support . . . freedom of action without chafing or binding. Only Jockey has the *friendly* cradled pouch, convenient No-Gap opening, streamlined fit and bulkless crotch. Treat yourself to healthful, masculine support—smoother comfort . . . insist on the "functional" fit of Jockey Underwear. Buyers of substitutes realize that old friends are best and will welcome increasing Jockey production.



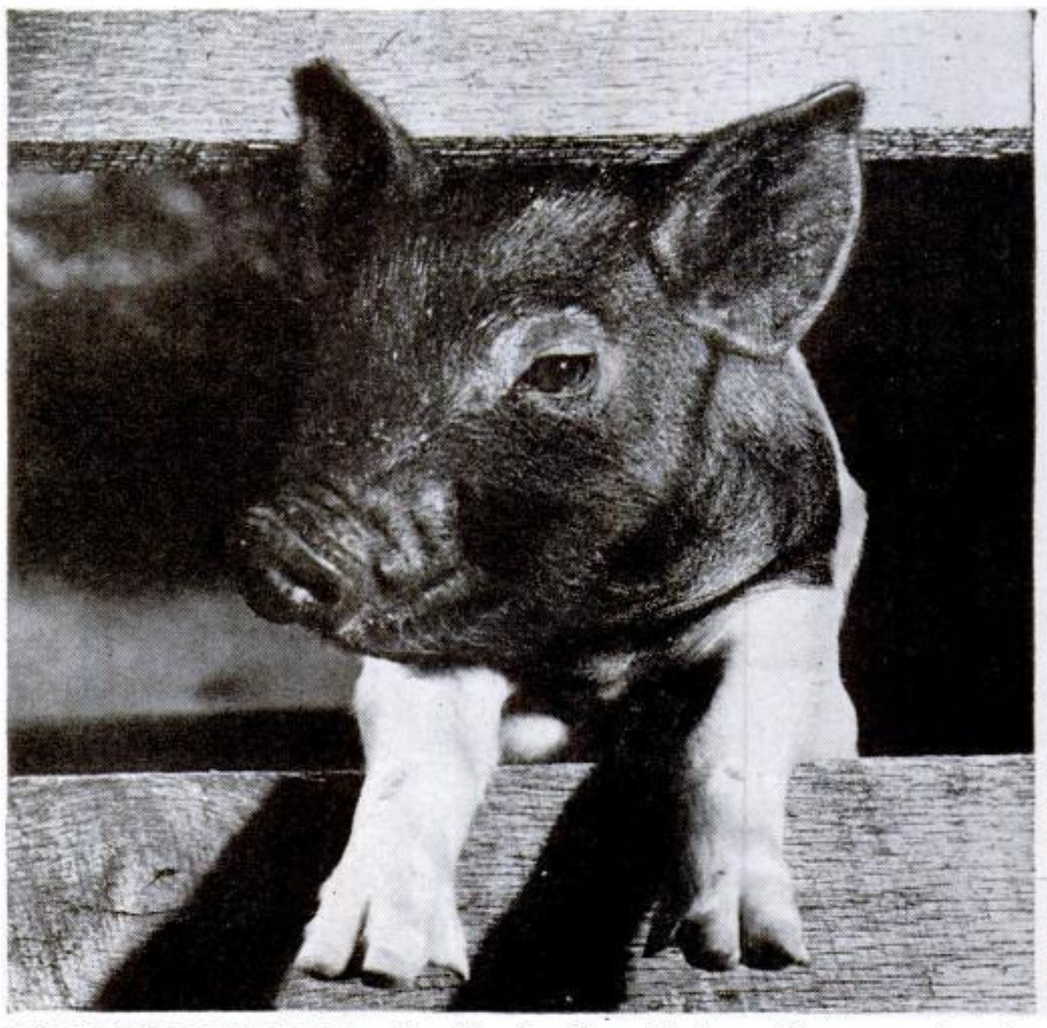
Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Underwear • Sportswear • Hosiery

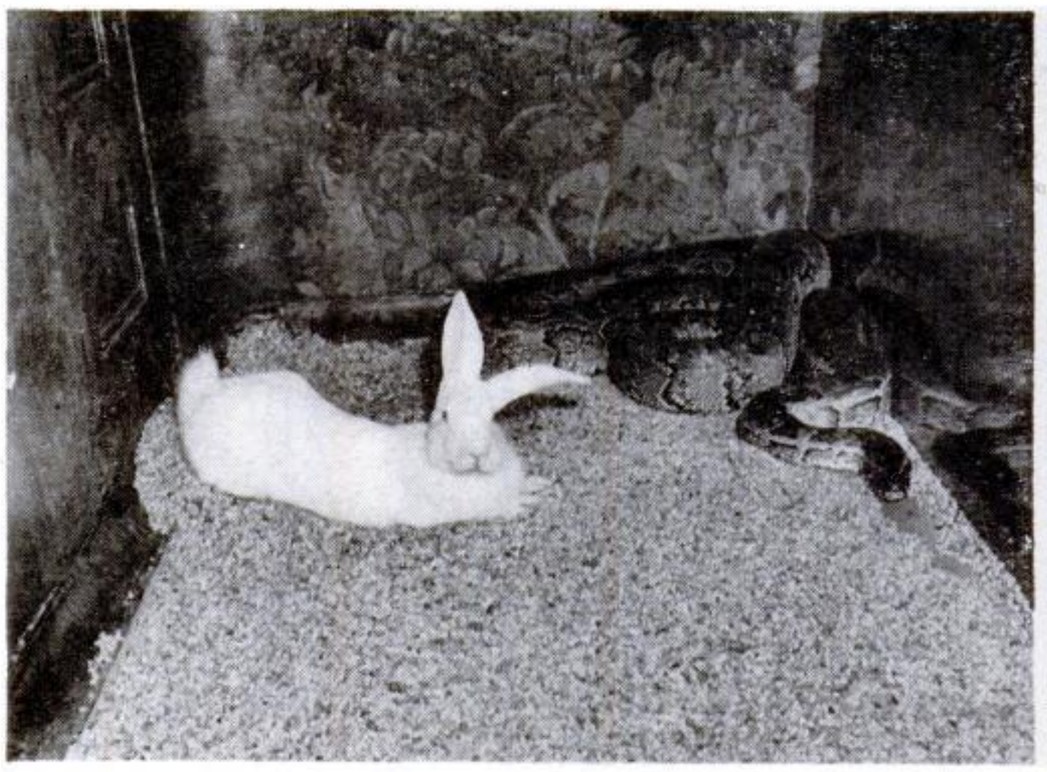
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DEATH GRIP OF OCTOPUS (*above*) is, say zoologists, nonsense. A firm grip on even the largest octopus' head and body will induce it to relax its hold.



DIRTINESS OF PIGS is refuted by the clean pig above. Evans says that the pig's love of mud baths, the basis of its bad name, is shared by many humans.



UNTERRIFIED RABBIT, about to be devoured by python, flops ears nonchalantly. According to the popular legend the snake should be hypnotizing it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

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Wembley*

World Famous for Quality

Sama-Fane Ties combine a new Celanese fabric with Wembley's superb styling and tailoring—giving you good wear, good looks, and long-time satisfaction.

$1

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

WOODLAND

SHORELAND

HIGHLAND

Wembley Ties

Wembley* Sama-Fane* A RAYON FABRIC OF Celanese* YARN *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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KINSEY'S MAY CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1 *Dewey destroys Spanish Fleet at Manila, 1898.*	2 *First non-stop, trans-U. S. air flight, 1923.*	3 *Ho hum . . . Spring fever Good thing it's Saturday!*
4 *Haymarket riots in Chicago, 1886.*	5 *Napoleon dies on St. Helena, 1821.*	6 *This Kinse… is as good a…*		…ermany …ers, 1945.*	9 *Ethan Allen crosses Lake Ticonderoga, 1775.*	10 *First trans-U.S. railroad completed, 1869.*
11 *Well—it's not Father's Day!*	12 *National Golf Week. Fo-o-o-re!*	13 *Jamestown, Va… settlement in A…*		…5 …gins first air …rvice, 1918.*	16 *Navy seaplanes first span Atlantic, 1919.*	17 *First Kentucky Derby, 1875.*
18 *Selective Service Act made law, 1917.*	19 *U.S. and Mexico sign Peace Treaty, 1848.*	20 *First fire e… used in U.S.*		…2 *National …aritime Day.*	23 *"Squalus" sinks, 1939. Thirty-three men saved.*	24 *Indians sell N. Y. for $24, start land boom, 1626.*
25 *U.S. Constitutional Convention begins, 1787.*	26 *If you're born today, your sign is Gemini.*	27 *British sink "unsinkable" Bismarck, 1941.*		29 *R.I., last of Colonies, ratifies Constitution, 1790.*	30 *Memorial Day.*	31 *Att. June Bridegrooms: Get ready, set . . . !*

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

Greetings to the month of May
With highballs made the Kinsey way!

May is mild and mellow . . . not unlike highballs made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. They're easy to make:

Pour one jigger of light, flavor-full Kinsey into glass full of ice cubes. Add ginger ale or soda . . . then settle back for the most delicious highball you've ever enjoyed!

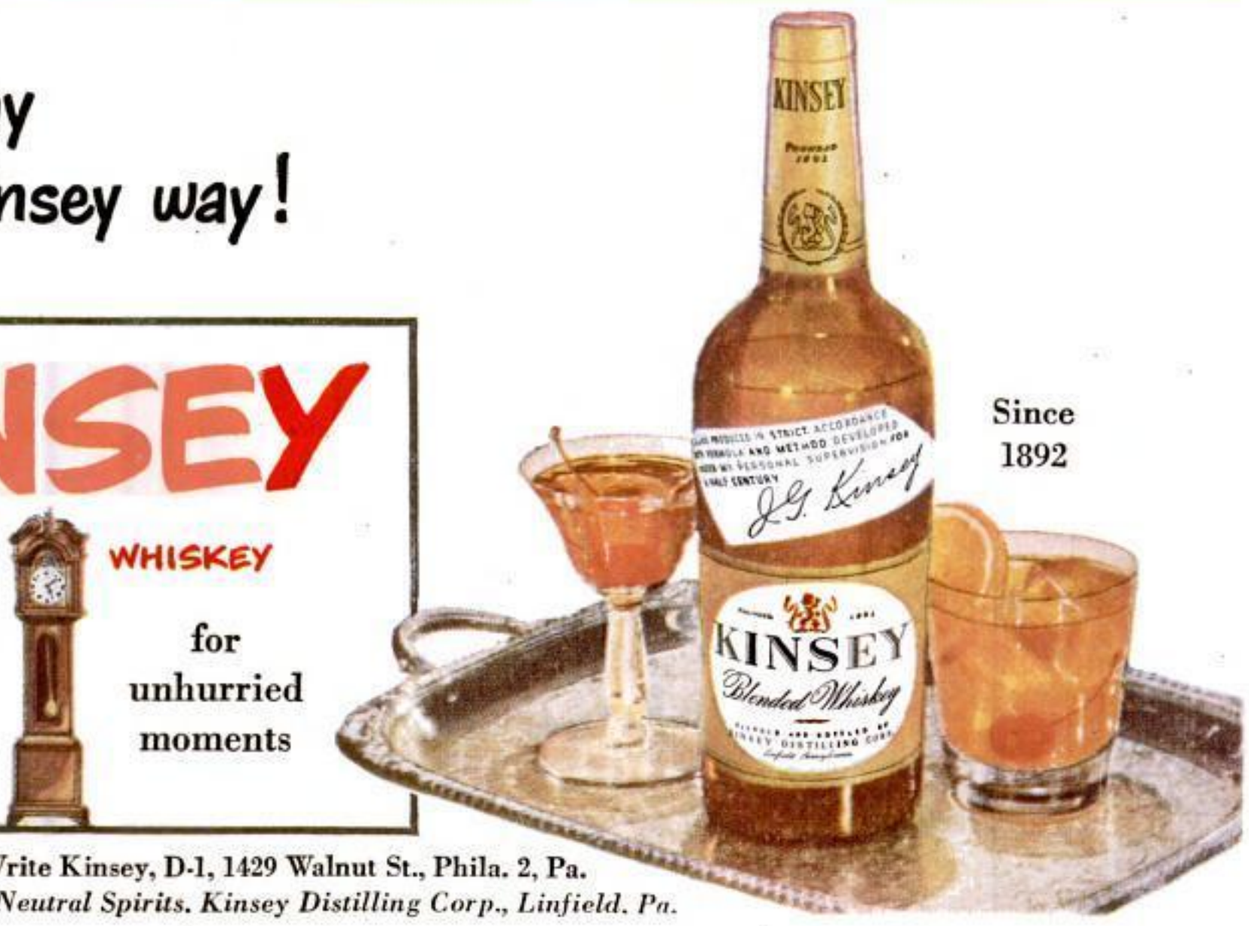
Whatever your favorite drink . . . make it with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. One taste of its superb flavor will tell you why so many people today are making Kinsey their first-choice whiskey. Try Kinsey yourself . . . *tonight!*

KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

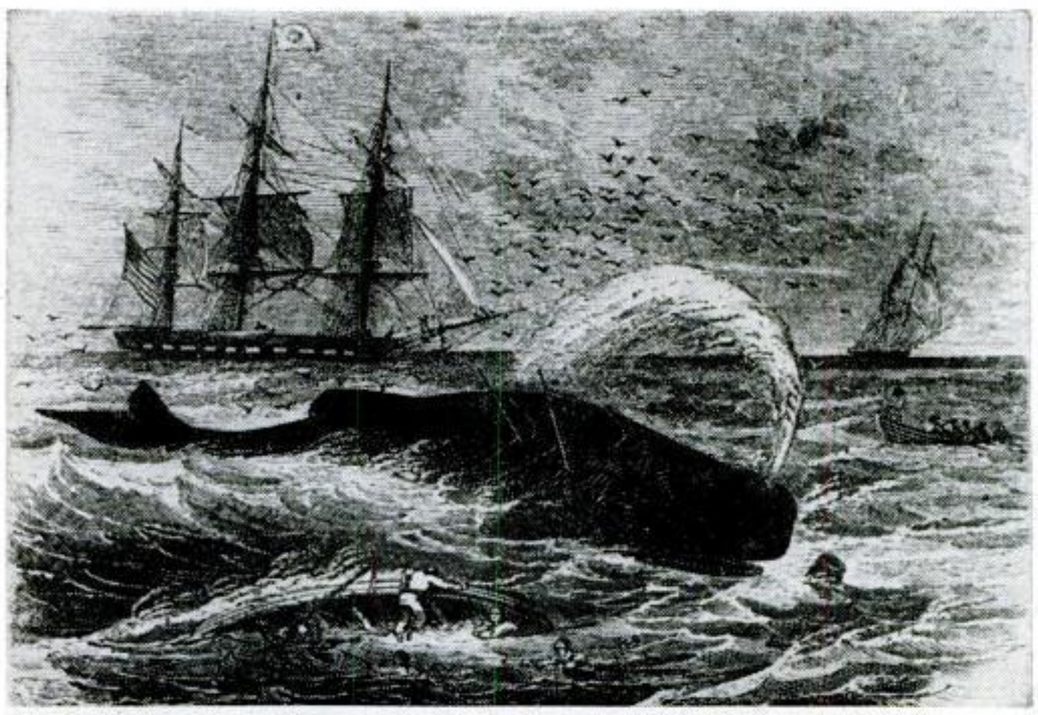


Since 1892

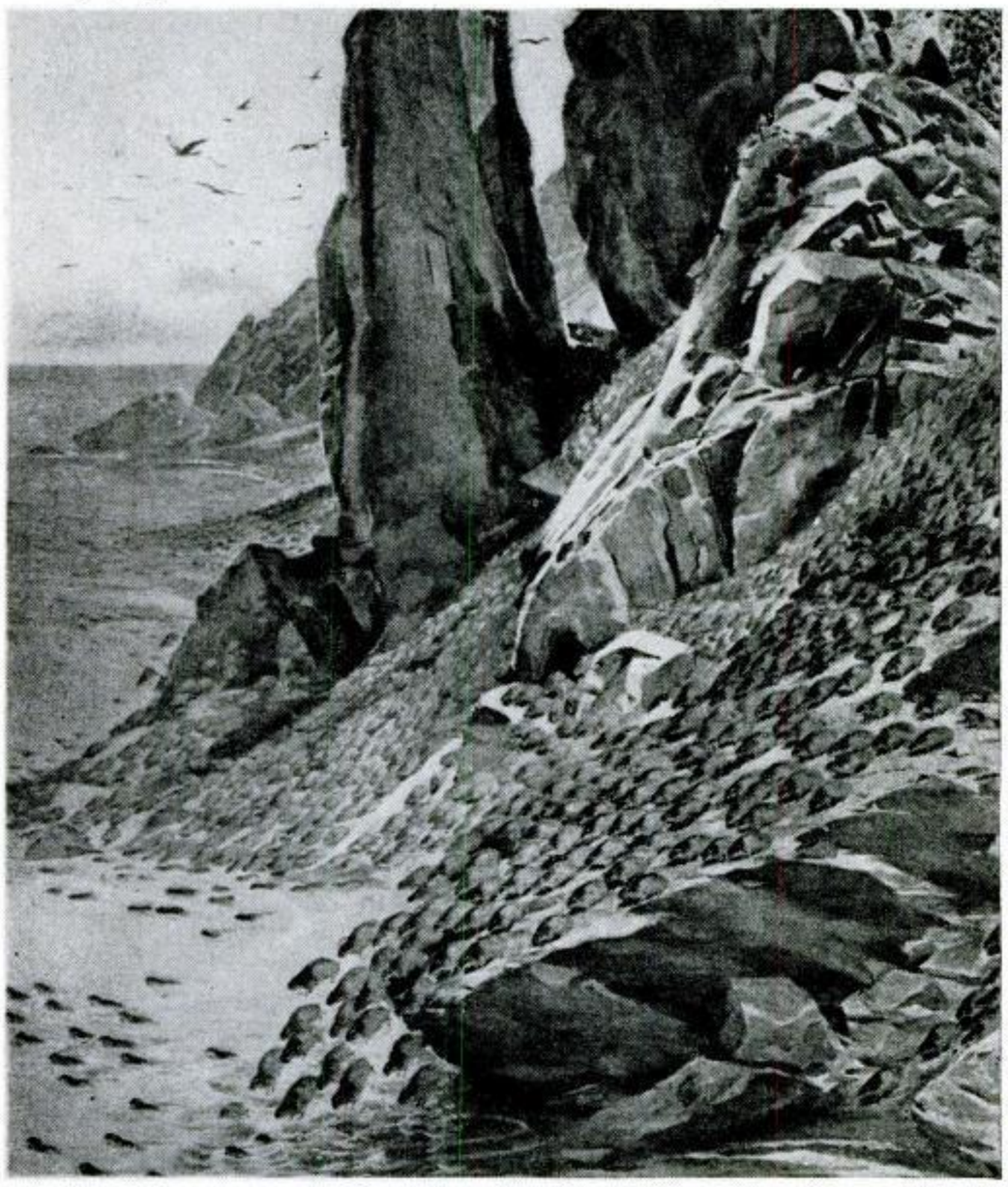
FREE! Recipe Book. Write Kinsey, D-1, 1429 Walnut St., Phila. 2, Pa.

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

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WHALE SPOUTS WATER in this old woodcut of a popular notion. The famous "spout" is in fact merely moisture-laden breath which, Evans insists, is "all that comes out of a whale's blowhole. . . . If the artist is unusually naive or unusually playful he sometimes puts a few small fish on top of the column. . . . "



LEMMINGS' DEATH MARCH to the sea in search of lost land now buried under the waves is a fallacy based on the old "death instinct" legend. Actually lemmings, crowded by overbreeding in Norwegian hills, migrate into the coastal regions in search of food. A few drown occasionally in the process.



ADAM'S NAVEL is an age-old religious sore point. Argument runs that Adam, shown here with a navel, was created whole and did not need one.



ADAM WITHOUT NAVEL was in 18th Century Bible published in The Hague. Argument still raged in 1944 when U.S. Army booklet showed navel.



If your car feels like *this*...it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

Tough, longer-lasting *Marfak* fights wear and friction — gives you "cushiony" driving and smoother handling right from one lubrication job to the next.

With *Marfak,* you can forget about once-over-lightly grease jobs, gone after a couple of hundred miles. *Marfak lasts* — for 1,000 miles, and more. Always applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling" now.

MARFAK Lubrication

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATRE presents the new TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

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This, too, is FLORIDA . . . where industry and business are finding new opportunities. Where mild climate makes peak production possible the year 'round. Where many costs are lower and taxes reasonable. This summer, investigate industrial Florida. There may be a sunnier future here for you and your business.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY! *(Please print name and address clearly)*
State of Florida, 550 Commission Building, Tallahassee, Florida
Please send me free, colorful Florida booklet.

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THE SUNSHINE STATE



AMID THE SAN FRANCISCO'S FIRST VIOLINS, MARCIA VAN DYKE POISES

PRETTY FIRST VIOLINIST

Young Marcia Van Dyke is a musical ornament in San Francisco Symphony's string section

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HER BOW AND AWAITS CONDUCTOR PIERRE MONTEUX'S CUE TO START

When the San Francisco Symphony went on tour in March, it not only established itself as one of the top U.S. orchestras, but it also exhibited to audiences the prettiest first violinist now in the symphony bigtime. The violinist, 24-year-old Marcia Van Dyke, is a blue-eyed brunette who has been playing with professional orchestras for six years and with the San Francisco for three. She has also sung torch songs in nightclubs and has been offered a movie contract. She turned it down partly because she intends to follow serious music and partly because she has just become engaged to the orchestra's French-horn player.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



It's Red Rock for me!

(My whole family goes for it, too)

And so do more and more people...every day...everywhere.

This fine, refreshing cola is the result of 62 years' beverage experience, originating in Atlanta—where people know their soft drinks. It's not too sweet—not too tart—it's right!

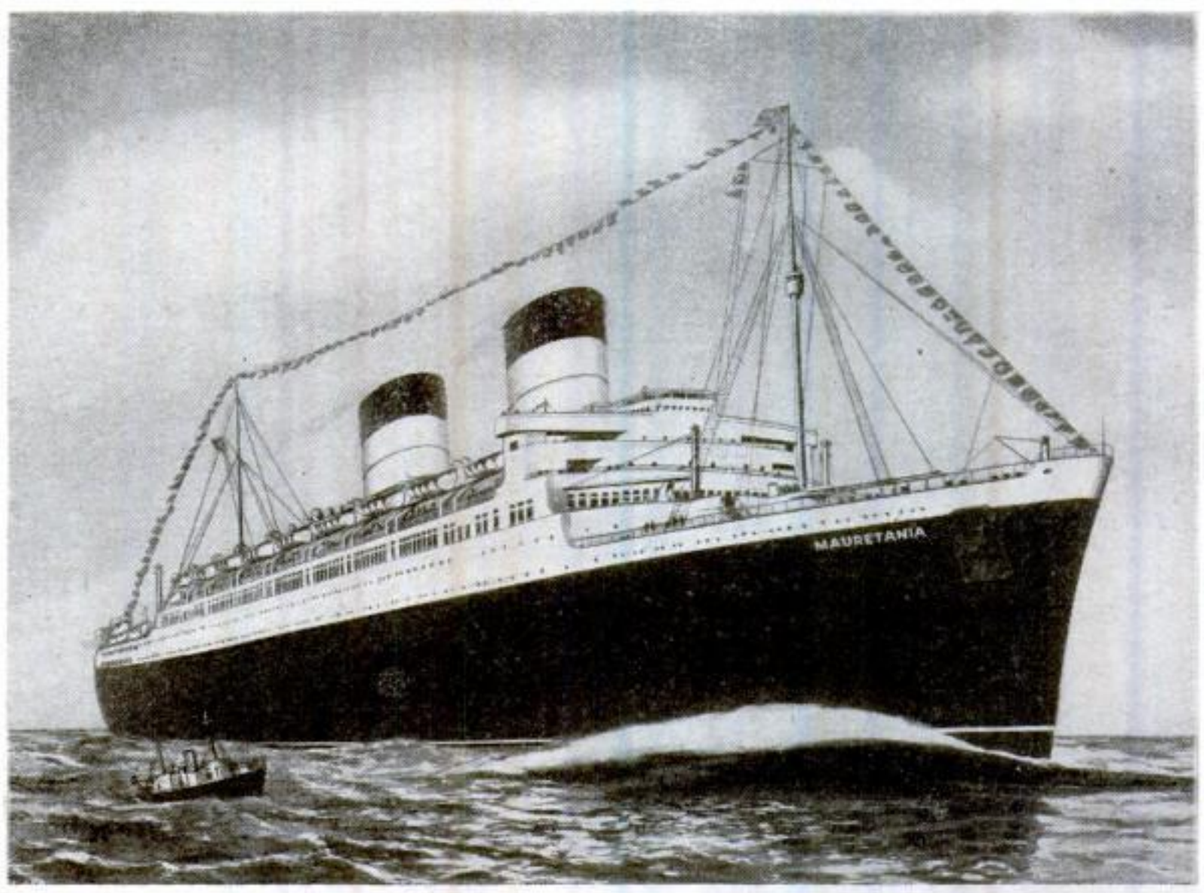
Watch for the Red Rock oval and treat your family to Red Rock's smack-your-lips flavor!



Now bottled in 46 States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico and South America, under authority of
RED ROCK BOTTLERS, INC.
Atlanta 3, Georgia

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The New MAURETANIA



THE HERITAGE OF A DISTINGUISHED NAME . . . The *new* MAURETANIA now resumes the de luxe transatlantic passenger service which the war cut short after only three peacetime voyages. Elegantly appointed and complete to the last detail of comfort and luxury, she joins the Queen Elizabeth in Cunard White Star's service between America and Europe. True to the famous name she inherits, the *new* MAURETANIA offers the same courteous, dependable service, the same delightful cuisine, and the same attention to ocean-going enjoyment which have characterized Cunard White Star for more than a century.

On May 6 the Mauretania will sail from New York to Liverpool, and thereafter regularly to Southampton via Cherbourg, France. Commencing July 31, calls will be made at Cobh, Eire, in addition.

Now in Service	*Nearing Readiness*	*New Vessels Approaching Completion*
Queen Elizabeth and Mauretania	**Queen Mary and Britannic**	**Media and Parthia**

The British Tradition Distinguishes

Cunard White Star



ON TOUR, Marcia walks past car appropriately named "Beethoven." It is one of the nine cars in the train chartered for the San Francisco Symphony's 53-city tour. Marcia is taking voice studies, hopes to make singing her career.



WITH FIANCE, French-horn player William Sabatini (*left*), Marcia walks down to stage in New York's Carnegie Hall. Mere acquaintances in San Francisco, couple became engaged in Wichita Falls, Texas, after 10 days on tour.

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Set provides complete table-setting service for eight.

NEW!

LIBBEY

"AMERICANA"



"New England Tradition"
Eight 14 oz. iced tea

"Southern Hospitality"
Eight 10 oz. water

"Western Adventure"
Eight 6 oz. juice

One of today's foremost designers interprets early American folklore on these footed Libbey glasses (shown above, actual size!). So pretty, so practical! The sweet spring colors are *fired on! And you actually get a new glass if those Safedge rims ever chip!*



Libbey Safedge

Complete matched 24-piece set comes pre-packed in smart, gay gift box.

Now at leading stores! 24-piece table-glass set $10.00 Slightly higher in the West.

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HOW PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE HAS GROWN SINCE 1852:

NEW YORK-PHILADELPHIA to . . .

ALABAMA—Birmingham, Mobile, Montgomery
ARIZONA—Phoenix, Tucson, Williams (For Grd Canyon)
ARKANSAS—Little Rock
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles, Sacramento, San Bernardino, San Francisco
DIST. OF COLUMBIA—Washington
FLORIDA—Clearwater, Jacksonville, Ft. Myers, Miami, Orlando, Sarasota, St. Petersburg, South Boca Grande, Tampa, Venice, West Palm Beach, St. Augustine
GEORGIA—Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah
ILLINOIS—Chicago
INDIANA—Ft. Wayne, Indianapolis, Terre Haute
IOWA—Cedar Rapids
KENTUCKY—Ashland, Lexington, Louisville
LOUISIANA—New Orleans, Shreveport
MARYLAND—Baltimore
MICHIGAN—Detroit
MISSISSIPPI—Jackson, Meridian, Vicksburg
MISSOURI—St. Louis, Springfield
NEBRASKA—Lincoln, Omaha
NEVADA—Las Vegas, Reno
NEW MEXICO—Albuquerque, Lamy (For Santa Fe)
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville, Charlotte, Durham, Greensboro, Hamlet, Raleigh, Southern Pines, Wilmington, Winston-Salem
OHIO—Akron, Canton, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Youngstown
OKLAHOMA—Muskogee, Tulsa
PENNSYLVANIA—Emporium, Oil City, Pittsburgh, Sunbury, Williamsport
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston, Columbia, Florence, Greenville, Spartanburg
TENNESSEE—Bristol, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Memphis, Nashville
TEXAS—Austin, Dallas, Denison, El Paso, Ft. Worth, Galveston, Houston, Laredo, San Antonio, Waco
UTAH—Ogden, Salt Lake City
VIRGINIA—Bluefield, Cape Charles, Hot Springs, Norfolk, Richmond, Roanoke
WEST VIRGINIA—Bluefield, Charleston, Wheeling, White Sulphur Springs, Williamson
WYOMING—Cheyenne, Laramie, Rawlins
MEXICO—Mexico City, Monterrey, San Luis Potosi

PHILADELPHIA to . . .

MAINE—Bangor, Ellsworth, Portland, Rockland, Waterville
MASSACHUSETTS—Boston, Springfield
NEW HAMPSHIRE—Bretton Woods-Fabyan
NEW YORK—Buffalo
PENNSYLVANIA—Erie, Pittsburgh
RHODE ISLAND—Providence
VERMONT—St. Albans
CANADA—Montreal

WASHINGTON-BALTIMORE to . . .

ARKANSAS—Little Rock
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles, San Bernardino, San Francisco
ILLINOIS—Chicago
INDIANA—Ft. Wayne, Indianapolis, Terre Haute
IOWA—Cedar Rapids
MAINE—Bangor, Ellsworth, Portland, Waterville
MASSACHUSETTS—Boston, Springfield
MICHIGAN—Detroit
MISSOURI—St. Louis
NEBRASKA—Omaha
NEVADA—Las Vegas, Reno
NEW HAMPSHIRE—Bretton Woods-Fabyan
NEW YORK—Buffalo, Canandaigua, Elmira, New York City, Rochester
OHIO—Canton, Cleveland, Columbus, Dayton, Lima, Toledo
PENNSYLVANIA—Corry, Emporium, Erie, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Sunbury, Williamsport
RHODE ISLAND—Providence
TEXAS—Dallas, Ft. Worth, Galveston, Houston
UTAH—Ogden, Salt Lake City
VERMONT—St. Albans
WYOMING—Cheyenne, Laramie, Rawlins
CANADA—Montreal

CHICAGO to . . .

ALABAMA—Birmingham, Montgomery
DIST. OF COLUMBIA—Washington
FLORIDA—Clearwater, Jacksonville, Miami, St. Augustine, St. Petersburg, Tampa, West Palm Beach
GEORGIA—Atlanta, Macon
INDIANA—Indianapolis
KENTUCKY—Louisville
MARYLAND—Baltimore
MICHIGAN—Detroit, Harbor Springs, Mackinaw City, Petoskey
NEW YORK—New York City
OHIO—Akron, Canton, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dayton, Lima, Springfield, Youngstown
PENNSYLVANIA—Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia
TENNESSEE—Nashville
VIRGINIA—Bluefield, Norfolk, Roanoke
WEST VIRGINIA—Bluefield, Williamson

ST. LOUIS to . . .

DIST. OF COLUMBIA—Washington
INDIANA—Indianapolis
MARYLAND—Baltimore
MICHIGAN—Harbor Springs
NEW YORK—New York City
OHIO—Columbus, Dayton
PENNSYLVANIA—Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh

CLEVELAND to . . .

DIST. OF COLUMBIA—Washington
ILLINOIS—Chicago
MARYLAND—Baltimore
NEW YORK—New York City
OHIO—Cincinnati
PENNSYLVANIA—Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh

CINCINNATI to . . .

ILLINOIS—Chicago
MICHIGAN—Detroit, Grand Rapids, Harbor Springs, Mackinaw City, Traverse City
NEW YORK—New York City
OHIO—Akron, Cleveland
PENNSYLVANIA—Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh

DETROIT to . . .

DIST. OF COLUMBIA—Washington
FLORIDA—St. Petersburg
GEORGIA—Atlanta, Macon
ILLINOIS—Chicago
MARYLAND—Baltimore
NEW YORK—New York City
OHIO—Cincinnati
PENNSYLVANIA—Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh

NOTE: The above service includes many more cities. Space permits only a partial listing of points of origin and destination.



THROUGH

BY PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



So that you may be fully informed on the development over the years of through passenger service by the Pennsylvania Railroad, in collaboration with other railroads —we ask you to study this map.

Note to how many sections, states, great cities you can go from the Pennsylvania lines either in through trains or through cars. Coast to Coast . . . New England and Canada . . . the great Southwest and Mexico as well as throughout the entire South.

Consider what this means to you—to all travelers—in point of convenience. No change of cars from beginning to end of your journey. No frequent unpacking and

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SINCE 1876

MANY INTER-TERRITORIAL THROUGH TRAINS HAVE BEEN ADDED:

Washington—Boston

THE FEDERAL April 17, 1876
THE COLONIAL Jan. 18, 1892
THE SENATOR July 14, 1929
THE PATRIOT April 27, 1941

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-New Haven R.R.

Washington—Philadelphia—Maine

BAR HARBOR EXPRESS June 11, 1917

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-New Haven R.R.-Boston & Maine R.R.-Maine Central R.R.

Washington—Montreal

THE MONTREALER June 15, 1924

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-New Haven R.R.-Boston & Maine R.R.-Central Vermont Ry.-Canadian National Rys.

Philadelphia—Boston

THE QUAKER March 28, 1920
THE PILGRIM Sept. 26, 1937
THE WILLIAM PENN Sept. 29, 1940

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-New Haven R.R.

New York—Florida

FLORIDA SPECIAL Jan. 2, 1888
HAVANA SPECIAL May 6, 1917
MIAMIAN Dec. 1, 1927
VACATIONER Dec. 15, 1938
CHAMPIONS (East and West Coast) . . . Dec. 15, 1939

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac R.R.-Atlantic Coast Line R.R.-Florida East Coast Ry.

ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL Jan. 27, 1925
SILVER METEORS (East and West Coast) Feb. 2, 1939
THE SUN QUEEN Dec. 12, 1941
THE PALMLAND Dec. 12, 1941

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac R.R.-Seaboard Air Line Ry.

New York—Savannah

PALMETTO Nov. 1, 1910

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac R.R.-Atlantic Coast Line R.R.

New York—Cincinnati

(Via the Virginias)

THE F.F.V. May 12, 1889

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Chesapeake & Ohio Ry.

New York—New Orleans

PIEDMONT LIMITED April 29, 1923
THE CRESCENT April 26, 1925

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Southern Ry.-West Pt. Route-Louisville & Nashville R.R.

THE SOUTHERNER March 31, 1941

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Southern Ry.

New York—Atlanta

SOUTHERN RAILWAY EXPRESS Nov. 26, 1911

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Southern Ry.

New York—Birmingham

BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL April 24, 1932

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Southern Ry.-Norfolk & Western Ry.-Southern Ry.

New York—Washington—Texas

THE SUNSHINE SPECIAL July 7, 1946

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Missouri Pacific Lines-Texas & Pacific Railway

Chicago—Florida

THE SOUTHLAND Nov. 21, 1915

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Louisville & Nashville R.R.-Central of Georgia Ry.-Atlantic Coast Line R.R.-Florida East Coast Ry.

THE FLORIDA ARROW Jan. 2, 1935
THE SOUTH WIND Dec. 19, 1940

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Louisville & Nashville R.R.-Atlantic Coast Line R.R.-Florida East Coast Ry.

Chicago—Detroit

THE DETROIT ARROW April 28, 1935
MID-CITY EXPRESS April 28, 1935
THE RED BIRD April 27, 1941

Via Pennsylvania R.R.-Wabash R.R.

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THE PURPLE TESTAMENT

It is a moving collection of stories written by 53 disabled veterans

The short stories which LIFE *presents on these pages are four of the best from a collection called* The Purple Testament *(Doubleday, $2.50), written by 53 disabled veterans of World War II. Last year while attending American University in Washington, D. C., the veterans studied English composition under Professor Don M. Wolfe, who asked them to write about home, friends and family, the war or whatever came into their minds. The results, though far from being literature, were so moving and so impressive that Professor Wolfe had 2,000 copies of their* Purple Testament *printed at his own expense. All profits from the larger Doubleday edition, published last week, will go to the authors.*



DEATH ON THE CORAL REEF

by John Goelz

BOB THORNTON was 25 years old, unmarried and of slight stature. He wore thick glasses over his myopic eyes, and was the quiet, studious type, very much out of place in the Army. He never had much formal education, but he was an omnivorous reader and knew a great deal about many things. Zoology and botany were his favorite subjects. Bob was a good soldier. He did his duties well and then retired to his bunk and his beloved books and lost himself in some heavy tome, such as *Fungus Growths in Antarctica.*

In Fiji, Bob was happy—happier, I believe, than he had ever been. His duties as an airplane armorer were not too exacting and gave him much leisure time. He would wander away by himself and inspect the flora and fauna of the country. I understood his unsociableness: only the nonhuman world had any reality for him. There, and nowhere else, he was happy and at home.

The wide reefs of coral that ringed our island of Viti Levu and protected it and all the other islands of the archipelago were, from his point of view, among the most marvelous anywhere on earth.

A single square rod of living coral reef, with its multiple attendant life, might contain a hundred thousand different living things, most of them microscopic, of course, but with enough and more for human eyes: starfish that grow whole new versions of themselves from fragments of their bodies that were broken off; great, pale, orange cowrie shells that, to the island people, were worth their weight in gold; striped, red fish with waving wings—wings whose tips secreted a poison so powerful it could make a grown man faint from pain; striped sea snakes that nested on lumps of coral in quantities as hideous as those on a Medusa head; tiny clown fish whose colors no pigment on land could match.

"Would you like to go out with me some day and see?" Bob asked me.

"Yes, of course, I'd like to very much."

Bob smiled from ear to ear. "I can arrange my day off to suit yours. If you can arrange it and the tide's right, dusk is the best hour of all. If you stay on a bit after dark, the whole reef comes mysteriously alight—with phosphorus. There is nothing like it in all the world."

"By the tide being right you mean low tide, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied eagerly, his face alight. "Wear old shoes. You can't go barefoot on the sharp coral. Roll up your trousers and don't mind getting wet. We'll go next Tuesday if it's all right with you."

On Tuesday I could not go. We were changing engines on a bomber; our day off was cancelled. Disappointed, of course, Thornton wandered off by himself again.

On Wednesday morning, Thornton was absent from roll call. Thursday, too. On Friday the natives told the colonel that the body of a white man was found far out on the coral reefs at low tide.

I was on the detail that brought him in. I remembered his instructions: "Wear old shoes—roll up your trousers and don't mind getting wet." Four of us and the native guide stumbled out on the coral reefs until we found him. His body was hardly recognizable. For two days it had been covered at high tide and battered by the waves against the sharp coral. In some places the flesh was lacerated into ribbons. His body was lying on the extreme edge of the reef, half submerged in cloyingly warm water. We were so near the uptossed white line of breakers that the spume from their crests whipped by the wind encircled us and drenched us in a gray, obscuring mist. Out here the water came above our ankles and ran with such a force that it made standing upright difficult. The living scum on the coral proved so slippery a foothold that several times I stumbled and was forced to grab my companion to keep from falling.

As we tried to lift him on the litter, we found out what had caused his death. His left leg had slipped down into a wide, queerly shaped hole with a core of some pale substance. I leaned forward to peer more closely. It was difficult to see precisely, but the pale pink substance stirred. The left leg was caught in a huge, serrated clamshell round the upper part of the calf. It was the giant Tridacna. This colossal mollusk, the father of all clams, measured nearly 4 feet across and we afterwards found that the shell alone weighed over 400 pounds. It had forced a deep, tight fitted bowl for itself out of the coral, so that, opened wide, the corrugated edges of the two shells were flush with the level of the reef floor.

It was into this natural trap that Bob had slipped, as he wandered about on the lonely reef. I remembered his remark, "Dusk is the best hour of all." What a death he must have had, poor fellow. Alone on the coral reef, trapped by the giant clam, as the tide and the dark night moved in. I looked once more into his distorted face. It was blue and bloated, and battered by the wild sea waves, and myriads of his beloved organisms had already begun to devour him.

We tried to lift him again. We struggled and braced ourselves ineffectively while the tide kept coming steadily in. Desperately, savagely, we tugged at his corpse, but the giant clam held firm.

Finally we had to send back to our truck for a crowbar. We reached under the surface of the water and inserted the heavy bar between the clam's jaws. We pried and heaved and strained, to no avail. Then our native guide grabbed the tool and plunged it down with all his strength. Nothing happened. Again and again he plunged the point of the bar into the core of pale pink substance. On about the fifth stroke, the heavy iron crushed the central muscles of the monster's shell. Slowly then, and gently, the knife edges around Bob's legs relaxed and our poor Bob was free.

We carried him back to the base and buried him in Sambeto Valley.



ON THE DEATH OF AN ANGEL

by Robert Shore

THE MORNING SUN shone warmly as the long column moved down the road from Exeter, England. We were on a 14-mile training hike, and all of us were saving our breath for the finish. All wore combat fatigues, helmets and full field packs. The green English countryside made me want to drop out of ranks and stretch on the grass for a nap. I had position of rear guard, and several doctors and nurses whom I had never seen before walked ahead of me. I looked at them wonderingly, for if I had been in their place I certainly would

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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PURPLE TESTAMENT CONTINUED

have stayed at home. My legs seemed to be disconnected and moved by their own volition. I shifted my pack and wished I were anywhere but here. A calf bawled in a field and I thought of home. The peace of the countryside made the war distant and unreal. "Damn the war," I muttered.

Suddenly I heard the whistling rush of a fast plane in the sky behind me. I yelled and dove for a ditch. The clatter of machine guns tore the peaceful air. As suddenly as they had come, the planes were gone, leaving a blank silence. Then groans and cries of "Medic! Medic!" started, and I knew someone had been hit. I crawled out of the ditch and checked to see if any of the nurses were hit. They were all on their feet and seemed all right. This must have been the first time for the big brunette, for she stood staring into the field, her fumbling hands brushing the dirt from her fatigues in an aimless sort of way. A little blonde, as beautiful as spring, had dropped on her knees beside a wounded doctor and was administering first aid. She took off her helmet and shook her head, letting her hair fall on her shoulders. The blond hair seemed to make a halo around her head. I watched her for a few seconds, thinking of a picture I had seen of angels. The other nurses were all taking care of wounded men except the brunette, who stood beside me quietly crying.

The officers started to blow whistles and shout, "Fall in." As the column formed, shouts arose in the front, and I looked ahead. The three Jerries in their ME-109s were not satisfied and were coming back for more sport. White parachutes carrying their load of death blossomed over the head of the column and I knew we were really in for it. I had been through this particular kind of hell before. I shoved the brunette nurse into the ditch and leaped in after her. "Keep your goddamn head down," I screamed at her. The explosions were deafening, and I could hear pieces of metal whistle by overhead.

The noise faded away until all was still. I looked up cautiously, afraid Jerry might come back to machine-gun what was left. No, he wouldn't bother us again. The three Jerries were high-tailing it home with a squadron of Spitfires after them.

"Are you hurt?" I asked the nurse beside me. No answer. She was out cold. I checked, but she had not received a scratch.

I came out of the ditch to get a medic, but stopped in horror. The lovely little blonde was lying on the road beside the decapitated and mutilated form of the doctor she had been attending. Both her legs were blown completely off, one lying about 5 feet from her, the other gone. A medic was trying to put tourniquets on the ragged, bleeding stumps. I stood frozen, watching the tourniquets slip off because the stumps were too short and slippery with blood. Each time a tourniquet would slip off, the red blood would gush out, deepening the puddle she was lying in. She was fully conscious, trying to smile and say something. Every time she did, she would blow out little bubbles of blood.

A doctor walked up and put his arm on the medic's shoulder. "You can stop now, son." He shook his head. The numbness left me. I began throwing up. I staggered blindly over to a tree and sat down, crying and vomiting.

The ambulances came and picked up the wounded and the dead. We reformed our ranks and marched home.

To my dying day I shall have nightmares of that blond little angel of mercy, lying in a pool of her own blood and trying to smile.



WHEN MARINES WONDERED

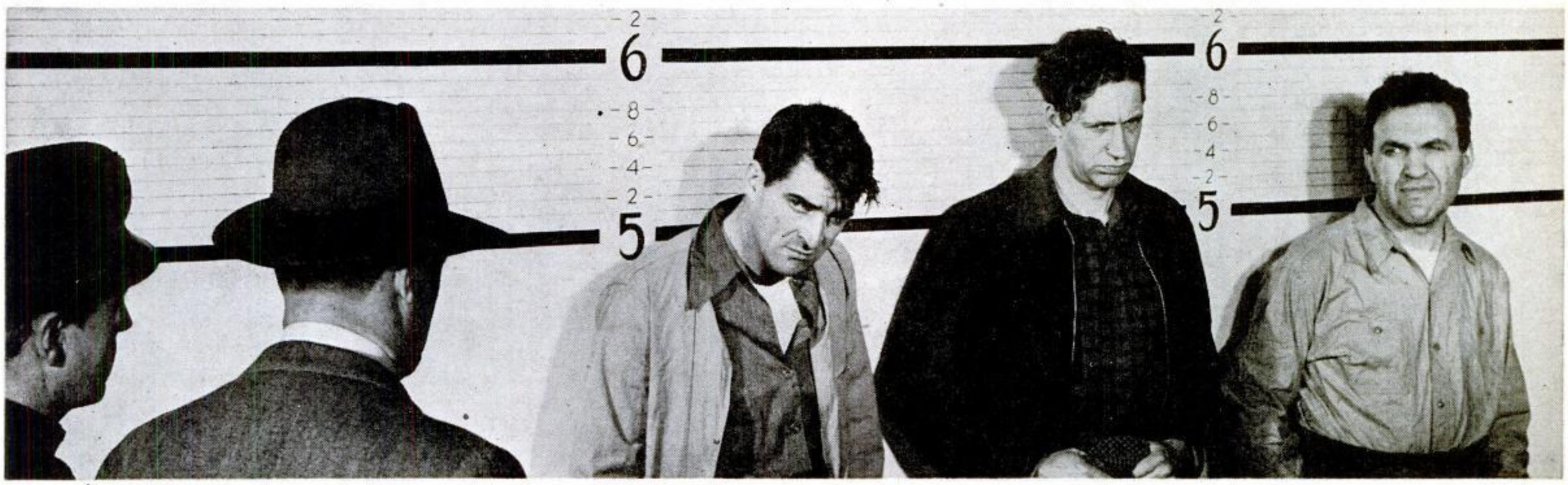
by Anthony Coulis

WHEN DOES SANITY END and madness begin? On many a hot morning on Guadalcanal, my fellow marines and I questioned our sanity as we looked out upon the corpses of the enemy. Why did we extract such extreme delight in firing a burst of machine-gun fire into already dead Japanese? Their bodies sprawled, their lifeless eyes staring into nothingness, their sagging jaws open, gold teeth gleaming in the sun, their sardonic grinning mouths—these sights somehow impelled us to fire volley after volley. As the bodies jerked and quivered, we would

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Fallacies and Facts about Seeing



"Are police detectives' eyes better than others?"

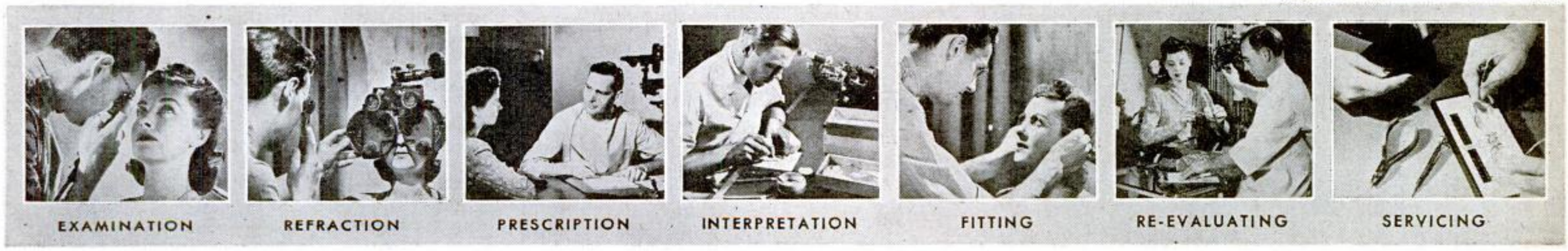
NO! But experienced police officers observe many things which would escape the notice of persons not trained in police work. By studying photographs and reading descriptions, a detective learns to recognize a "wanted" criminal when he sees him in a police line-up or on the street. The men who risk their lives to protect our homes and property owe their seeing ability not to "better eyes," but to the fact that their vision is developed through training and experience to meet their special requirements.



"Will glasses alone improve my eyesight?"

NO! You, too, like the detective, should have "seeing ability" to meet *your* visual requirements. You may not be able to achieve this unaided, and the only way to make sure is to seek professional guidance. Glasses alone will not improve your visual skills. Important as glasses are, their aid to your visual comfort and efficiency depends upon the professional services and technical skills of your Ophthalmologist, Optometrist, Ophthalmic Dispenser (Optician).

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PERSONNAlly Speaking:

"Now I've got to invent television!"



says

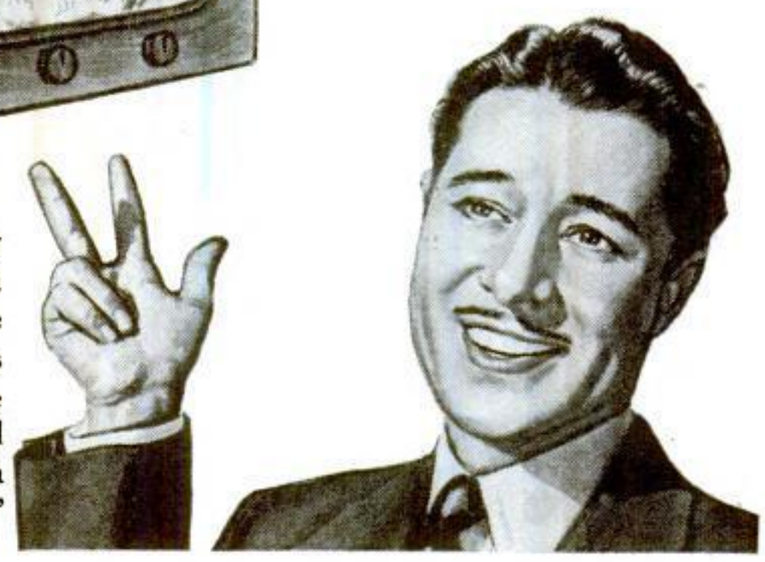
DON AMECHE

Starring in the Frank Borzage Production
"THAT'S MY MAN" a Republic Picture

1 "When I invented the telephone, I fixed it so you couldn't see through it. I didn't want anybody to spot my beard. But now that I use Personna Blades, I'm working day and night to perfect television.



2 "I want everybody to see the new, the well-groomed, the *Personna*-fied Ameche. Personna Blades not only give me the smoothest, slickest shaves I ever had, but they last so long I've got one that's collecting an old-age pension!



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NOW! *single edge and double edge*

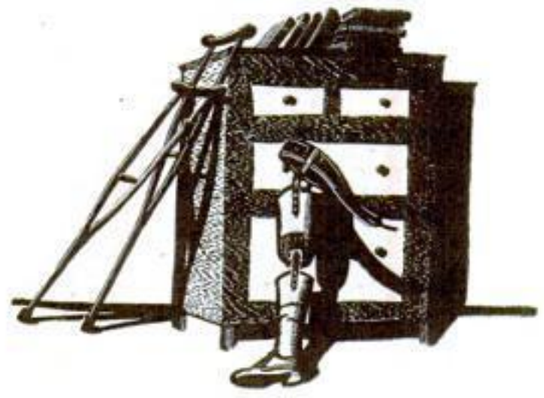
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laugh gleefully and hysterically. Only when the bullets tore open the corpses, emitting a stench that stung our nostrils and turned our stomachs, did we snap back to sanity, turning our backs now on the dead enemy, disgusted with our behavior. Why did we do this? What subconscious motive prompted our action? Were we "cracking up"? Was this the outpouring of hatred, accumulated in three previous campaigns? Even yet I do not know. Like my fellow marines, I still wonder what thin line, if any, divides sanity from madness.



MY ROOM AT THE LILAC INN

by John J. Regan

AS I LOOK AROUND this room in this third-rate boarding house, my eyes are greeted first by the entrance to its gloomy interior. The door is painted a dirty cream color. There is a crack in one panel. The ceiling is the same dingy color with pieces of adhesive tape holding some of the plaster in place. The walls are streaked and cracked here and there. Also on the walls are pieces of Scotch tape that once held, I presume, some sexy girls, pictures of *Esquire* magazine origin. Across the room runs a line; upon it hang a shirt, a grimy towel and washed stump socks belonging to my roommate, Jack Nager. By the door near the top sash juts a piece of wood on which is hung—it looks like an old spread. It is calico, dirty, and of a sickly green color.

Behind that is a space which serves as our closet; next to that is the radiator, painted the same ghastly color. The landlady must have got the paint for nothing. On top of the radiator are Jack's black suitcase, his green soap dish and a brightly colored box containing his hair tonic. Over by the cracked window are a poorly made table and chair. On top of the table, a pencil, shaving talcum, a glass, a nail file; one of my socks hangs over the side. Above the table is our window, the curtains of cheesecloth held back by a string. There is also a black, fairly whole paper shade to dim such little sunlight as might enter.

This window is my only promise of a better future. Through it I can see the well-lit and nicely furnished living room of a modern apartment house across the street. Someday I'll live like that.

There, next to the window, leaning against an aged bureau, as if resting, are my faithful crutches. On the oilcloth covering the top of the bureau lie some 17 odd books. These I use at the university here in Washington, D.C. I am attending a six-month course, getting the fundamentals needed to be a Service Officer for veterans. There are enough books on that bureau to take at least a year's reading for absorption. *Anatomy*, *How to Interview*, *Soldier to Civilian*, Beard's *American Government and Politics*, government laws, manuals, textbooks, a public speaking guide and what-have-you are all reflected in the cloudy mirror. On the bureau stands a picture of my love, my faithful wife. I think of her. I wish I were with her tonight.

Standing alongside this bureau is this *thing*. A leather cup, straps and buckles dropping from it. Below this cup, the flesh-colored *thing* and calf, and on its foot a brown sock and oxblood shoe. This is a prosthesis. I've called this wooden leg a lot of other things. This is the replacement for the real one that was shot off in France. Oh, what the hell! A leg isn't everything. You've got to keep living. There are a lot worse things in this world to reckon with than an artificial leg.

On the parlor chair, here probably because there's no other place for it, my brown pants are thrown, together with my old khaki shirt. On the floor my recently painted foot locker that was in many an Army camp with me is still doing service.

Jack Nager grunts alongside me in the double bed as he turns over; he is getting a good sleep tonight. His below-the-knee stump quivers as some close-to-the-skin nerve touches the bed. His foot was also a donation for democracy. I reach to turn out the 25-watt bulb on the shadeless lamp; I find the light switch. The room is in darkness. From the street three stories below comes the sound of a motor car; it fades away. Occasionally a click, click of heels hitting the pavement as someone passes by. Within the house the sound of muffled voices, the flushing of a toilet, someone blowing his nose.

I forget everything and concentrate on sleep.

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LORD LYON KING OF ARMS, Thomas Innes of Learney, is supreme judge of all Scottish genealogies, determines precedence and succession of clan chiefs. His full accouterments include an appliquéd tabard (*under robe*), chain of office, Grand Cross of Royal Victorian Order and baton. Behind him is his personal flag.

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GLAMIS CASTLE, FIRST BUILT IN THE 11TH CENTURY, WHERE MACBETH SUPPOSEDLY MURDERED DUNCAN, NOW HOUSES THE 23RD BARON GLAMIS

Scotland

Its present life is deeply colored by ancient glories

SCOTLAND with 30,410 square miles and 5 million people is a tiny portion of the earth's surface and population. Yet perennially the Scot has influenced the world far out of proportion to his national size. He has done this, most famously, by emigrating in large numbers to easier lands. But whether he has gone abroad or stayed fast in his own castled Highlands, the Scot has remained a man of rare parts, the distinctive product of his hard but beautiful country.

Many things account for Scotland's national character. From the days of the quarreling Caledonian tribes, the Scots were rough and truculent, as ready to fight themselves as "the auld enemy," England. England's long efforts to subjugate the Scots helped vein the Scottish personality with iron. The Scottish land itself is mostly bleak and forestless, slashed by rocky lochs (lakes or fiords) and glens (river valleys). Misty and chill, illuminated by a flickering, heatless sun, it invites the development of thick tweeds, peat-reeky whisky and thrift.

Centuries of war gave the Scot a past more glorious than his present. Today Scotland lives much in that past, retelling the old tales that begin in glory and end in massacre, singing the songs that have so melancholy a twang, venerating the ancient castles like Glamis (*above and right*), perpetuating clanism. All this has given the world Scotland, a strange and wonderful land, and the traditional Scot—dour, unbowed, unforgettable.





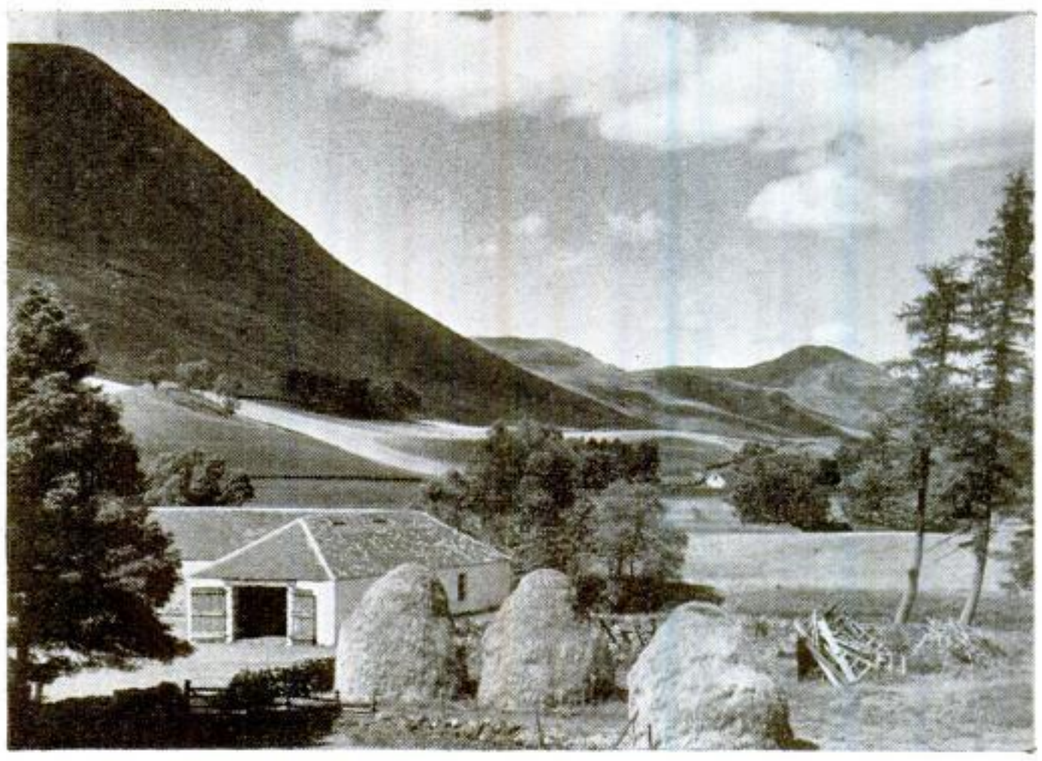
KEY TO THE HIGHLANDS was once this old bridge over the Forth at Stirling. For centuries it was the only escape route for clansmen fleeing north.

The Highlands

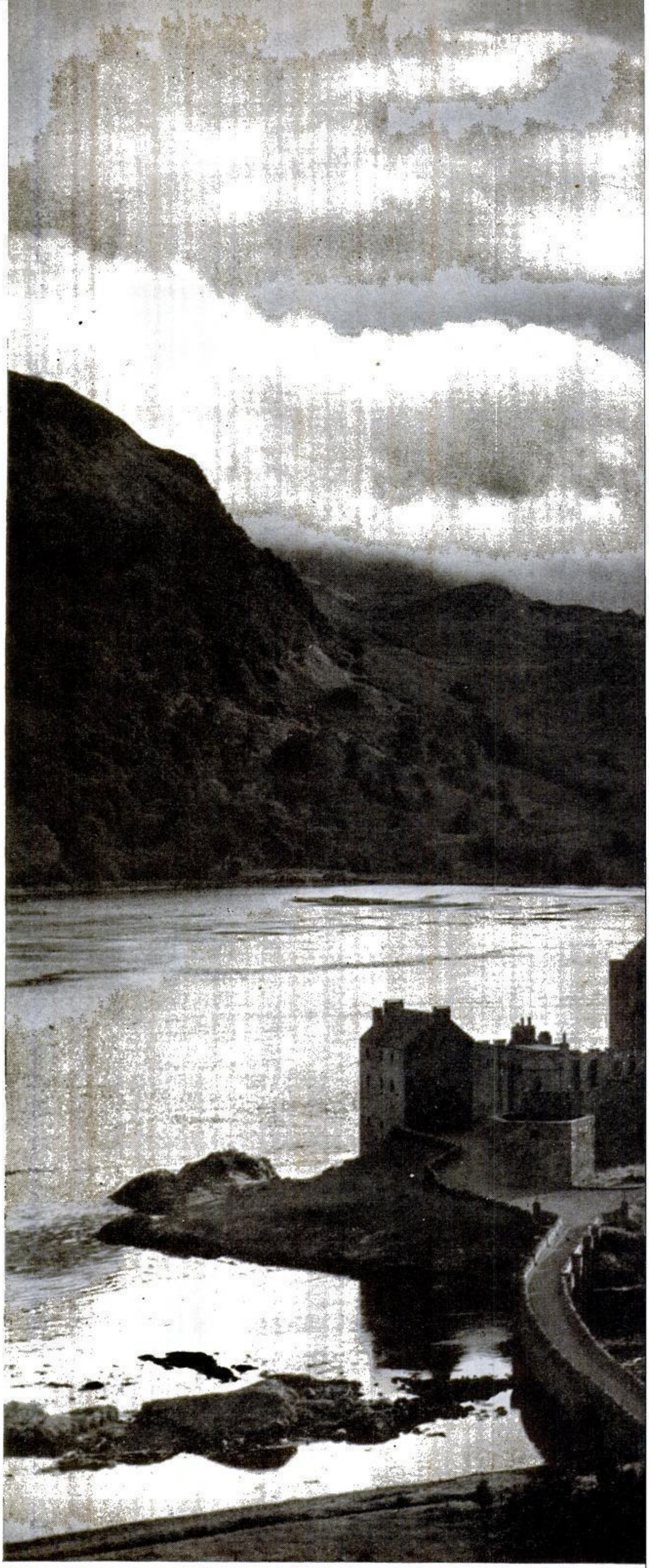
Empty hills are full of history and nostalgia but little else

A belt of land about 60 miles wide runs northeast from the Firth of Clyde to the Firth of Forth (*map. p. 99*) and contains in its one tenth of the Scottish land two thirds of the Scottish population and most of its industry. Known as the Lowlands, this belt divides the farm-studded meadows of the Southern Uplands from the granite-crowned Highlands of the north, which occupy most of Scotland and are its main attraction for the visitor. Here he hunts grouse in the late summer, fishes for salmon and trout in the lochs and firths in the spring. The Highlands' plenteous deer and hares, ptarmigan and blackcock offer a tempting target for the sportsman. But for their dwindling population of farmers and shepherds they offer a hard living. Vast tracts of mountainside and moorland are uninhabitable and produce only white and purple heather. Many tiny towns in the west find it easier to communicate by water than by the rugged, rocky land.

But the very emptiness that repels living man provides an exciting background for the heroes of fiction. Across this somber landscape rode the raiding parties of Sir Walter Scott's warring clans; Stevenson's David Balfour (*Kidnapped*) wandered through the hills from Earkind to Limekiln; even so recent a romanticist as Movie Director Alfred Hitchcock used the Highland's rolling moors for a memorable pursuit in *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. The Highlands have a strange and moving grandeur. To many Scots, Burns's famous "My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go" is an honest, understated confession.



HIGHLAND FARMS like these near Spittal are islets of fertility amid bare hills. Spittal (hospital) means the place where travelers were offered shelter.



EILEAN DONAN CASTLE guards Loch Duich in the western Highlands near Dornie. Under the low cloud (*right*) lies the Isle of Skye to which Prince Charlie once fled,

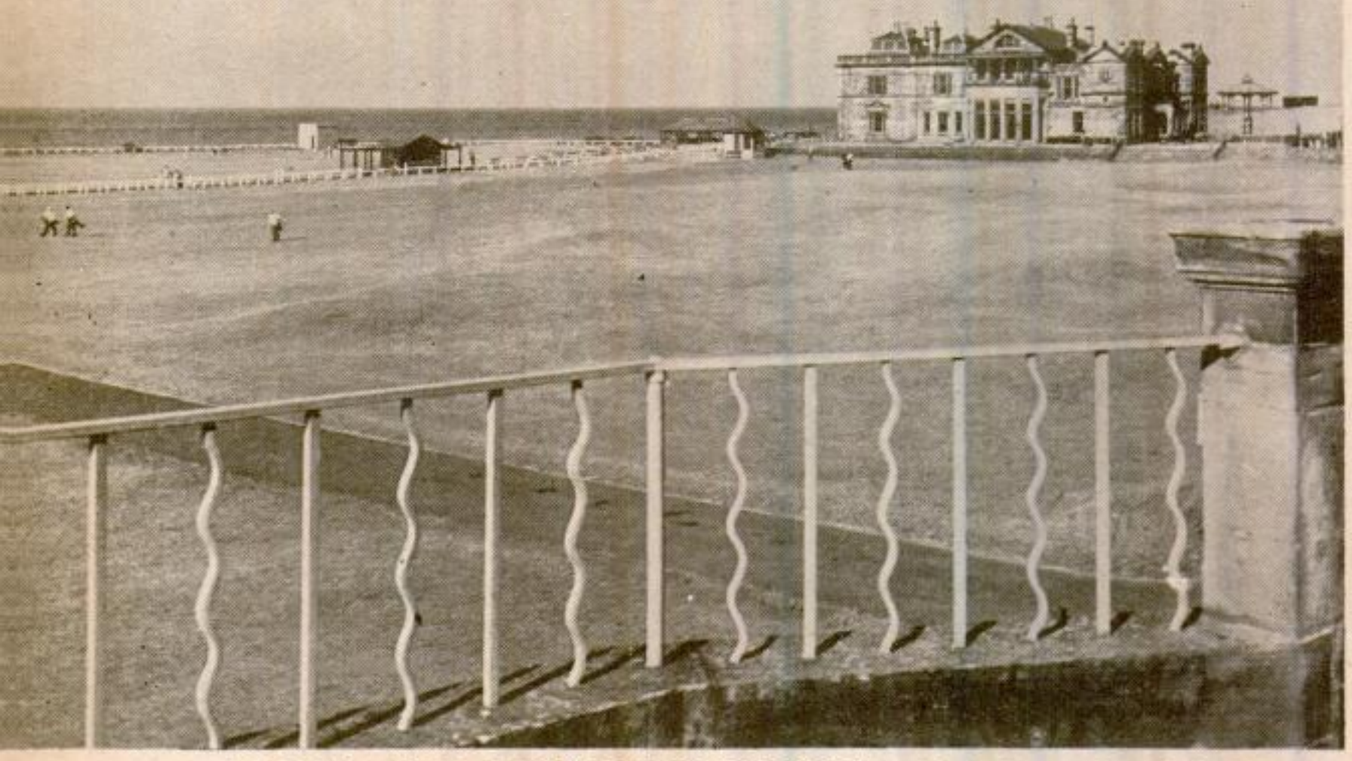
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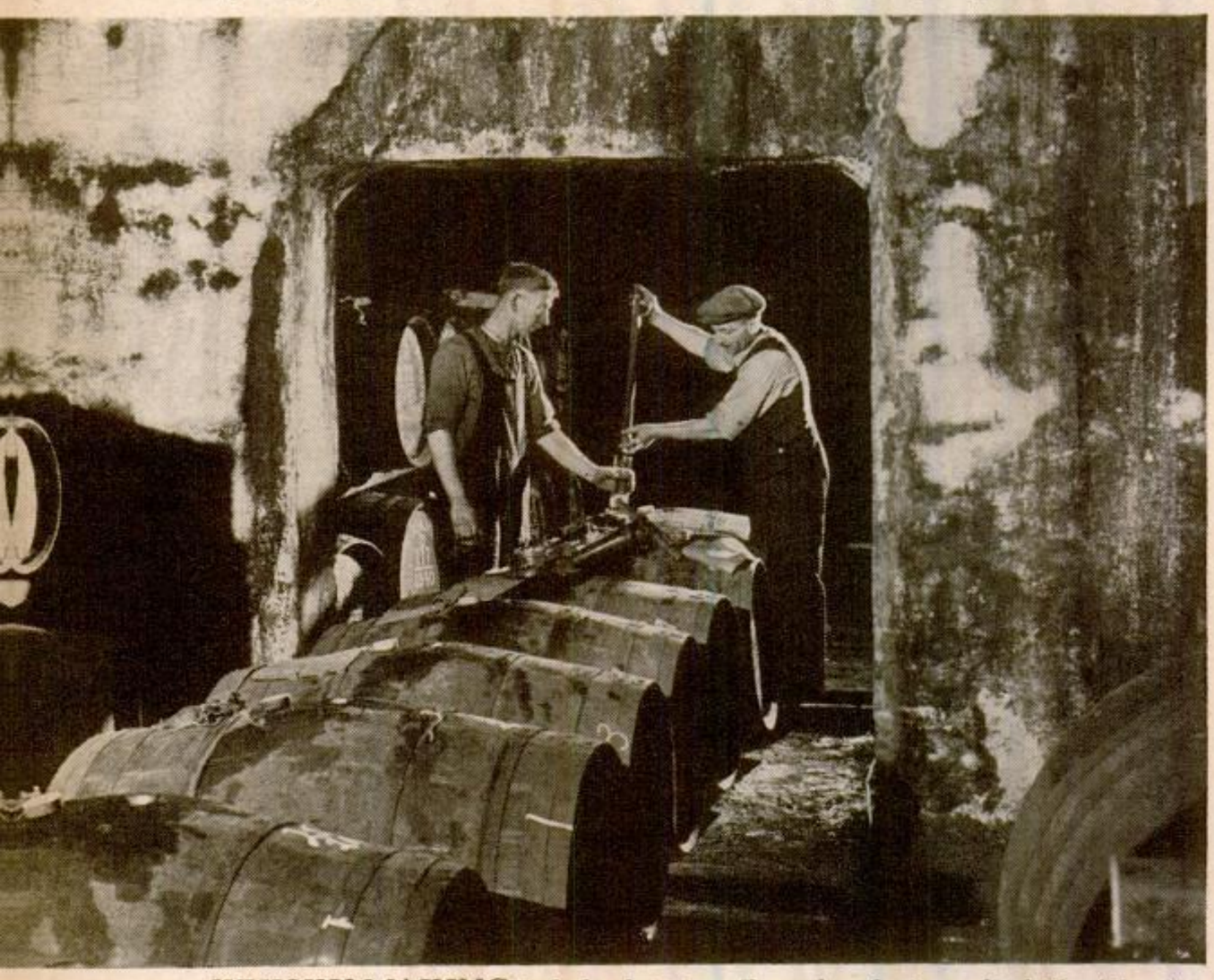
disguised as the serving maid of Scottish Heroine Flora Macdonald. The castle was wrecked by British gunfire in 1719 when it was a headquarters for Spanish and Scottish leaders in one of the endless revolts against the English crown. This land once was prowled by a legendary giant who created islands in nearby lochs by throwing stones.

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ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB at St. Andrews, founded in 1754, is the best-known golf course in the world. Despite tradition, golf, often pronounced "goff" by the Scots, who once spelled it that way, probably originated in Holland.



WHISKY-MAKING includes draining off samples of aging malt whisky (*above*) to test for strength. Scots maintain that the best whisky is made with Spey spring water. Below: Scots play another ancient game, bowls, before Glasgow University.





A GILLIE (GAMEKEEPER) STALKS A HIGHLAND STAG

Its Produce

Scotland has given world games, tweeds, whisky and great men

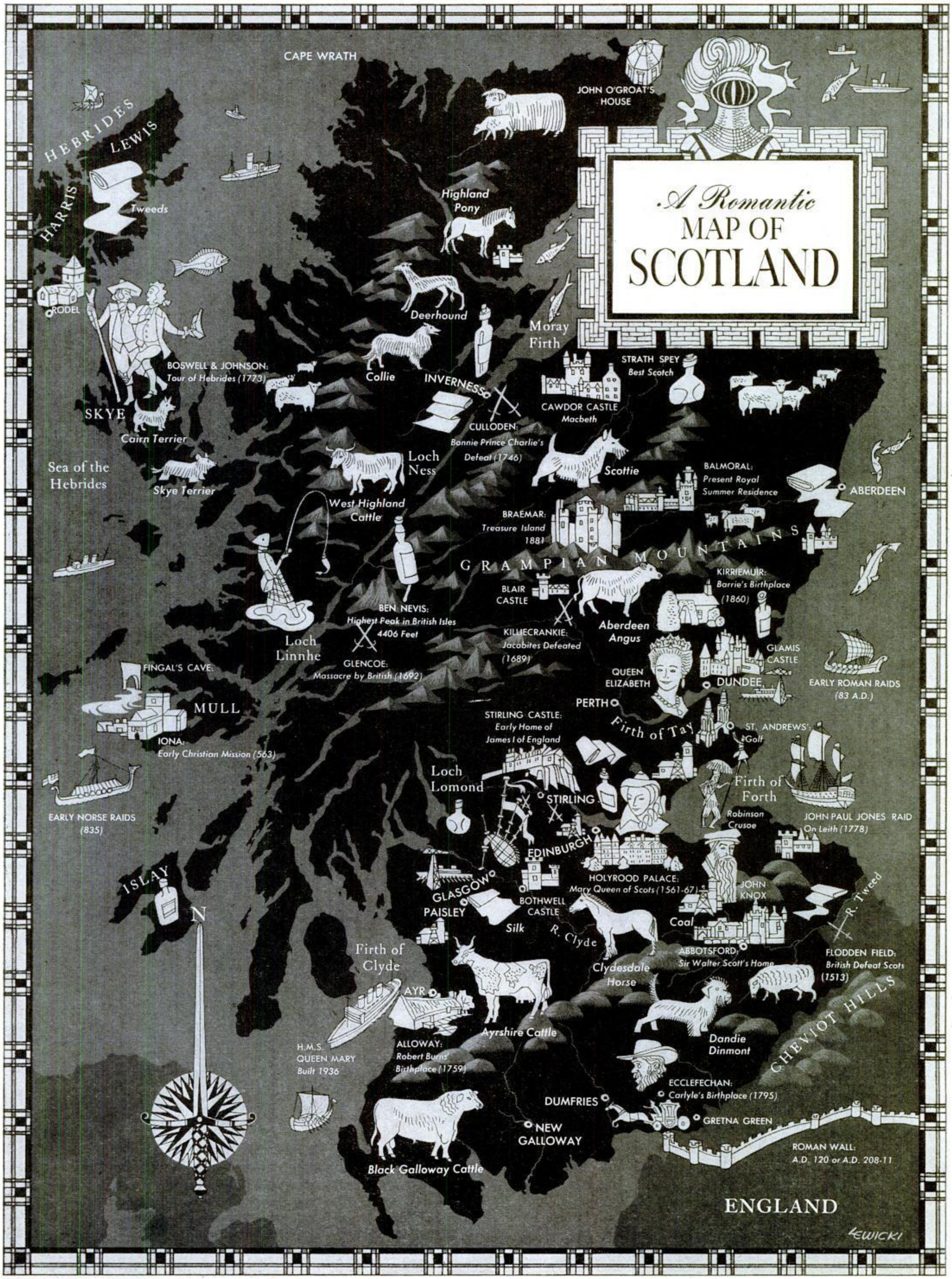
Scotland has given the world products and sports as flavorsome as the country itself. If not the birthplace of golf, it has long been golf's ancestral home and chief proponent. Scottish kippered (salted and smoked) herring from the cold North Sea, the distinctive strains of dogs, cattle and horses, rough Harris tweeds, soft shetlands and Scotch whisky are known and appreciated in almost every land. Another major export has been men. Thousands of Scots, including Andrew Carnegie, James Gordon Bennett and Alexander Graham Bell, left their needy land to win high fame elsewhere. A great builder of ships along the Clyde, Scotland also makes the bagpipe, an instrument of nine memorable notes. Compositions for it were originally called piobaireachd, archaic form for pibroch.

Scotland like England (LIFE, April 28) faces a hard job of rebuilding its war-cut trade. But Highland hotels hope for a busy year. The tweed mills are working at 90% of capacity despite fuel shortages. The distilleries are again making whisky—good news not only to native Scots but to other nationalities, Scotch by imbibition if not adoption.



TWEEDS AND SHETLAND are still woven by hand in the islands to the west (Hebrides) and the north (Shetlands and Orkneys) of Scotland. This Isle of Skye woman is spinning a vegetable-dyed yarn on a 40-year-old wheel.

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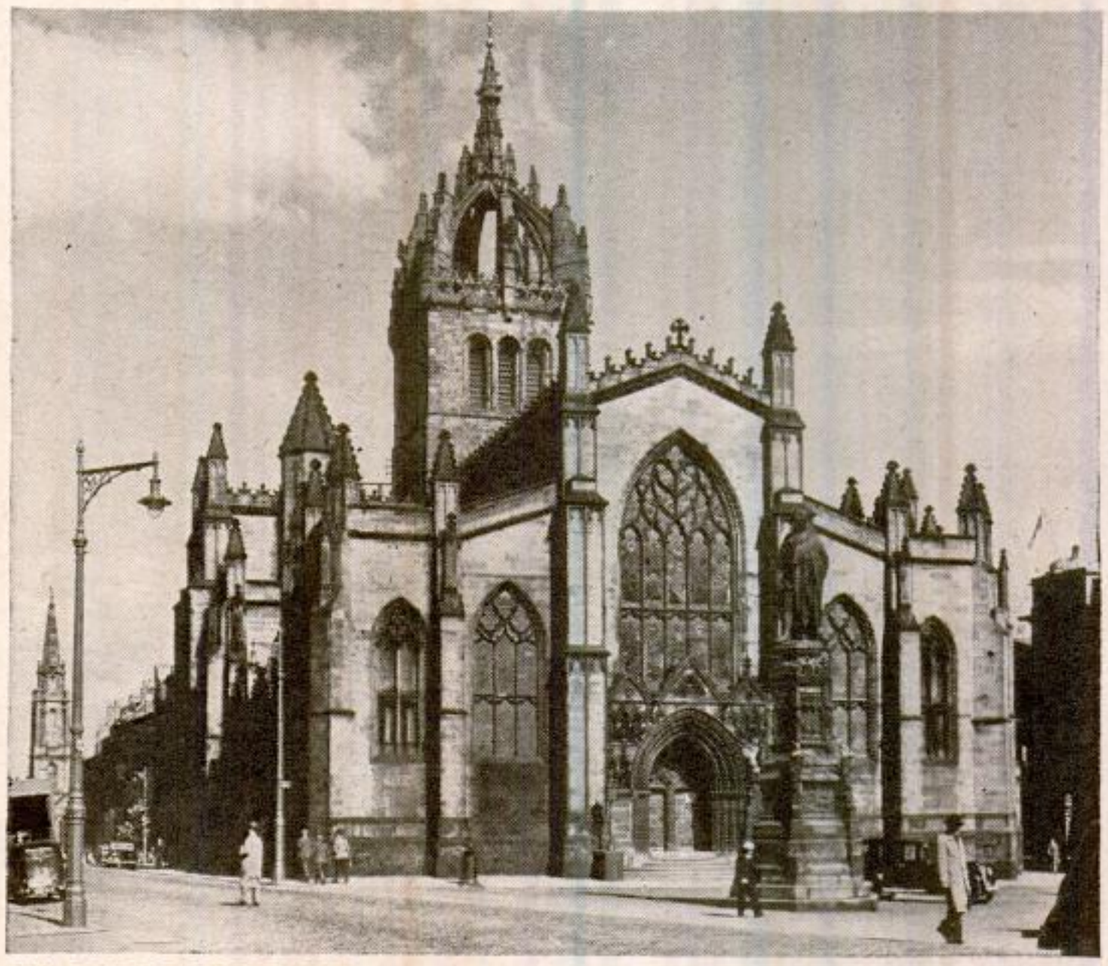


ILLUMINATED MAP suggests some of the lore and produce of a land actually smaller than the state of Indiana. Bagpipe marks the center of the bagpipe industry. Just above it is Stirling Castle, a favorite Stewart residence near which in 1297 Wallace whipped the British at Stirling Bridge. Glamis Castle is where present Queen Elizabeth spent girlhood summers. Alexander Selkirk, on whose adventures the novel *Robinson Crusoe* is based, came from Largo on the Firth of Forth.

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ANCIENT CASTLE ROCK and its fortifications (*upper right*) have frowned on Edinburgh since time immemorial. Royal residence of Scottish kings beginning in 1004, it was also the scene of witch burnings. The "Royal Mile," a mile of streets connecting castle and Holyrood Palace, begins beyond the castle at the



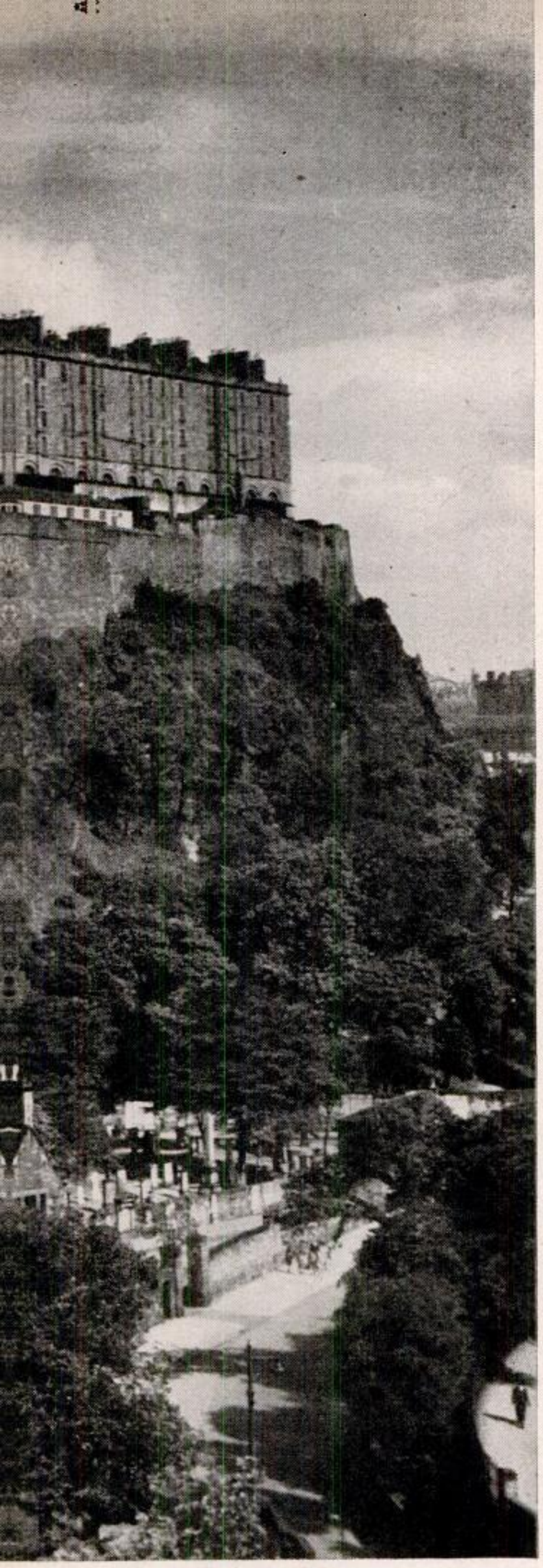
ST. GILES CHURCH is where Knox preached. Near it, in a now-vanished yard, he may be buried. Nearby also stood Tolbooth Prison (Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*).

Edinburgh

Ancient edifices, bitter memories enshrine it in every Scottish heart

Glasgow is bigger, but Edinburgh is the capital and seat of Scottish culture. The burgh epitomizes Scotland. Its charter was given it 618 years ago this month by King Robert the Bruce, but legend dates its founding back to about 1000 B. C. Here Bonnie Prince Charlie feasted in Holyrood Palace before Jacobism's last flare-up at Culloden, and in Castle Rock's grim fortifications (*above*) the Marquises of Argyll and Montrose, bitter political enemies, were incarcerated at different times; the young Lord Douglas was murdered, and England's James I was born to Mary Queen of Scots. In Edinburgh centered the civil strife among the clans and John Knox's conversion of the country to Protestantism. In St. Giles (*left*) loyal Calvinist Jenny Geddes hurled, at a clergyman reading the Episcopal liturgy, a stool as famous in Scottish lore as Barbara Frietchie's flag in the U.S. Here Robert Louis Stevenson was born and grew up to watch for Leerie, the Lamplighter; the great Bobbie Burns wrote, drank and was lionized; Sir Walter Scott plotted the Waverley Novels. Edinburgh's hilly streets and gloomy tenements have spawned a history as romantic as fiction and a fiction as stirring as history.

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extreme right. Essayist Thomas De Quincey is buried in the cemetery of St. Cuthbert's Church (*lower left*).



KNOX'S HOME on High Street bears on its ancient lintel "Lufe God abufe al and yi nichbour as yi self."



IN STEWART TARTAN an Aberdeen lass competes in a championship Highland dancing contest held each year at the Cowal gathering at Dunoon. Other events: hammer-throwing, piping, the fling.

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CHIEF OF THE CAMERONS

In Highland dress, Lochiel, chief of Clan Cameron, who is otherwise Colonel Sir Donald Walter Cameron of Lochiel, 70 years old, stands in the doorway of his hereditary castle at Achnacarry, Inverness.



BLACK WATCH PIPER

In full dress a piper of the famed Black Watch regiment pipes a pibroch at Perth Barracks.

The Clans

Ancient feudal spirit hangs on in Scotland

The Scottish product with which the Scot has most thoroughly familiarized the world is the tartan (*opposite page*), commonly miscalled plaid. Tartan is cloth bearing a pattern of overlayed checks in several bright colors, which is called the "sett." A plaid actually is the blanketlite piece of tartan worn over the shoulder. The age and Highland origin of tartans are not certain, but they are at least several hundred years old.

This makes them younger than the clans for which, as for certain regiments, they represent individual insignia. Scottish clanism is a survival, almost unmatched in current civilization, of the primitive tribalism on which the early Scottish society was built. Clan, or *clanna*, literally means children, and a clan presumably represents the offspring of an ancient chief. The ancient chief owned his clan, both the tribal land and the people. This feudalism the Scots have continued long after it died out elsewhere. It still persists in surprising degree today. One of the most powerful of contemporary clan chiefs, traditional head of 14,000 Camerons, appears at left. He and many a lesser chieftain and laird remember and venerate the old traditions: that the Macduffs must always lead any royal attack in which they participate, that the Macdonalds of the Isles must be distinguished from the Macdonalds of Clanranald. These clannish observances are somewhat buttressed by Scottish law. A person who wears the crest of a clan of which he is not a member may be fined £8 6s 8d. But their main support, and the central element in making Scotland what it is, is the Scot's own fierce loyalty to his kind and the perpetuation of his own traditions.

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MACINNES

Macinneses, hereditary bowmen to the Mackinnons, originated in Morven, Fingal's land.



STEWART

This clan has several tartans. Above: Bonnie Prince Charlie wears Stewarts' royal tartan.



MACDONALD

Tartan of Macdonald of the Isles clan, here worn under mail, is a simple red and green.



MACPHERSON

The Macphersons are descended from a German tribe that emigrated to northern Scotland.



GRANT

This game-wise gillie (small boy) is a Grant, a northern clan which may date from 1160.



ROSS

A ptarmigan-hunting member of the Rosses wears his plaid in ancient half-belted style.



MACDUFF

Macduffs, one of whom conquered Macbeth in 1057, are traditionally dark or swarthy.



MACNAB

The Macnabs, once powerful, lost influence by unsuccessful rebellion against Robert Bruce.



MACNEIL

A sure-footed Highland garron (horse) carries a Macneil wearing trews—tight, tartan pants.

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Mother's Day May 11TH

HER DAY
HER FAMILY
HER CHOCOLATES



Whitman's

CHOCOLATES



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A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

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SPASTIC PATIENT at Institute, 4-year-old Ellen I., learns to correct her convulsive gait by walking with elastic bands which keep her feet from toeing inward.

TEACHING THE CRIPPLED TO WALK

Rehabilitation institute in New York shows its patients how to make the most of what little they have

The patient, R.W., was a 17-year-old boy who had broken his neck in a diving accident a year ago. Damage to the spinal cord had paralyzed him from the neck down. Last November he began a course of training to rebuild his wasted muscles. In 12 weeks he was able to use both arms to lift himself from the floor. A month later he was able to stand erect by leaning against a horizontal bar. Prognosis: with the help of a brace and crutches the patient, judged a complete invalid four months ago, may even be able to walk.

At New York's Institute for the Crippled and Disabled such case histories illustrate a guiding principle. Says Dr. George G. Deaver, medical director of the Institute: the human body has a powerful capacity to compensate for damage. It can get along on less than one lung, a third of a kidney, a fourth of the liver and without any stomach at all. The same is true of muscles. If muscles are damaged or atrophied because of disease, accidents or battle wounds, others can be trained to take their place. Of the 200,000 people who are permanently disabled in the U.S. each year, a potential 97% can be made self-reliant and self-supporting.

The Institute's application of this hopeful principle has been so spectacularly successful that it has become a model for the treatment of the crippled and disabled elsewhere. During the war its methods were widely adopted by the Army Air Forces and the Veterans Administration. Soon New York's Bellevue Hospital and New York University will build a $2,500,000 rehabilitation center patterned after the Institute. Similar plans in other cities indicate that rehabilitation will shortly assume full stature as a third phase of medicine, closely following the traditional prevention and treatment.

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DR. GEORGE DEAVER (RIGHT), MEDICAL DIRECTOR OF INSTITUTE, DIRECTS DAY'S WORK FOR HIS PATIENTS



A PATIENT HOLDS CARD SHOWING IMPROVEMENT

PATIENTS TREAT SELVES WITH PLANNED HARD WORK

The most effective therapy the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled provides its patients is ceaseless, wearisome, heartbreaking work. It is work which must be judiciously planned and directed. The wrong kind of work might discourage the patient by overtaxing his limited powers or it might omit the development of other functions needed for a reasonably normal life. The Institute accordingly uses an elaborate system of grading so doctors and nurses can estimate what a patient can do and measure how much he has progressed.

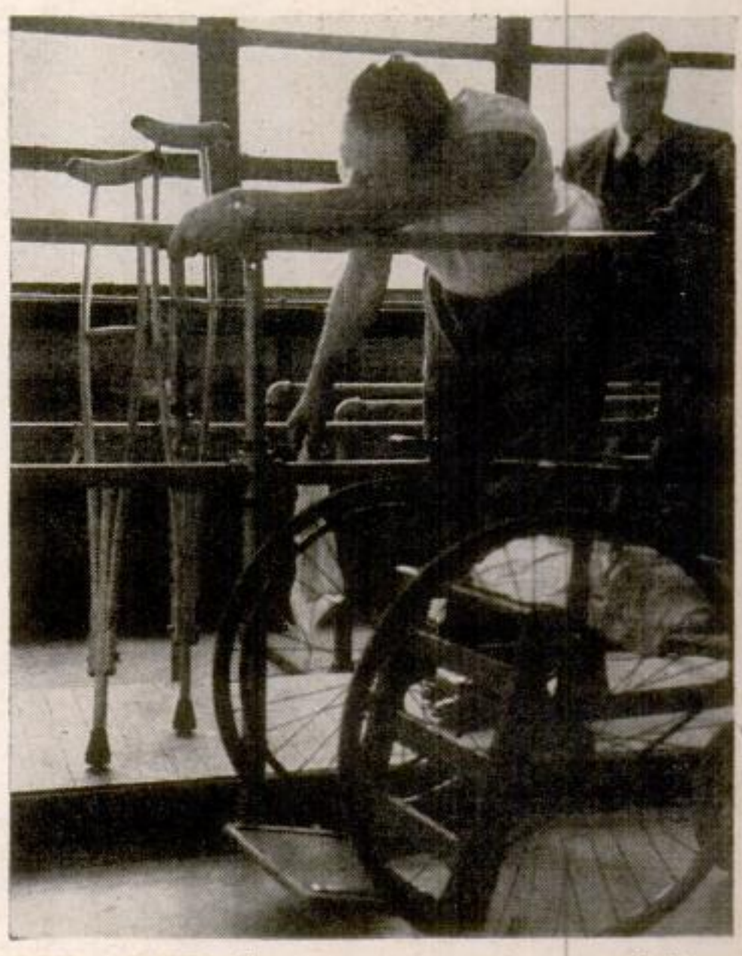
An invalid begins rehabilitation by doing a few mild exercises in bed. Gradually he progresses until he is doing exercises in a wheel chair and on gymnasium equipment. When patient is able to move about by himself, he practices other more exacting tasks on dummy curbstones and stairways. Finally, when he has received a passing grade in some 70 basic activities which normal people take for granted, he is judged able to care for himself.



DUMMY STAIRWAY is climbed by Patient J. S. Paralyzed from the waist down, he uses arms and crutches.



LIFTING HIMSELF with arm and shoulder muscles, J. S. uses crutches as a pivot to swing forward and up.



EXHAUSTED after strenuous exercise on parallel bars to strengthen shoulders, J. S. rests wearily on his arm.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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YOU'LL BE ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB!"

Martha Barker Merrick and *her* Woodbury debbie, Susan. That cherub skin is already starting heart-flutters—with Daddy *and* his bachelor-pals at the Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi! "And when Susan's a Woodbury deb, she'll know that skin radiance beckons beaux—romance," twinkles her lovely Mother. Yes, Woodbury Facial Soap has ever cherished romantic skin beauty—for mothers and daughters of three generations!

In Naval Academy splendor, Martha and then Midshipman Robert Hall Merrick, Jr., U. S. N., were wed—her June-day loveliness starred in a Woodbury '45 page! "Bob started talking 'Orange Blossoms' way back at Academy hops," says Martha. *Fast*—Woodbury glow makes men marriage-minded!



"My beauty-date before glamour dates—a Woodbury Facial Cocktail! Smooth on creamy Woodbury lather. Rinse warm and cold." Martha's tip—for caressable skin—Woodbury Facial Cocktails!

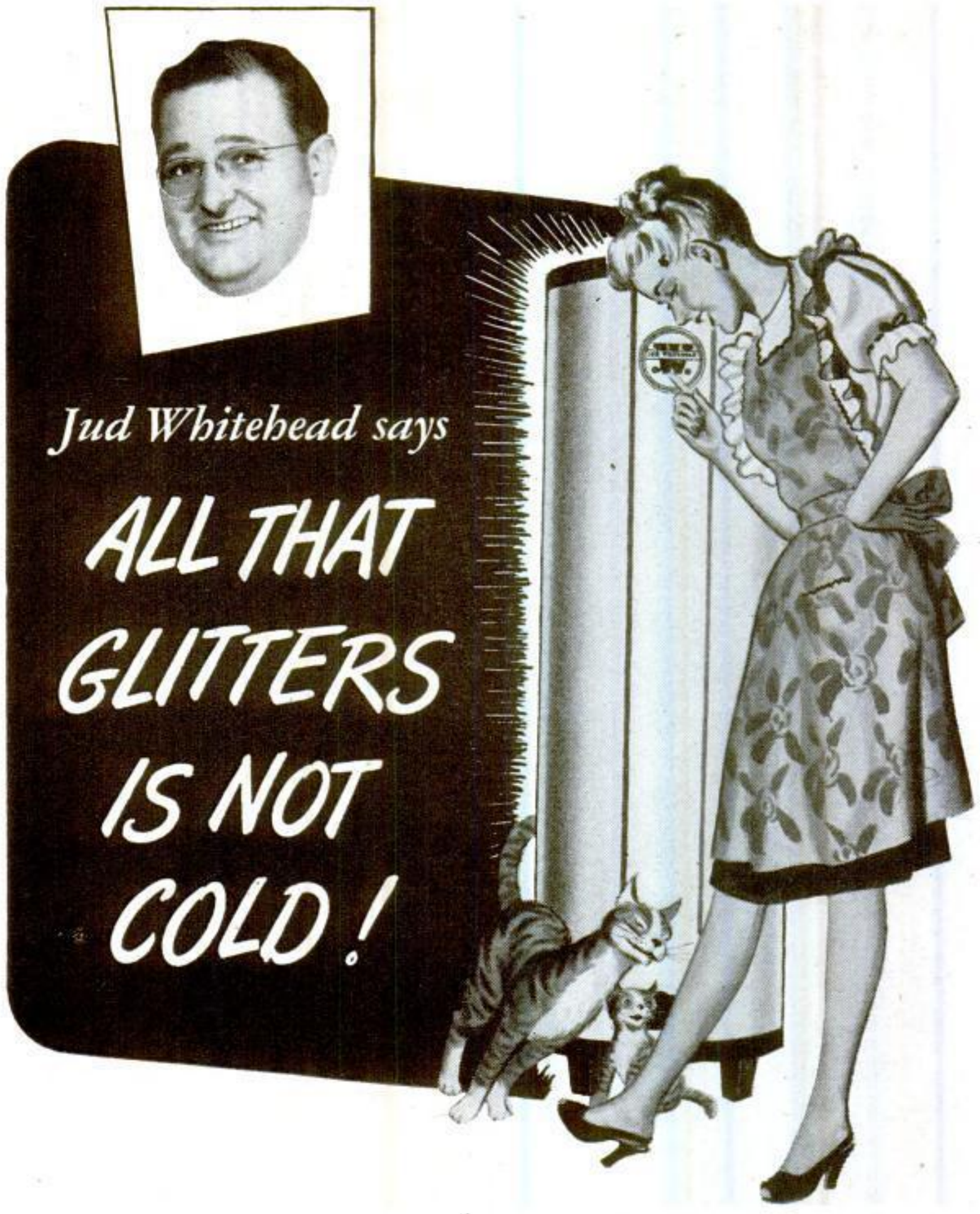


Your skin thanks you "prettily"—soft as satin—when you use Woodbury Soap. It's different...*extra-mild*...made with a rich beauty-cream ingredient. Try Woodbury—for smooth-skin appeal.



Romance—continued story for Bob (now Lt. j. g.) and Martha. "Skin-sparkle keeps romance aglow," advises Martha. "Take Woodbury Facial Cocktails daily—for clearer, fresher skin—lovably smooth."

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Take my Jud Whitehead automatic electric water heaters, for instance. They positively outshine everything else in your kitchen. Their gleaming white enamel finish is mighty easy on the eyes, but it's just a cover-up for the hot stuff inside. Prove it yourself . . . just turn your faucet . . . and you have all the hot water you want, *when* you want it.

That bright, clean whiteness of a Jud Whitehead automatic water heater takes the chill off in other ways, too. It adds sunshine and cheer to your kitchen or basement. And you'll have a warm place in your heart for its split-second action at split-cent cost.

You can buy my water heater, sizes 10 to 140 gallons, with Trageser Pure copper or copper-bearing steel tank. Ask your Jud Whitehead dealer which is best for you. He knows even more about my heaters than I do! If you don't know your dealer, write to my Oakland office.

Jud Whitehead

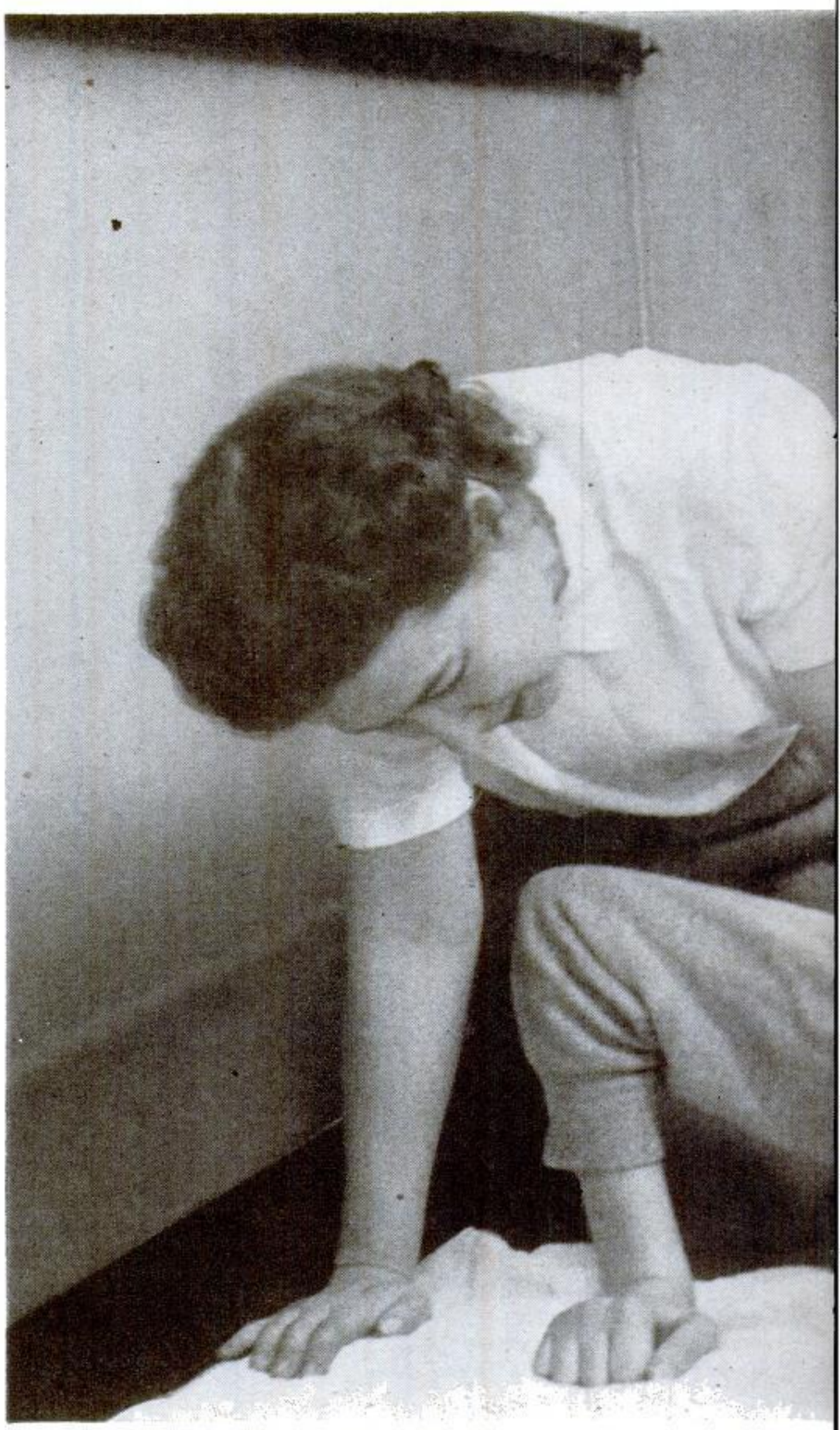
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5. Lastcote — beautiful white enamel finish.
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America's Largest Selling Electric Water Heater



LIFTING HIMSELF from the floor while his mother looks on tensely, 17-year-old R.W. exercises the wasted muscles of his arms. He broke his neck in a



TRYING TO WALK for first time since she was paralyzed by a stroke two years ago, Patient Minnie E. protests to nurses that she is not able to move.

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diving accident last April. Both his arms and legs were paralyzed as a result. After many months of training he may be able to walk with crutches and a brace.



STUNNED SMILE lights up Minnie E.'s face after she takes her first steps. One of her large leg muscles is still intact to take over the function of walking.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Rout Itchy Dandruff, Musty Hair Odor Double-Quick with Antiseptic Jeris!

Get Hair Cleaner, Neater, Healthier, Handsomer— in Just 15 Seconds!

Men! JERIS routs loose, itchy dandruff; banishes scalp germs and unpleasant hair odors—in *double-quick time*. JERIS leaves your hair twice as clean! Reason: JERIS *contains a special antiseptic agent found in no other leading hair tonic.*

So easy, so quick to use! Simply massage JERIS into your scalp every morning. Instantly, loose dandruff scales, dirt and rancid odors disappear. Your hair *looks* cleaner, *smells* cleaner, *feels* cleaner. Get JERIS today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters—or say to your barber, "JERIS, *please!*"

Three Popular Sizes: 50¢, 75¢ and $1.00

Ever Smell Your Hat?

Hair quickly develops obnoxious, sweaty odor, —another thing JERIS' special agent stops. JERIS is non-staining—leaves no grease spots on your hat!



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THE *Antiseptic* HAIR TONIC

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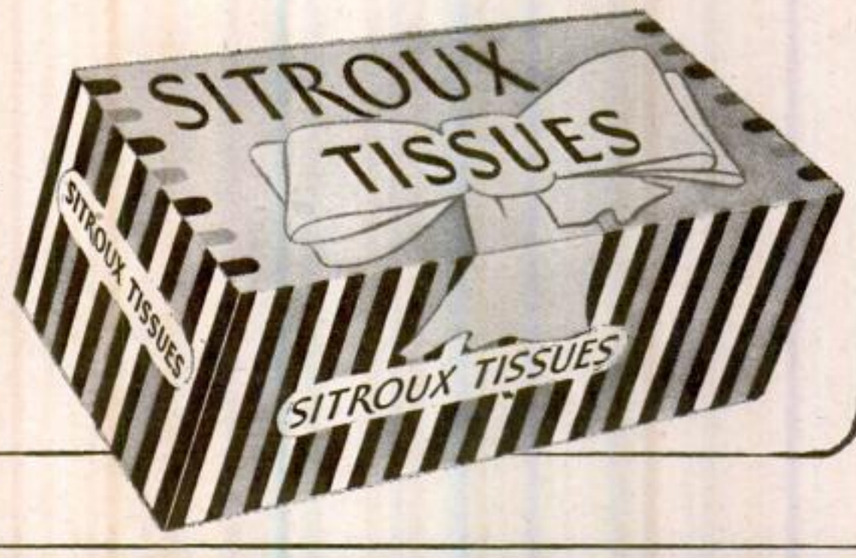


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. . . say SIT-TRUE

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MOTHER SINGS the nursery rhyme *Making the Hole in the Doughnut* to her disabled child as they go through hand exercises together. The child has cerebral palsy which makes his muscles lock in useless tension. Mother gently

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takes each finger and touches it to the others one by one to teach child controlled hand movements. Twice a week these mothers bring their children to the Institute, where doctors and assistants instruct them in this training.



If you're all unstrung...

because the caffein in coffee keeps you awake nights...

Switch to rich, delicious, caffein-free Sanka Coffee



...and sleep like this!



SANKA COFFEE is superb coffee

All coffee . . . real coffee . . . finest coffee . . . 97% caffein-free!

Drink it and sleep!

For your convenience, Sanka Coffee now comes in two delicious forms—New Instant Sanka, as well as Regular Sanka for percolator or drip method!



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ON A SUNNY SPRING AFTERNOON AT NEW YORK'S
JAMAICA RACE TRACK 55,000 CUSTOMERS SPEND
A HALF MILLION DOLLARS TRYING TO WIN A BET



THE RACING RACKET

THOUGH MILLIONS OF CITIZENS TRY, NOBODY CAN WIN ON THE HORSES EXCEPT TRACK-OWNERS, CROOKED HORSEMEN AND GRAFTING BOOKIES

by EARL BROWN



If you do not get to the Kentucky Derby this week, don't fret about it. Except to the lucky minority which views it from reserved seats, the Derby is the poorest sports spectacle in the world, not excluding chess matches contested by mail. In fact there is some question whether the Derby should be classed as a sports event at all, since it much more strongly resembles a six-hour subway rush.

Many of the 100,000 cash customers at Churchill Downs this Saturday, boxed into a park built to seat no more than 35,000, will never see a horse—unless they pass a peddler's cart on the way to the track or catch a fleeting glimpse of a blur down the backstretch as the sea of heads in front of them miraculously parts for an instant. In the tiny unreserved bleachers and along the rail, fist fights will break out as unhappy men struggle for a few square inches of standing room. Women suffocated in the crush will faint dead away.

In part the crowd will be martyrs to an ancient but baby-faced promoter named "Colonel" Matt J. Winn, who has spent most of his 85 years in an amazingly successful attempt to persuade American sports fans that his Derby—often run by second-rate horses nowhere near the peak of their racing maturity—is the best horse race of the year. But mostly, in the docile and resigned mood of horse bettors everywhere, the crowd will merely be proving that horse racing—although it inconveniences, insults, gouges and often deliberately robs its customers—has become one of the biggest and boomingest businesses in the country.

Horse racing as now conducted in America is the most gigantic racket since Prohibition. Last year the nation's horse parks played host to 26 million customers. (Big-league baseball, once considered the American national sport, had 19 million.) The customers paid about $36 million to get into the tracks and poured the monstrous sum of $1.8 billion into the betting machines. In addition it is estimated that bookmakers away from the tracks handled about $4.5 billion in horse bets, some of them from people who have never been inside a race track in their lives. In all, horse racing amounted last year to a $6.3 billion industry.

A good race track, thanks to the pari-mutuel system of betting, is much more valuable today than a gold mine. All money wagered at the track is placed in pools which later are divided among holders of winning tickets. But before the track pays the winners, it skims off what is known as the mutuel "take." The amount of take, set by state law, ranges from 8½% in Michigan to 16% in New York, Florida and Arkansas. Part of the money goes to the state as taxes, the rest to the track. By currying favor among legislators and sometimes by outright bribery the tracks have managed to keep their share so high that most of them could show a handsome profit even if managed by a crew of monkeys.

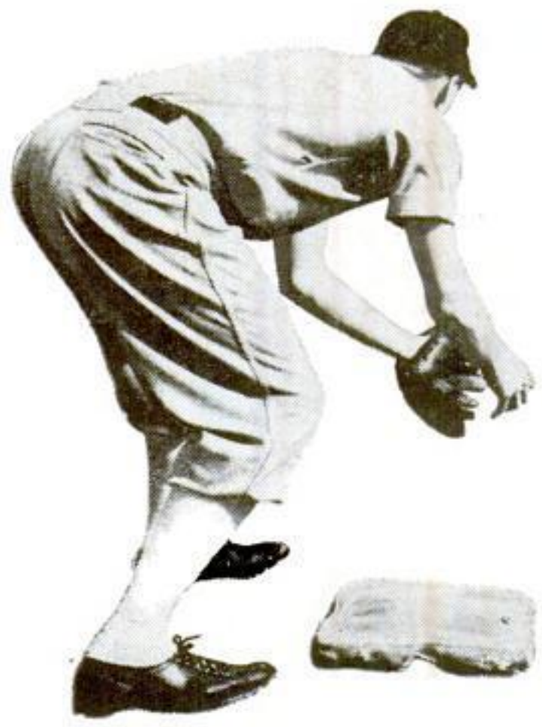
On the first sunny Saturday afternoon of the current New York racing season the Jamaica race track on Long Island had an income of close to a quarter of a million dollars from admission fees, concession stands and its share of the take. In a single day the track made more money than most small businesses can clear in a year of hard work and corner-cutting. The Santa Anita track at Los Angeles, which opened while the depression was still going strong in 1934, paid back its stockholders every cent of their capital investment after the first year of operation. Today a single share of its stock, originally worth $5,000, is quoted at $65,000, and a would-be investor has to be lucky to find a share for sale even at that price. The track pays its stockholders dividends of 25% to 30% every year and still has so much money left that it is constantly seeking new ventures to keep its funds at work.

The Los Angeles Turf Club, which owns Santa Anita, has been trying to justify its huge profits and silence its critics by representing itself as a civic enterprise and a public benefactor. Last winter at the height of its most successful season, when its managers were up to their necks in hundred-dollar bills, it ran a series of newspaper

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- How the owners of a big race track make a quarter million dollars in an afternoon
- Why the nation's biggest bookies are moving out of New York
- How the political machines and policemen "protect" bookies from the law
- Why the public never knows which jockeys are trying to win
- How track officials look the other way when the public is robbed on a fixed race

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This "V" tosses out Discomfort



• You get dramatic action in baseball when a runner is trapped between bases. Your own regular exercise—golf, tennis or other sports—may be less strenuous. But you still need the protection of a supporter. Enjoy *comfort-in-action* with the new-style Johnson & Johnson Supporter.

Its V-FRONT* construction won't bind—gives feather-touch fit. Its *lifting* action keeps the pouch in place—so it will not slip down and back between the legs where it might chafe. So comfortable it makes supporter-wearing a pleasant routine. Reduces fatigue, too.

Made by Johnson & Johnson—a name that has meant quality for fifty years. Sold at drug and sporting goods stores. TRUMP and TUXEDO for all-purpose use. RUGBY with 6-inch waistband for greater abdominal support. Write to Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J., for descriptive circular.

*Patent pending

Johnson & Johnson

ALL-ELASTIC

V-FRONT SUPPORTERS





$70,000-A-YEAR JOCKEY Ted Atkinson sits out a race on jockeys' terrace at Jamaica race track. He led all other riders in 1946 with 233 winning mounts.

RACING RACKET CONTINUED

advertisements designed to convey the idea that the Turf Club is in business only out of love for dear old California and would be much happier if it were slowly going broke. One ad, sentimentally headed "Little Red School House," pointed out that the Turf Club was especially proud to be the source of state taxes used for education. The ad did not suggest, however, that taxes be raised and the track's share of the take lowered.

Bookmakers in the aggregate make even more money than the tracks. There are no accurate statistics on the bookmaking trade, which is illegal in every state except Nevada. Even the estimate that bookmakers handle $4.5 billion a year in bets is only an informed guess and nobody can attempt to say what percentage of the total handle represents clear profit. But it is certain that the profit figure is enormous. The odds in horse racing are so stacked against the bettor that almost everybody who wagers on the horses over a period of time loses steadily and heavily. A bookmaker can afford to go to considerable expense to get new customers—one New York City bookie recently offered to pay an old client $100 a week if the client would introduce him to six friends who made bets every day. Bookmakers can also afford to pay an enormous sum in graft for permission to operate.

Practically every bookmaker in the country makes a regular payment of protection money. Usually the local police department, prosecuting attorneys, sheriff and often the mayor keep a substantial but not outrageous sum for themselves. The rest goes to the political machine to pay the expenses of winning elections. This was the system in Kansas City, which kept the Pendergast machine thriving.

There are certain subtle variations on this system. In Chicago bookmakers pay their protection money to the politicians, who see that most of the money goes toward keeping the machine rather than any individuals wealthy. The Chicago police have no part of the racket except to make sure that no bookie is robbed or bumped off by a rival. Under this method of operation Chicago bookmakers enjoy the finest type of immunity from violence. Chicago hoodlums consider it much more dangerous to rob a bookie than a bank.

In New York City, under the earnest reforms of recent Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, the system was exactly the opposite. Mayor LaGuardia, an honest man, refused to let the bookmaking racket add a single penny to his campaign funds or the personal wealth of high city officials. In fact he hated bookmakers, loved to call them "tinhorn" gamblers and once took to the radio to urge his city's children to report to him if their fathers were losing money on the horses. This gave some members of the police department an unheard-of opportunity. All the while the mayor was crusading against gambling, a number of crooked police were sewing up the racket for themselves.

A bookmaker operating on a New York City street corner had to pay the cop on the beat $2 a day. Once a month he was visited by a plain-clothesman of the police commissioner's squad, to whom he paid $200. He also paid $200 each to a plain-clothesman of the chief

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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He deals in futures—
his and yours



WHO IS THIS MAN?

He's an architect, artist or baker . . . engineer, lawyer, mechanic . . . a bank clerk, perhaps, or carpenter. *And a soldier.* Whatever his vocation, he's a man who believes in himself and the destiny of his country!

Multiply him by 682,000. That figure is the authorized strength of the National Guard of the United States. And the new National Guard is one of your surest guarantees of Peace through all the future years.

National Guardsmen are volunteers all. Under top-notch specialists, they get intensive training one evening each week and two weeks each summer in technical subjects . . . in leadership. They are provided up-to-date equipment; their physical and mental requirements are identical to those of the Regular Army; their standards are Regular Army standards.

From the very birth of our nation, units of the National Guard have won the hearts of Americans. They have fought with distinction our unsought wars. They have served quietly and honorably in Peace.

Thinking Americans readily appreciate the National Guard's aims. Many employers, for example, are performing a valuable public service by encouraging National Guardsmen in their employ to take part in annual summer training. They do this by granting these employees the required two weeks without sacrifice of their incomes or vacation time.

Today's Modern Minute Men give willingly of their spare time that America may forever stay strong and free. Honor them!

★ *Listen to the "National Guard Assembly," with Paul Whiteman, every Wednesday, 9 P.M., EDST, ABC Network.*

• • •

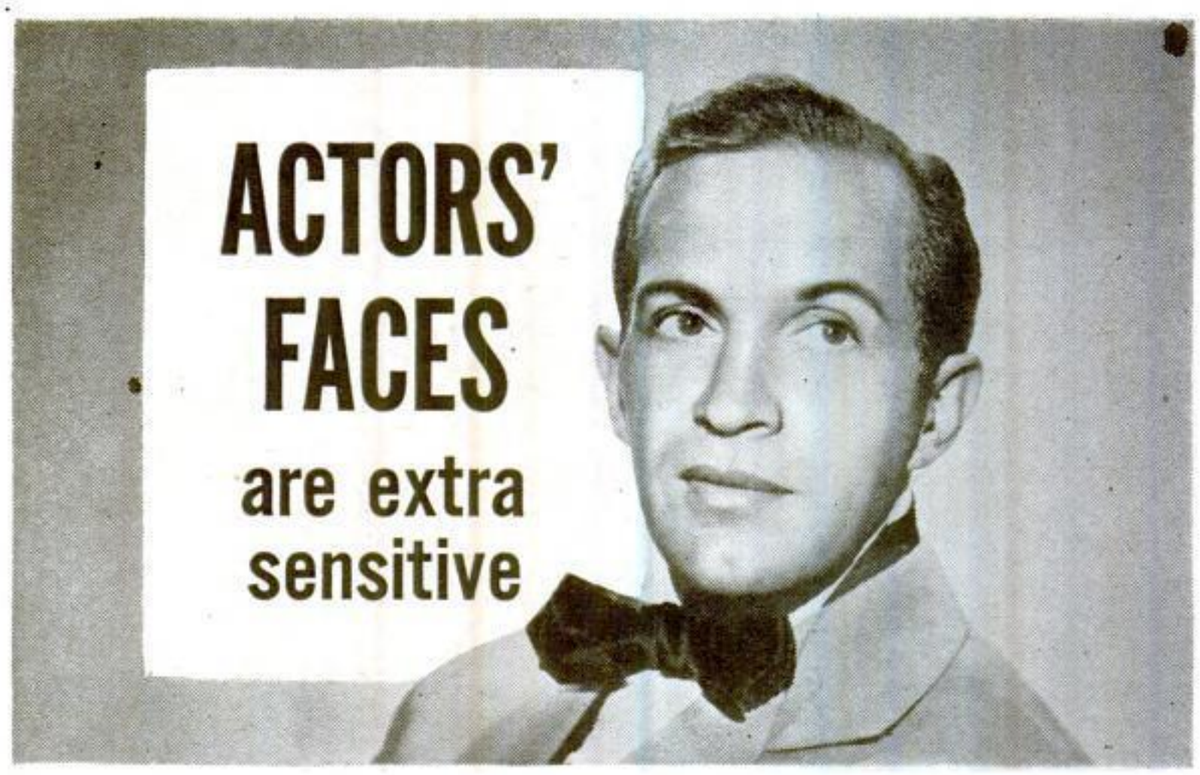
The National Guard is raised by the states. Strength, composition, training and efficiency are under the guidance of officers selected by the War Department. There are National Guard units in each state, in Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia. "Your National Guard helps guard the peace."

For full information about the new National Guard; contact the officers of your local unit, or write the Adjutant General in the capital city of your state.

The National Guard

☆ ☆ ☆ OF THE UNITED STATES ☆ ☆ ☆

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—that's why **Larry Brooks**
shaves with soothing **WILLIAMS**

"RUBBING off stage make-up can make anyone's face raw and touchy," says Larry Brooks, featured in the hit musical "Song of Norway." "That made shaving a problem—until I started using Williams. It's really gentle to my face."

Quick, close shaves

To be easy on a tender skin, a shaving cream must contain only mild ingredients, blended carefully. That's how Williams is made . . . with a skill that comes from over 100 years' experience.

NOTE—BRUSHLESS SHAVERS—
Williams has the same luxurious shaving cream qualities in a new Williams Brushless Cream.

Williams super-soaking lather softens wiry whiskers completely. It helps your razor shave quickly, closely—leaves your face feeling great.

Get a tube of Williams today. If you prefer a brushless shave, try the new Williams Brushless Cream.



it's a secret

Well-known newspaper columnist picks up important inside information at the men's bar of the B— Hotel when he learns the secret of their famous Dry Martinis. Is told they use Martini & Rossi EXTRA DRY Vermouth.



IMPORTED

MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH
The Flavor Secret of the Finest Cocktails



Martini & Rossi Vermouth is the secret of the world's finest cocktails . . . because its secret formula has never been successfully duplicated.

REGULAR for Manhattan Cocktails
EXTRA DRY for Dry Martini Cocktails

W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City.
Sole Distributors for U. S. A.



BIGGEST BOOKIE is Frank Erickson, up from a waiter to millionaire.



MURDERED CZAR of bookmakers' "wire service" was James M. Ragen.

RACING RACKET CONTINUED

inspector's squad, of the borough squad and of the division squad. A bookmaker of the fancier type, operating from an office, had to pay the police $900 to $1,500 a month for every phone he had on the premises. This money was divided by the cops who kept it all since they were relieved of the necessity of splitting their loot with anybody else.

The cops' "initiation" ceremony

A newcomer who tried to crash the ranks of New York City's bookmakers was treated to an interesting initiation ceremony. As soon as he began taking bets, a plain-clothesman would descend on him, looking as self-righteous as if he were arresting an ax murderer. The bookmaker would be hauled into court, convicted and fined. As soon as he started up again, he would be rearrested. This would happen three times. If the new bookie quietly pleaded guilty each time and offered no complaint, it would be felt that he understood the game and wanted to "do business." He would be approached through an oldtime bookie; protection money would be arranged and he would be let alone thereafter. He would never be arrested again unless perhaps a client's wife, grieving because her husband had lost the rent money, wrote a letter to some high police official. In that case the bookie, on specific orders, would be hauled into court with the apologetic explanation, "We're sorry, pal. This hurts us more than it does you."

This racket, which thrived on the fact that even a "nit," or small-time bookie, standing on a street corner in New York City can take in $1,000 to $2,000 a day in bets of $5 or less, is on its way out. The present mayor, William O'Dwyer, is a former policeman whose working knowledge of the police department is greater than any previous mayor's and who as a practical politician knows that a major gambling scandal might weaken his administration. Therefore he has delegated some of his assistants to clean out the bookies and stop the police graft. The assistants have drawn up long lists of operating bookmakers who must be driven out of business. A sizable dent has been made in the racket and a lot of big-time bookmakers are seeking new locations in more favorable environments.

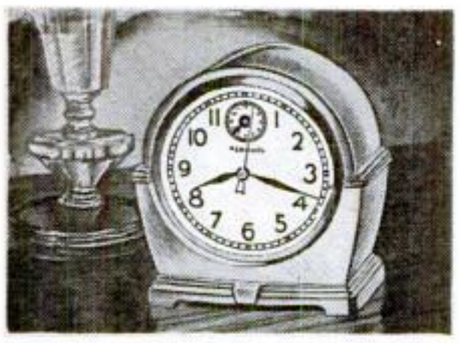
The biggest bookmaker of modern times is an immigrant from Finland named Frank Erickson. Erickson's first job in the U.S. about 30 years ago was as a $3-a-week waiter in a Coney Island restaurant. He discovered that most of his colleagues bet on the horses and for a brief period acquired the habit himself. But he soon learned that he and his friends were constant losers. Being more fond of money than sport, he saved his funds for awhile until he had accumulated a stake and then got on the winning end of the game by booking his friends.

This proved so profitable that Erickson soon had enough money to book utter strangers. Plowing his profits back into the business, he opened new bookie joints, hired runners and assistants, and eventually became a chain-store operator. Somewhere along the line he was introduced to the protection system and gladly paid all the fees. He played along so well with the minions of the law, indeed, that he has never spent a day in jail—though once he admitted from the witness stand that he had been engaged for 20 years in the strictly illegal business of bookmaking.

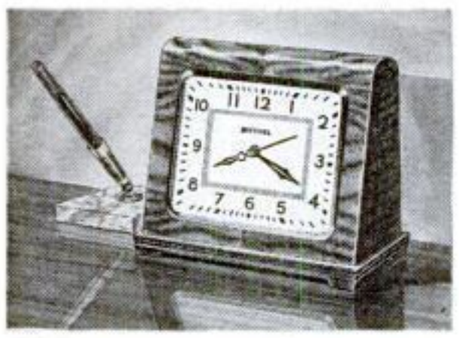
Erickson's greatest prosperity came when he started becoming

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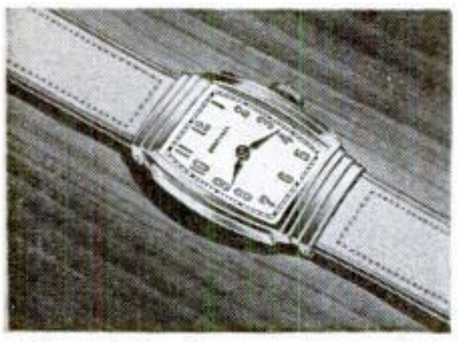
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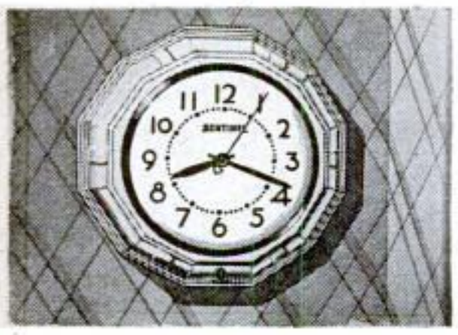
LYRIC: The new Sentinel miniature self-starting Electric Alarm Clock with the 1-2-3 alarm. Silver-plated metal case, easily read numerals. Only 4¼" high. Exclusive of taxes—$4.95.



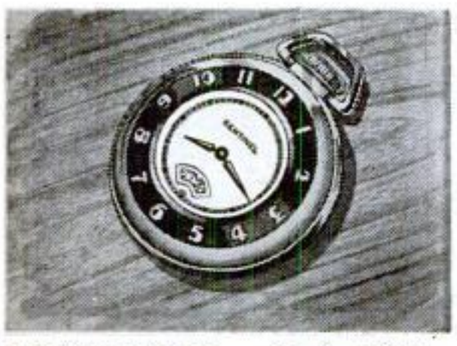
ARLINGTON: The new Sentinel wood-case electric self-starting Desk or Table Clock. Beautifully grained walnut. 6" high. Exclusive of taxes—$12.50.



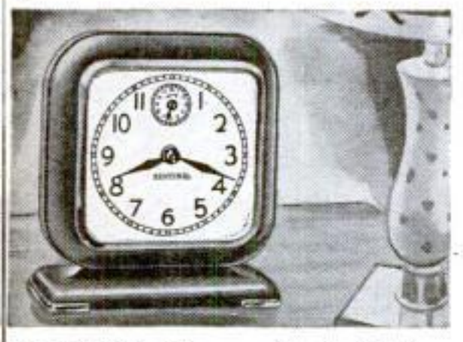
CAMEO: The ultra-smart new Sentinel Wrist Watch. 10 kt. rolled gold case, stainless steel back. Raised numeral dial. Pigskin strap with 10 kt. rolled gold buckle. Clear view convex crystal. Exclusive of taxes—$7.95.



MURAL: The new Sentinel modern design electric self-starting Kitchen Clock. Easy to see, easy to keep clean; 5" white dial, convex glass, convenient bottom set. Exclusive of taxes—$4.50.



AUTOCRAT: The new Sentinel Pocket Watch. A chromium-plated beauty with outside black enamel numeral dial. Has modern, red, dial-type second indicator. Exclusive of taxes—$2.50.



SULTAN: The new Sentinel 1-day Alarm Clock with single wind for both alarm and time. Watch-type escapement, pleasant bell alarm. In black metal case with nickel trim. Unusually clear dial. Exclusive of taxes—$3.25.

Prices subject to change



Mr. Early Starts His Fishing Trip

on time thanks to his trusty $2.50 Sentinel Pocket Watch

HIS sturdy reliable Sentinel Pocket Watch will get our Mr. Early to his pet stretch of water in time for his first morning fishing. Mrs. Early will now go thankfully back to bed, because she has a reliable Sentinel Alarm Clock to start her day at a more respectable hour.

All Sentinel spring-wound and electric clocks, pocket and wrist watches, are well and carefully made by one of the oldest and largest timepiece manufacturers in America. They're a lot of dependable timekeeping for very little money. Sentinel electric clocks are equipped with motors completely sealed in oil. Sold at good stores everywhere. No mail orders, please!

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BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT *ESTABLISHED 1831*

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CLOCKS AND WATCHES
"Guard Your Precious Time"

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New Charm for your Smile

with the triple-action tooth powder



1. BRIGHTENS TEETH!

And cleans 'em *clean*. *Five* cleansing and polishing ingredients make Calox a whiz at bringing out *all* the natural brilliance of your teeth.



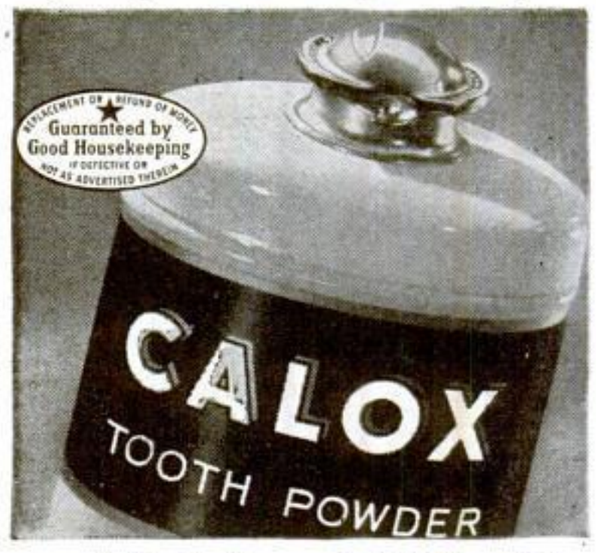
2. FRESHENS MOUTH!

You'll love the tingly fresh-as-a-breeze taste of mint-flavored Calox. It *tastes* so wonderful ...and leaves you *feeling* wonderful.



3. SWEETENS BREATH!

Romance-minded? Important secret of every attractive girl is her *breath-less* beauty. Calox gives you extra protection against bad breath originating in the mouth. Try Calox today!



made by McKesson & Robbins with 114 years of pharmaceutical know-how

AVAILABLE ALSO IN CANADA



KING OF INFORMATION was Moe Annenberg (*left*), who owned form sheets and wire services in 1930s. Son Walter (*right*) now runs form sheets.

RACING RACKET CONTINUED

bookmaker to other bookmakers. Occasionally all of a bookmaker's customers, acting on mass instinct, will bet on the same horse in a race. Or some wealthy customer, feeling a strong hunch, will place a bet of gigantic size. Or a crooked horse-owner or jockey ring will overload the book with bets on a "sure thing." Whenever this happens, the bookmaker stands to be wiped out at one blow if a certain horse wins. Some way or other he has to get off the hook by "betting off" some of the money he holds.

Erickson was only too happy to let other bookies off the hook—at a price. Any overloaded bookie, from New York to San Francisco, could pick up a telephone and bet off his money against Erickson. A bookie in Chicago, finding himself holding $25,000 on a 6–1 shot and thus in danger of losing $150,000 at a crack if the horse won, could call up Erickson and bet $20,000 on the horse as insurance against disaster. Erickson would take any bet for any amount, provided the other bookie was willing to pay for the privilege. The Chicago bookie, to bet $20,000 in Erickson's book, would have to pay a fee of $1,000 to $3,000, depending on how the maestro felt that day.

When Erickson himself was overloaded on a horse, or thought that he was handling smart money on a fixed race, he would get off the hook by betting the money at the track. At most American tracks he kept large sums of money on deposit and had an arrangement which permitted him to call up the management and make a bet of any size in the mutuel machines just by word of mouth. The tracks, eager to do anything that would increase their mutuel play and thus their profits, showed no scruples whatever at this sort of dealing with the bookmaking underworld. In fact most of them were so delighted to handle Erickson's big wagers that they gave him a rebate of 2½% on the money he bet with them.

At one time Erickson carried this profitable arrangement even one step further by owning a substantial share of the Tropical Park race track at Miami. In those days if the Chicago bookie made his $20,000 layoff on a horse at Tropical Park, Erickson took a slice at the money from every possible angle. After charging the Chicago man for handling the bet, he put the $20,000 into the race track's mutuel machines by telephone, collecting a $500 rebate, or "commission," from the track. The $20,000 addition to the track's mutuel play added to the day's take and helped increase Erickson's share in the track's profits. Without taking a risk of any kind he made anywhere from $1,700 to $3,700 on the deal.

Bets laid off at the tracks by big bookmakers like Erickson are known as "come-back money." Everybody who has spent any time at a track has noticed the peculiar phenomenon of a horse that is held at 6–1 in the betting five minutes before post time and suddenly drops to 2–1 or 8–5. This quick drop in the odds is caused by the come-back money. The phenomenon can happen even at tracks like those in New York which do not deign to deal with Erickson directly. At unfriendly tracks Erickson keeps an agent stationed just outside the gates, at a saloon, hamburger stand or filling station. Anything will do as an office as long as it has a telephone.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



OTIS

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY for men and boys

Ask for OTIS by name ... you'll get full size for maximum comfort, fine finish that means a well-made garment, plus longer wear.

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York



Use the Manicure Implements PREFERRED BY PROFESSIONALS

La Cross Tweezers— meet with micrometer precision to pull finest hairs cleanly. 50¢

La Cross
Schnefel Bros. Corporation, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20

HORLICKS
MALTED MILK TABLETS



Between the shirts and the pillowcases, lady, pause for a "Horlicks Recess"

NATURAL OR SWEET CHOCOLATE FLAVOR, STILL ONLY 10¢



ART SALM*

has switched to Calvert because Calvert is smoother

*of 4022 Fairview Drive, Toledo, Ohio

CALVERT RESERVE Blended Whiskey — 86.8 Proof — 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

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THIS PREMIUM OIL GIVES YOUR CAR MORE POWER

Thanks to the magic of modern chemistry the 1947, *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil gives your car more power. That's because *premium* Opaline contains special chemicals developed in Sinclair Research Laboratories. Like magic, these modern chemicals clean carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from the rings and pistons of your car. Opaline Motor Oil cleans as it lubricates.

Ask for 1947, *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil where you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.

1947, PREMIUM

SINCLAIR OPALINE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOTOR OIL

Keeps your motor clean as a whistle



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Happy Home DRESSES by Reliance

double view of you in the coolest, freshest dress you'll wear this summer . . . a cute, capable Happy Home cotton with brief sleeves and jumbo pockets, easy-action back-fullness. Styling like this is typical of the better value you'll always find in Happy Homes. Dress shown about $3.50. Others about $2.95 to about $4.00.



Write for name of nearest store.
RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago

WHEN YOU BUY CUTLERY
LOOK FOR THE NAME "ShurEdge"



Don't invest in less than the best! Buy "ShurEdge"—tops in quality and lasting satisfaction. Only stain-proofed chrome-vanadium steel, hollow-ground for razor sharpness, is used in "ShurEdge" household knives. Wide selection of cutlery products for all purposes, including Gourmet Carvers that sharpen themselves, self-sharpening knife cases, handsome pocket and hunting knives. At cutlery and gift departments of leading stores.



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MAKERS OF FINE CUTLERY FOR GENERATIONS
ROBESON CUTLERY CO., INC., PERRY, N. Y.



TROUBLESOME JOCKEYS Wendell Eads (*left*) and Donald Meade pose after a muddy race. Both have been suspended for "questionable" practices.

RACING RACKET CONTINUED

When Erickson wants to lay off a bet he calls up his agent, who then saunters over to the track gate, buys a ticket, enters and walks up to a mutuel window.

Erickson, who tries to keep out of the spotlight as much as possible, is now a bald, impeccably dressed man in his early 50s. At one time one of his best friends was William F. X. Geoghan, ex-district attorney of Brooklyn. He also has high political connections in New Jersey where he transferred his operations when New York City got too hot. Nobody knows how much he has made as a bookmaker, but at various times he has been able to invest $75,000 in a Long Island mansion and $30,000 in a New York nightclub. Once Mayor LaGuardia, unable to stop him any other way, tried to have him indicted as a vagrant. Erickson beat the rap by proving that he made $12,000 a year from honest investments. On another occasion New York City prosecutors tried to discourage Erickson by assessing a business tax on all his operations. With a little scouting around they were able to show that he and his associates had banked $30 million in 12 years and that he had an account of more than $500,000 with a Wall Street broker.

Moe Annenberg and his $6 million a year

Perhaps the man who made the most money out of racing—even more than Erickson or the track operators—was the late Moe Annenberg, who cornered the racing-information market in the 1930s. Annenberg published all the various form sheets, printed in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Los Angeles and Seattle, which contain past performances of the day's horses and are indispensable to anyone who wants to try to pick a winner or any bookmaker who wants his customers to try. He also ran the "wire services," which supply handbook shops with up-to-the-minute information on latest odds and descriptions of the races as they are run. Thanks to Moe a patron sitting in a St. Louis handbook shop could hear within a matter of seconds how the horses were running as they passed the quarter pole in a race in New York or California. For supplying this service Annenberg charged a fee sufficient to net him, along with his publishing profits, an income estimated at $6 million a year.

Annenberg dispensed his information over a nationwide network of leased telephone wires. At one time he was the fifth-largest customer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, being surpassed only by the Associated Press, United Press, International News Service and Radio Corporation of America. At a Pennsylvania investigation an A.T. & T. official testified that the Annenberg empire paid the company more than $50,000 a month for leased wires.

Unfortunately Annenberg did not bother to report all his vast income, was sent to prison for income-tax evasion in 1940 and subsequently died. His racing papers are still being published by his heirs, but the present status of the wire services is shrouded in mystery. They still operate but their ownership is hard to trace. For a time the kingpin was apparently James M. Ragen, a Chicagoan who had been general manager under Annenberg. In September 1945 Ragen was approached in a Chicago hotel by Jack ("Greasy Thumb") Guzik and Murray ("The Camel") Humphries, two Capone gangsters who wanted a cut of the business. Ragen declined and later was shot down by slugs from sawed-off shotguns

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TONIGHT...

a Big juicy steak

AND FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE!

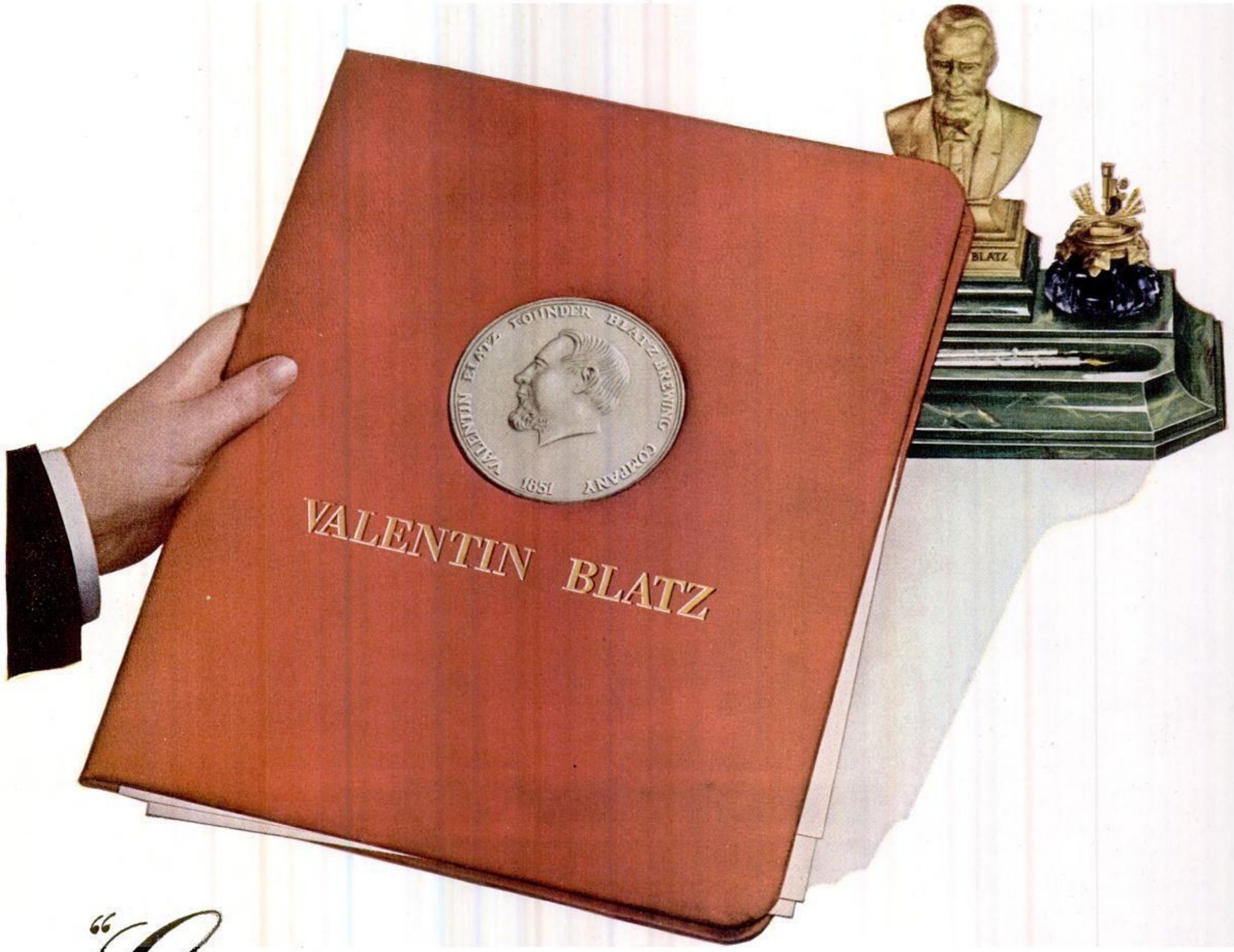


Thick juicy porterhouse, broiled to a sizzling crusty brown! Bring out every bit of its wonderful meaty essence and flavor with French's Worcestershire Sauce. Choice ingredients in French's—aged and mellowed—blend with the meat juices to give richness and zest such as you've never tasted before. Get a bottle of this incomparable sauce—see what it does for *all* meat dishes!

TOPNOTCH QUALITY... *costs less!*

FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

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"Good Grain and Good Judgement must go into the vat,
if Good Taste is to come out of the bottle."

Ideals of the Founder VALENTIN BLATZ, 1826-1894
Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers

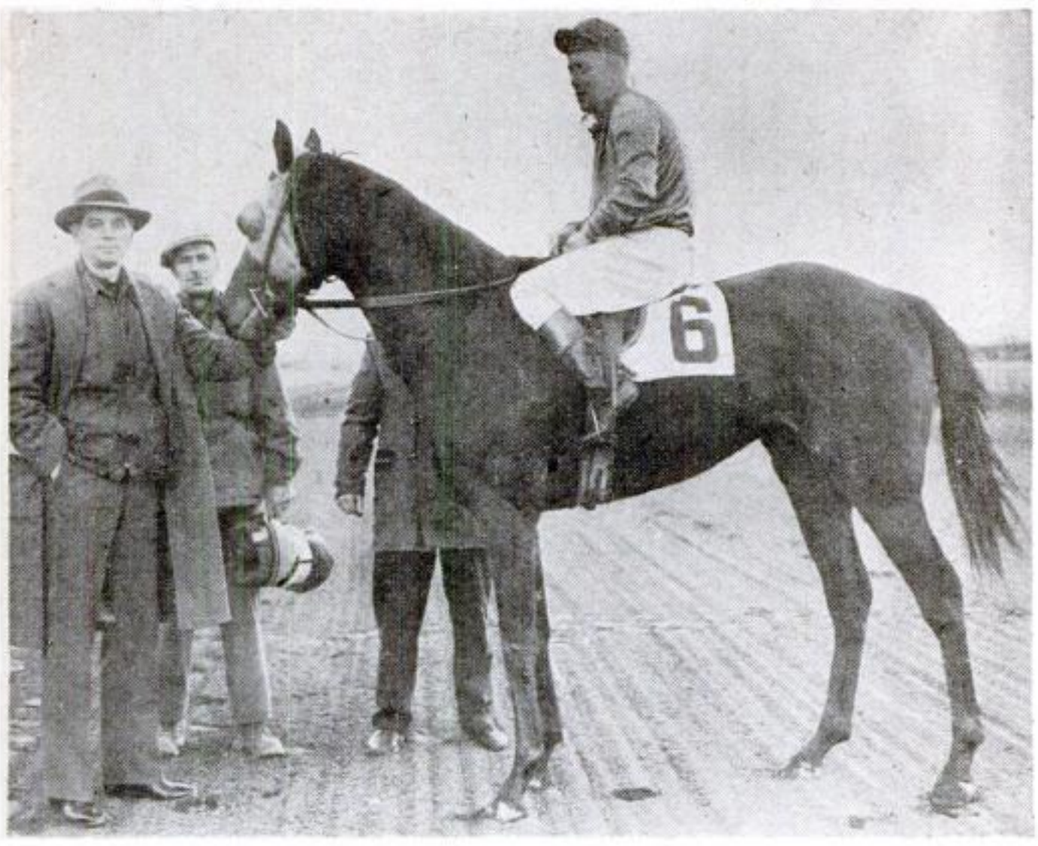


Blatz

BREWER OF BETTER BEER . . .

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FAMOUS RINGER, medium of $30,000 coup, is shown here after winning in 1945 at Rockingham Park. Horse ran as "Allpulch," was really Sea Command.

RACING RACKET CONTINUED

when he stopped his automobile for a traffic light on State Street. Police feared that an old-fashioned gang war was about to break out over control of this lucrative racket but there have been no subsequent murders and apparently some sort of truce has been arranged. Whoever owns the business now has hold of a mighty nice thing, no matter how many fellow racketeers he has to split with.

All the exorbitant profits of horse racing—from the enormous dividends of the track-owners to the million-dollar bank accounts of some bookies, the graft of the police and political machines and the spoils that inspire gang murders in the "wire services"— are squeezed out of the little fellow, the man who likes to play the ponies for fun or in the hope of winning a little. In theory, and indeed as far as the naked eye can see at a modern track, horse racing is a beautiful and vibrant sport full of fast motion and constant thrills from the time the horses line up in the starting gate until they have passed the finish wire. In a period of mass popularity like the present, it should also be an inexpensive sport which the cash customer could enjoy without being rapidly impoverished. The urge to gamble is strong in the American blood; horse racing, perhaps the most colorful and exciting method of gambling ever invented, should be able to satisfy this urge by giving the lucky or especially shrewd bettor a chance to make a little profit and the unlucky or amateur bettor a chance to have a fling for his money without getting hurt too badly.

The take and the crooks

Actually horse racing, as conducted today in America, is the most extravagant form of entertainment ever foisted on the general public in the history of the world. On the first sunny Saturday afternoon of the current New York season, which has been mentioned previously, all the 55,488 cash customers went to the track in the hope of winning some money or at least making expenses. Their chances were about zero. To get into the track they paid at least $89,000 in admissions and taxes. They spent $5,548 for programs and $13,872 for form sheets or tip sheets. Out of the money they bet, the take skimmed off $146,000 for the track, $211,000 in state taxes and $162,716 in taxes for the city of New York. The crowd's total bill for the day, outside of what was spent on transportation or food and drinks, was $628,000.

Besides being a victim of the huge take, which grinds his pocketbook relentlessly, the racing fan is also subject to outright robbery from the various forms of crookedness which thrive in racing. Last fall at Belmont Park, supposed to be the best-regulated track in America, the stand-out choice in a steeplechase race was a gelding named Little Sammie. In all good faith the public bet about $30,000 on Little Sammie to win. Then, a few moments before post time, a remarkable thing happened. Thousands of dollars of wise money suddenly poured into the machines on a long shot named Our Arms, cutting his odds until he was an even-money favorite. When the race began Jockey Lester Malen, riding Little Sammie, took the gelding all over the track, let him bobble at all the jumps,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Sons of Liberty Bowl by Paul Revere, 1768. Its beauty of line and symmetry of proportion are unexcelled in American Colonial silver. (Courtesy, Marsden J. Perry)



THE BEAUTY OF

Colonial Craftsmanship

IN STERLING SILVER FOR YOU!

WHAT makes the silver masterpieces of Paul Revere so much lovelier than ordinary, everyday Sterling?

The answer lies in fine points of craftsmanship—in clearness of detail, harmony and grace of line, flawless symmetry and lustre of finish, characteristic of only the very finest Sterling silver—old or new.

Compare Watson's Colonial Fiddle pattern with the "Sons of Liberty" Bowl, and you will realize that Watson has created a modern masterpiece inspired by these same characteristics in Paul Revere originals. Colonial Fiddle is the result of painstaking work by master silversmiths, who have captured all the traditional beauty of Colonial craftsmanship for you.

Such artistry is rare today. However you will find it, not alone in Colonial Fiddle, but in all of the twelve Watson patterns, ranging in style from charming simplicity to rich ornamentation. As you love true Sterling silver, choose and cherish one of these lovely Watson patterns as your own.

Because of the increased demand for Watson Sterling, we cannot supply every store that sells silver. But wherever you find Watson Sterling, you will find a jeweler of high repute, devoted to the finest traditions of his calling. Ask him to show you the 12 Watson patterns now . . . any of the 5 above or George II, John Alden, Juliana, Windsor Manor, Colonial Antique, Foxhall or Lotus. Each is a modern masterpiece in Sterling . . . at suprisingly moderate prices. The Watson Company, 1457 Watson Park, Attleboro, Mass.

Watson Sterling

MODERN SILVER WITH THE BEAUTY OF OLD MASTERPIECES

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held his head back and in fact did everything possible to make the horse lose except turn him around and run him backward. Our Arms won the race easily and somebody who had arranged things very carefully with Jockey Malen that day cleaned up.

This was obviously a fixed race and Malen was later suspended. But nobody—not the track-owners whose giant incomes depend on the public, nor the stewards who are paid $150 a day to keep racing clean, nor the representatives of the New York State Racing Commission—ever suggested doing anything about the $30,000 which had been stolen from the people who bet on Little Sammie. This may have been due to the peculiar code of the Jockey Club, the august body of turf notables which controls racing in New York. These men, who insist they are interested only in sport and improvement of the breed, have a rule which says, "The Jockey Club takes no cognizance of bets." Or the oversight may have been due to the fact that calling the race no-contest and refunding all bets would have cost the track $6,600 and the state and city $17,000 in their share of the take.

As a matter of fact the vast majority of racing officials seem much more interested in protecting other turf people and in scoffing at the very thought of dishonesty than in making sure the public gets a square deal. It was discovered in 1936 that Donald Meade, a once-famous jockey, sometimes bet on another horse in a race he was riding—in other words, against his own horse. This is as serious a piece of skulduggery as a jockey can be guilty of. Turf officials suspended him, but two years later he was permitted to ride again, even at the ultrarespectable New York tracks. He continued at his trade off and on until one day, called on the carpet by officials of the Mexico City track for a minor infraction of the rules against rough riding, he lost his temper and cursed his superiors. Now it is likely that he will never be permitted to ride again—a fact which has led some observers to conclude that it is more reprehensible, under racing's queer moral code, for a jockey to sass a race-track official than to deliberately cheat the public.

An equally strange incident occurred at New York's Empire City track in the summer of 1942. A jockey named Bobby Merritt rode a horse called Peep Show in three consecutive races. The first two times Peep Show finished out of the money. The third time, on a day when betting on him was remarkably heavy, he was beaten by only a nose. The stewards thereupon suspended Merritt, claiming that they had watched him give the horse two "easy" races and then work like mad to win the third time. Jockey Merritt took the case to the court and won back his license, the stewards turning out to be quite inept at proving their point. The remarkable thing, however, is that the stewards, suspecting that Peep Show was being pulled twice in preparation for a betting coup, should have waited until the alleged coup was all over before they took any action.

"Just give him a nice workout"

The "easy" race is perhaps the most widespread form of crookedness in racing today. Racing people consider it perfectly legitimate for the owner of a horse not yet at peak of condition to "race the horse into shape" by entering it without any intention of winning. It is also considered legitimate to give a horse an easy race early in the week as a final workout before a big stake to be contested on Saturday. Jockeys get used to being told by an owner, "Take it easy; just give him a nice workout." Stewards—even the few who are competent enough at the job to know when a jockey is not bearing down—tend to overlook the practice. Nobody seems to care that the race-track customer, walking up to the $2 window, has no way of knowing which horses are trying and which are just out for the exercise. Young Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, one of the few prominent turfmen interested in the public, once suggested that owners who were giving their horses an easy race announce their intentions so that the horses could be barred from the betting. His suggestion got nowhere and the racing fraternity has never felt the same about him since.

From an easy race designed to work a horse into condition it is only a step to a whole series of easy races designed to conceal a horse's true form and build up his odds for a betting coup. Racing's past performance sheets are full of cases of horses which, after a long series of dull races, suddenly "woke up" and won with ease. The practice is so common, indeed, that veteran race-goers have coined a word—"stiffs"—to describe horses that are just out for the ride. Nobody can say how many stiffs race each day or how much money the unsuspecting public loses on them, but the totals are undoubtedly tremendous.

Racing is considerably more honest today than it was a few gen-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

CHARLES LAUGHTON...
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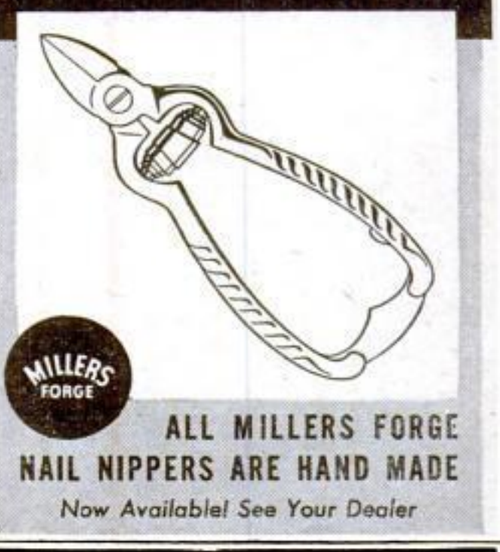
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erations ago, when owners doped their horses without fear of detection, and the odor of whisky, also fed to slow nags as a spur to speed, sometimes knocked down paddock bystanders when a horse opened its mouth. The saliva test, an innovation of the 1930s, has eliminated much of the doping. The Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, established last year under an ex-FBI investigator named Spencer J. Drayton, is trying to install a lip-tattooing system to eliminate "ringers," as well as fingerprinting of all racing employes to eliminate the known crooks. The Jockeys' Guild, Inc., headed by a well-meaning young veteran named Pat Kelly, may help introduce some moral standards into a profession which has been notably free of them in the past.

But the horse-race customer will never get a really honest run for his money unless somebody—perhaps the track-owners, perhaps the state racing commissions—cleans house from top to bottom. As long as the Donald Meades are reinstated, as long as owners can run stiffs and jockeys can ride them, as long as track stewards are chosen for their pleasant dispositions and state veterinarians let lame horses go to the post to limp away with thousands of dollars of the public's money, racing will continue to be only a modified form of highway robbery. In fact racing probably is doomed anyway as long as the bookmaking racket, which keeps the sport constantly teetering on the edge of the underworld, is permitted to flourish.

By and large horse-players are a strange and fatalistic lot. They know, from long and sad experience and from comparing notes with their colleagues, that they are bucking a losing game. Occasionally they have had trouble scraping up the rent money and on the other hand they have never seen a bookmaker go to a pauper's grave. More observant than the average track steward, they have seen a jockey pull up their horse or deliberately run him into a pocket on the turn. They know that if the take doesn't get them, the fixers will. Yet, having once won a photo finish or bought a new automobile with the proceeds of a daily double, they find it hard, on an afternoon off, to get really interested in a boy-meets-girl movie.

Sometimes the horse-players have a dream. They dream that all the state legislatures have decided to repeal the hypocritical laws which say that betting on a horse race, while commendable and a fine source of taxes if done at the track, is a crime if done anywhere else. They dream that the legislatures have decided to legalize and license bookmaking and to tax it like any other business instead of keeping it a personal source of graft for policemen and politicians. They dream that the states, having found this fine new source of revenue, thereupon reduce their share of take at the tracks—and at the same time cut down the track-owners' share to a decent amount. And they dream that the states, having decided that the horse-player is a worthy taxpayer and therefore to be protected, take stern measures to insure that every race is run honestly and to the best ability of every horse and every jockey.

Such a dream world would be hard on platinum-plated stockholders of rich race tracks and would never produce such fabulously successful immigrants as Frank Erickson. It would keep the Donald Meades from winning their bets and the crooked owners from retiring on their winnings from a wake-up horse. It would force countless policemen and prosecuting attorneys to trim expenses and live on their salaries. It might be a good thing.



BOOKIE JOINT in wide-open Covington, Ky. runs full blast, with scores of customers eagerly losing money. Charts at rear show latest odds on day's horses.



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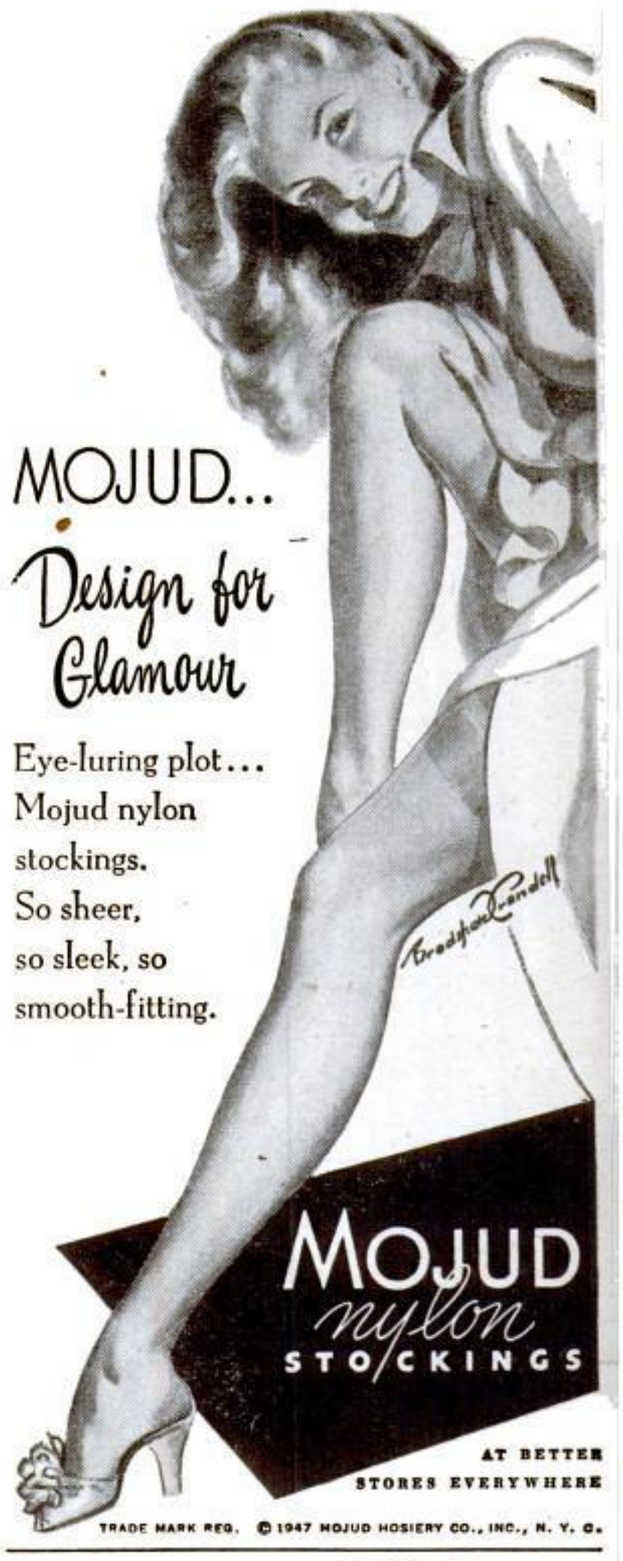
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BEST ATHLETE. If he's the active, outdoor type, who likes gifts that not only look well but *last* —he'll go for the masculine good looks of a rugged, reliable Hamilton such as the ENDICOTT (below)—17 jewels, 10K natural gold-filled case. . **$52.25**

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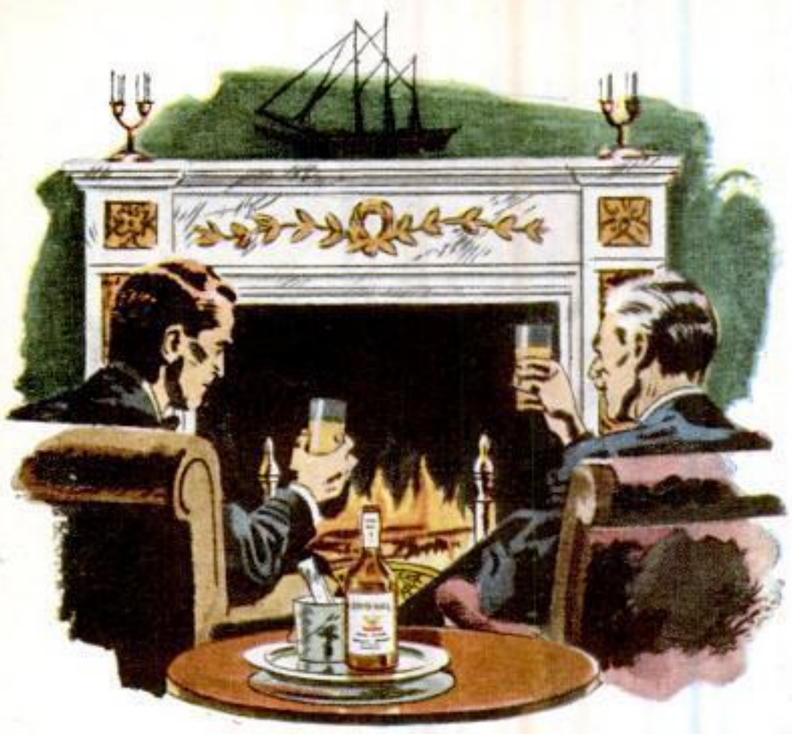
CAMPUS QUEEN. Is she the freckle-faced little girl who suddenly became a poised and lovely young woman? She'll be even lovelier wearing a breathtakingly beautiful Hamilton like the BERNICE, below: 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case. . **$100.**

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DON LUTENBACHER, TULANE FRESHMAN, EXCHANGES A VIOLENT VOUTIAN GREETING WITH JEAN WHITE, A NEWCOMB COLLEGE SOPHOMORE. HE IS SAYING HELLO

THE VOUTIANS

Hipsters and their viddle vops invade Tulane and that's a shame

The young man shown above is not learning that he is father of quintuplets. He is a Voutian at Tulane University greeting his girl friend. She is asking "What's the deal, MacNeal? Make with the mop stuff." He is shouting, "Put it in the vest and let it rest." In Voutian, this means "hello."

Voutians (pronounced Vowshuns) are a growing group of U.S. college students who are uninhibited admirers of Jazz Musician Slim Gaillard, composer of *Cement Mixer Put-ti, Put-ti, Flat Foot Floogie with the Floy Floy*. They play his records, talk his outlandish rhyming language. A pretty girl is a rootie-voutie, or viddle vop. Onions are reetie-pooties. Reeny, roony and aureenie are used as complementary suffixes (hamburgeraureenie is a good hamburger). At Tulane and near-by Sophie Newcomb college, there are nearly 200 Voutians. Most of the men are veterans. The pictures on these pages show how they have developed Vout greetings, dances, costumes, even a Vout *Romeo and Juliet*.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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A slip fitted with grace and graced with elegance... a slip-gift that will be long-remembered for its lasting loveliness... that's Seamprufe, at the same low Seamprufe price! Shadow black, shell pink or white: at better stores... about $4.

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GREETING STARTS, "PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET BUT DON'T ROCKET"



SKID CHAINS ARE TANGLED BECAUSE GREETERS ARE CLOSE FRIENDS



WITH "GOT TO CUT OUT NOW" THEY TAKE RELUCTANT FAREWELL

VOUT HANDSHAKES are varied and emphatic. Sometimes, instead of "gi
ing with the skin," Vouts keep hands in their pockets (*top*). Skid-chain gree
ing (*center*) is called "party greeting" because the long copper toilet chain
are worn only at parties. In farewell (*bottom*), one Vout taps the other's palm

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WHEN DANCERS ARE READY TO START, THEY "FEEL THE HEEL"



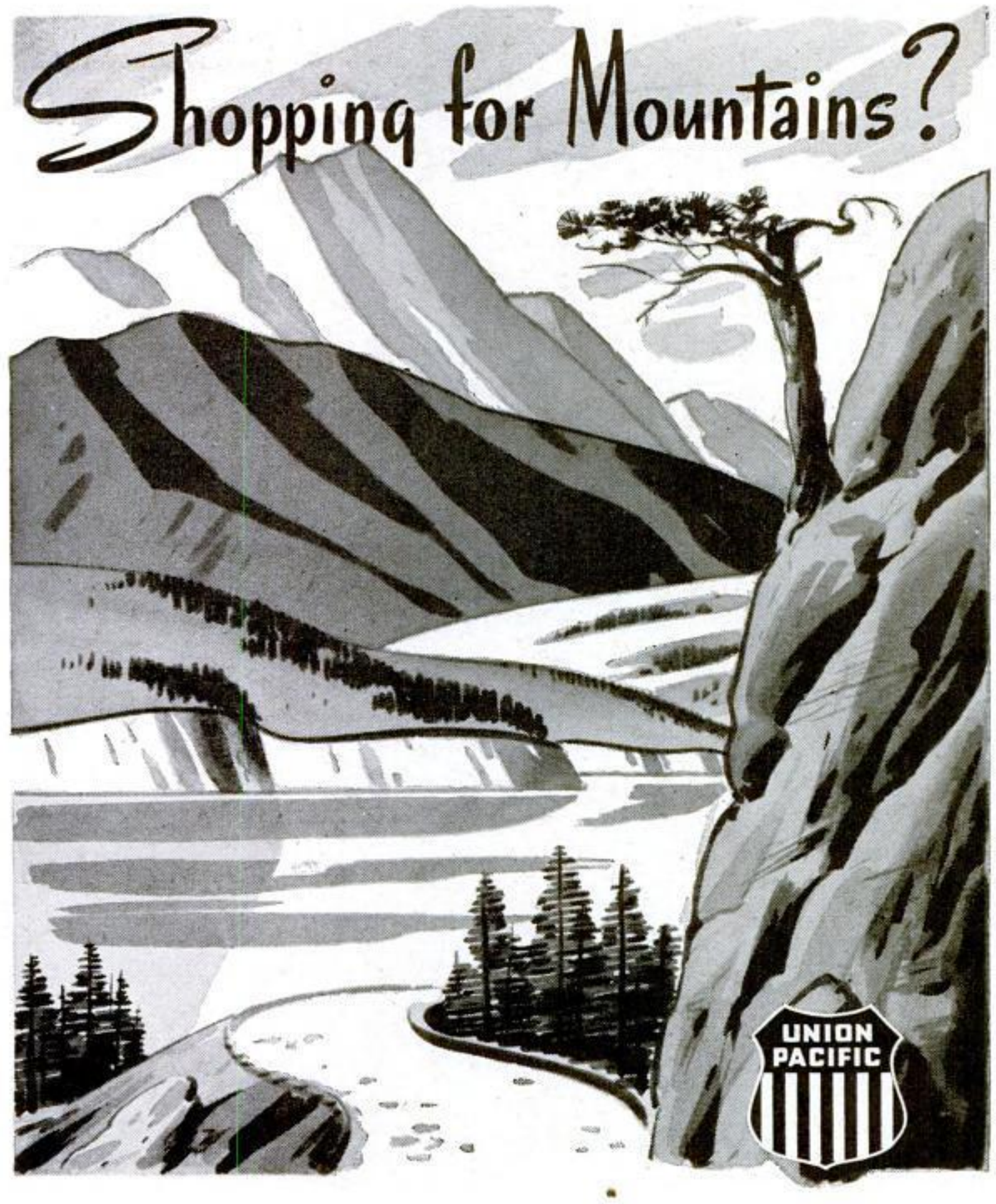
DOUBLE-SPLIT SPECIALTY STEP IS SECOND PART OF THE DANCE



VOUT ENDING IS INVERTED "V" WITH CLASPED HANDS AND KISS

VOUT DANCE is demonstrated by its originator, Charlie Swain, Tulane University veteran, and Betty Robinson. First they give the Vout greeting, then, when they have the rhythm, they touch heels (*top*) and go into a specialty act (*center*). Kiss is included in ending (*bottom*) only if the two are steady cats.

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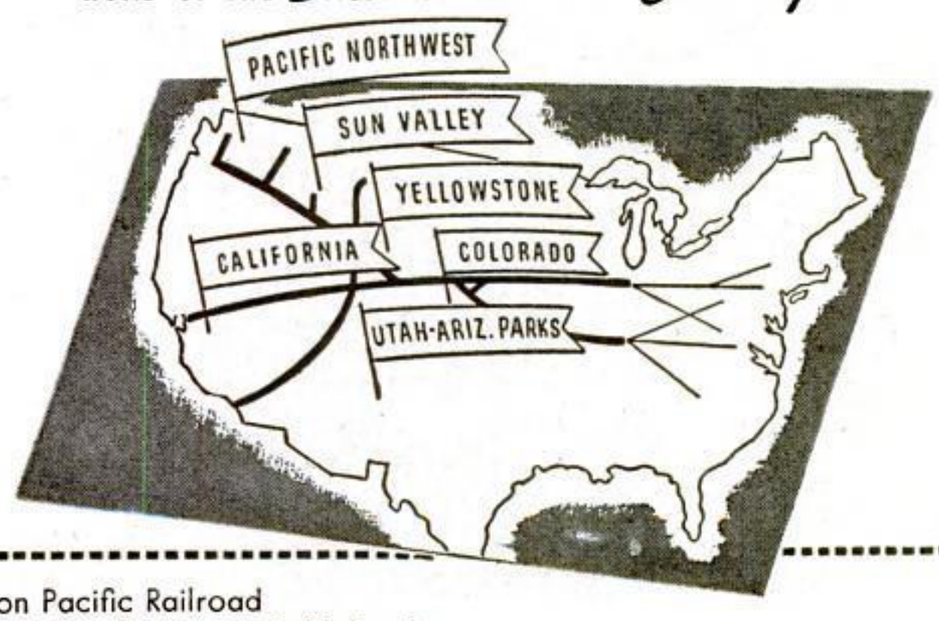
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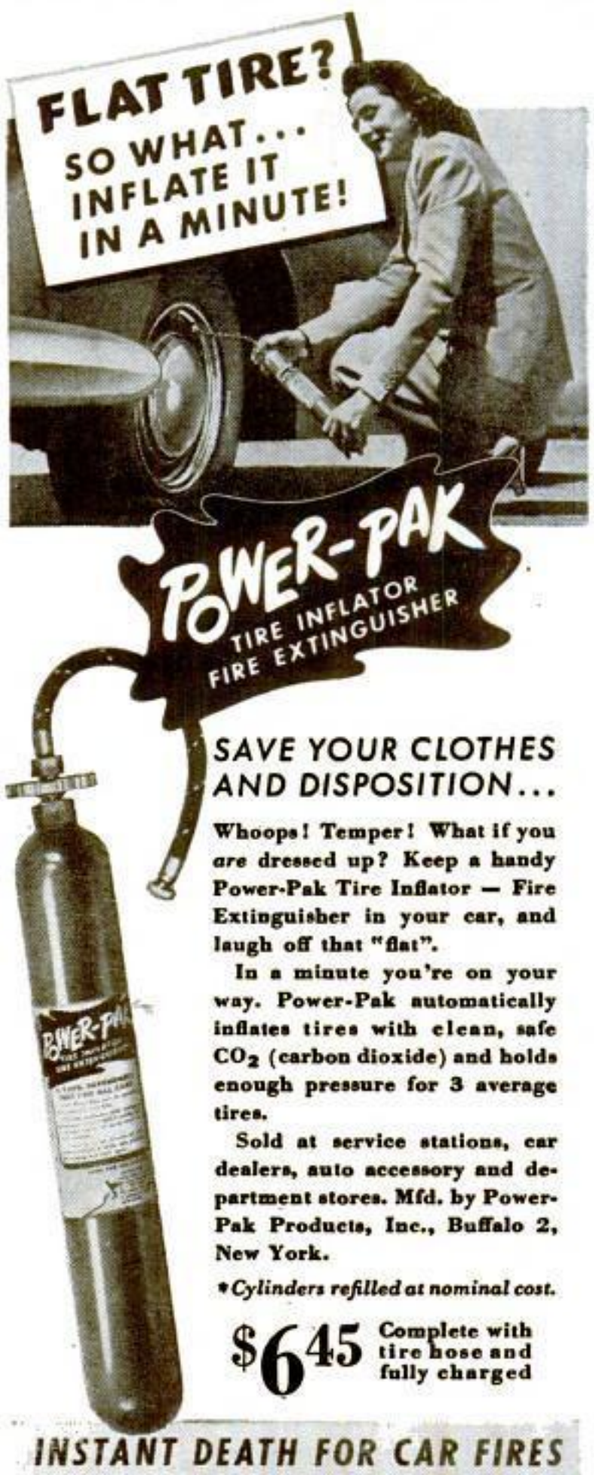
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. . . If it is missing, replace it with another Casco "pop-out" knob and element unit for. **$1.50**

Casco makes the famous pop-out automatic lighters found in most cars and now Casco is back with the parts you need to repair or replace your lighter. At auto supply stores, service stations and garages wherever you go.

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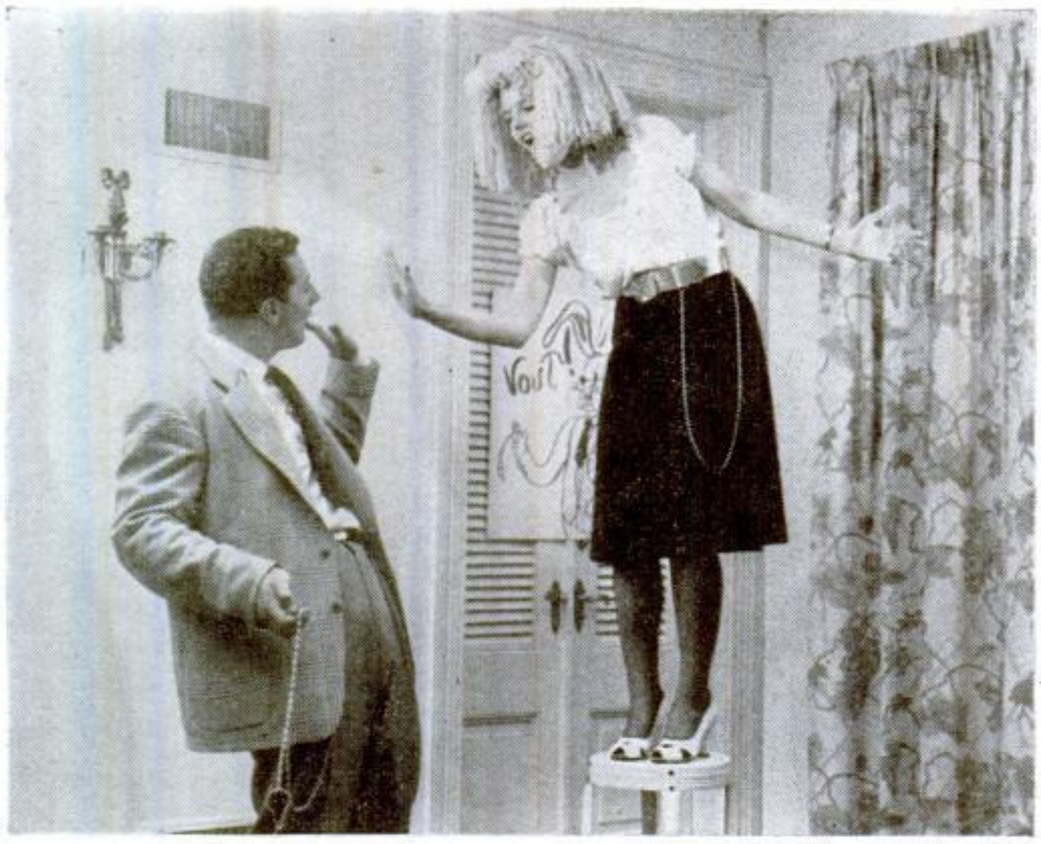
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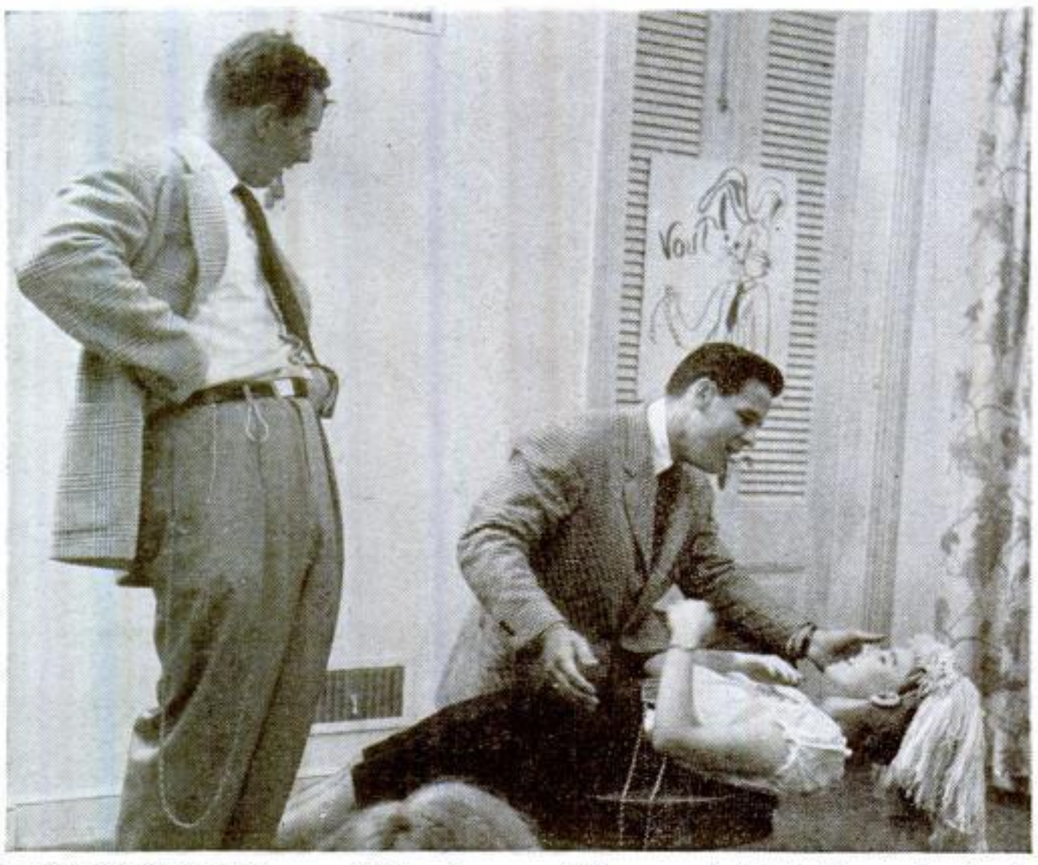
THE VOUTIANS DO "ROMEO AND JULIET"



BALCONY SCENE: Bill Weil is Romeo, and Mary Power, with mop on her head, is Juliet. Romeo: "But soft, what's your story, morning glory?" Juliet: "Got no tale, nightingale." Romeo: "What's your pleasure, treasure? You snap the whip, I'll make the trip." Juliet: "That sounds as groovy as a ten-cent movie."



DUEL SCENE: Tybalt kills Mercutio with butcher knife. Tybalt: "Pull your ripster, hipster, I'm going to give you a double-edged workover." Mercutio: "Back up boy, 45 feet. Zounds, I have been slashed. . . ." Then he goes "up on cloud 99," which in Voutian means either to be dead or out of this world.



TOMB SCENE: Romeo (*left*), whose auxiliary watch chain shows that he is a real hipster, and Paris, a nice boy but a complete square, find Juliet lying on her bier. Mourns Paris: "Woe is me, chick, thou hast cut out right on our wedding night. You look so sharp there that my ticker pumps four beats faster."

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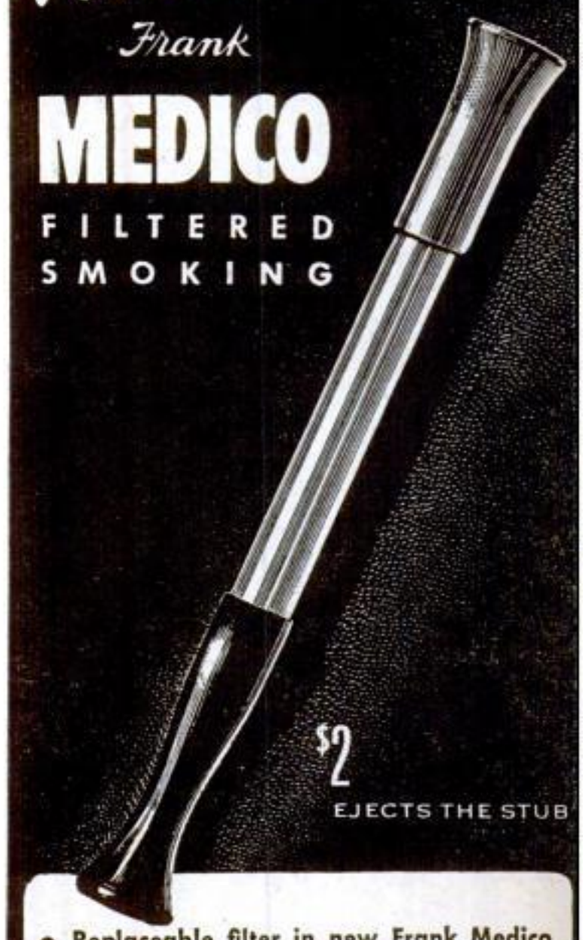
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*of 4506 East Side Ave., Dallas, Texas

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Calvert Distillers Corp., New York Cit

CUT DOWN NICOTINE
Frank
MEDICO
FILTERED SMOKING



$2
EJECTS THE STUB

- Replaceable filter in new Frank Medico Cigarette Holders whirlcleans and whirlcools your smoke.
- Cuts down nicotine.
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- Made of zephyrweight aluminum.
- Special styles for men and women.
- $2 with 10 filters, handy pouch and gift box.

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Compare!

Rubber-cleated golf shoe, hand-made by Oliver Moore . . . at $74.00

REGAL'S "GOLFER," nationally popular reproduction . . . at just $7.95

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Less than a year old, this Regal style is already nationally known. An expert golfer proposed the idea to Oliver Moore, noted New York custom bootmaker. You see his $74 hand-made original below at left.

Regal craftsmen copied Moore's distinctive styling, stitch-for-stitch, on machines — same Goodyear rubber cleats, same mellow, oil-treated calf, so soft it needs no breaking in. At Regal's price, this is such a sensation with golfers, hikers and outdoor men that it's taken us all winter to catch up with the demand.

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THE SHOE ON THE RIGHT IN THE LARGER UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH IS THE REGAL REPRODUCTION — STYLE NO. 4660
ONE OF 100 REGAL STYLES FOR DRESS, BUSINESS AND SPORT WEAR

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Louisville, Kentucky

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON BOTTLED-IN-BOND 100 PROOF

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ALL-VOUT PARTY COSTUME is modeled by Mary Power. The white blouse must be "cut low 'fore it can go," skirt is "short and trim to hold that im." Her hair's "upsweep to keep it reet." She wears black net stockings on er legs "for those dream pegs." Her pumps are white "and that's all right."

He doesn't need a moon...



He's got that special attraction called P.A.*

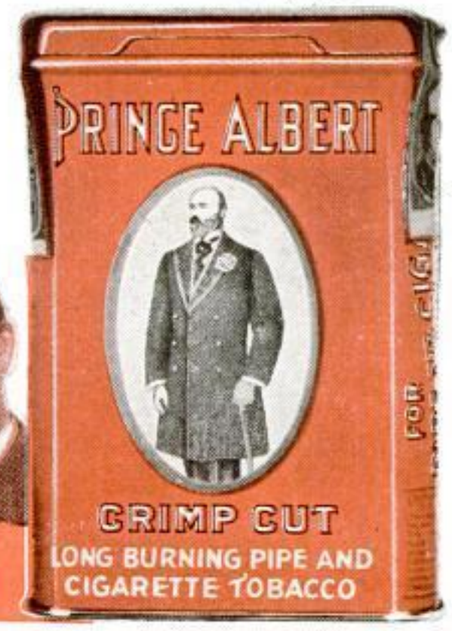
P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

A pipe has a distinctly *masculine* look that adds something extra to a man's appeal. There's extra appeal too in rich-tasting, mild Prince Albert Tobacco!

P.A.* means Prince Albert

● Like a really rich-tasting tobacco? Sure you do—IF it's also mild and easy on the tongue. That's Prince Albert! P.A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite...crimp cut for better packing, cool smoking, even burning. No wonder more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
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ROLL YOUR OWN? PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT MAKES EASY-ROLLING, SWELL-TASTING CIGARETTES!



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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GUEST GRETA GARBO POUTS BETWEEN BITES OF FOOD BUT HOLDS ATTENTION OF BRAZILIAN INDUSTRIALIST NELSON SEABRA AND MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARS

Life Goes to a Party at Valentina's

An exclusive dress designer entertains some of New York's most exclusive names at a Russian Easter celebratio

One of the best-known givers of small but select New York cafe-society parties is the handsome, Russian-born lady at right. Valentina and her husband-business manager George Schlee, a fellow refugee, ran a shoestring and a few modish ideas into a vastly successful dress-designing house, bought an old New York brownstone house which they furnished so lavishly that *Vogue* was moved to rhapsodize even on its "scarlet stools . . . like exclamation points." Here each year they give a Russian Easter party, like the one shown on these pages, for some 85 well-known guests from society, politics and the stage. As the guests arrived, many of the ladies gowned in Valentina creations, they were kissed three times, in Russian style, by the host and hostes Inside they ate magnificently, chatted and circulate furiously, drank toasts in vodka. When one societ reporter, impressed by the guests, raved, "A bing which brings out everyone . . . from Mrs. Willia Rhinelander Stewart to Greta Garbo rates mention, he was wrong in only one respect. It was no bing



AUTHOR JOHN GUNTHER (*left*) chats with Mrs. Vincent Astor, Artist Van Day Truex and Gladys Swarthout.



CHATTING OVER COCKTAILS are (*from left*) Actress Lynn Fontanne, Lady Mendl and Mrs. Harvey Cushing.



PRETTY MRS. STEWART, flanked by Lucius Bee (*left*) and Producer John Wilson, lights her own cigar

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THE HOSTESS, Valentina, is well known for her richly laid table. Her buffet here is festooned with garlands of smilax and the food is flanked by a huge 18th Century crystal candelabra. For her Easter party she always serves Russian dishes like beef Stroganoff, *koulitch* cake and a special dish named in her honor, frankfurters *à la* Valentina.

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VALENTINA IS AN ACTIVE HOSTES



RUSSIAN EASTER CAKE, the *paskha*, is sliced by Valentina. Holding are Prince Serge Obolensky and Mrs. John Wilson, the former Princess Pale



A TELEPHONE CALL interrupts Valentina, shown listening patiently an anxious customer who wants to know when her dress will be complete



PLAYFUL HUG is bestowed on the busy hostess by ambassador nomine to Poland, Stanton Griffis, who escorted Mrs. Harry Hopkins to the part

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

BOSTONIAN Air-Cools

THE SHERIDAN
Coolness hand-woven in leather. Sensation-ease summer steps in casual Bostonians that let your feet breathe.

BUOYANT LIFTS TO SUMMER COMFORT

THE KENDAL
Setter Red combines with imported, crisp, white buck. Be footlight, comfort-wise in this launder-fresh Bostonian.

BOSTONIANS
start at $11.95

Bostonians
FIT RIGHT • FEEL RIGHT • THEY'RE WALK-FITTED
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AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL

"There is nothing better in the market"

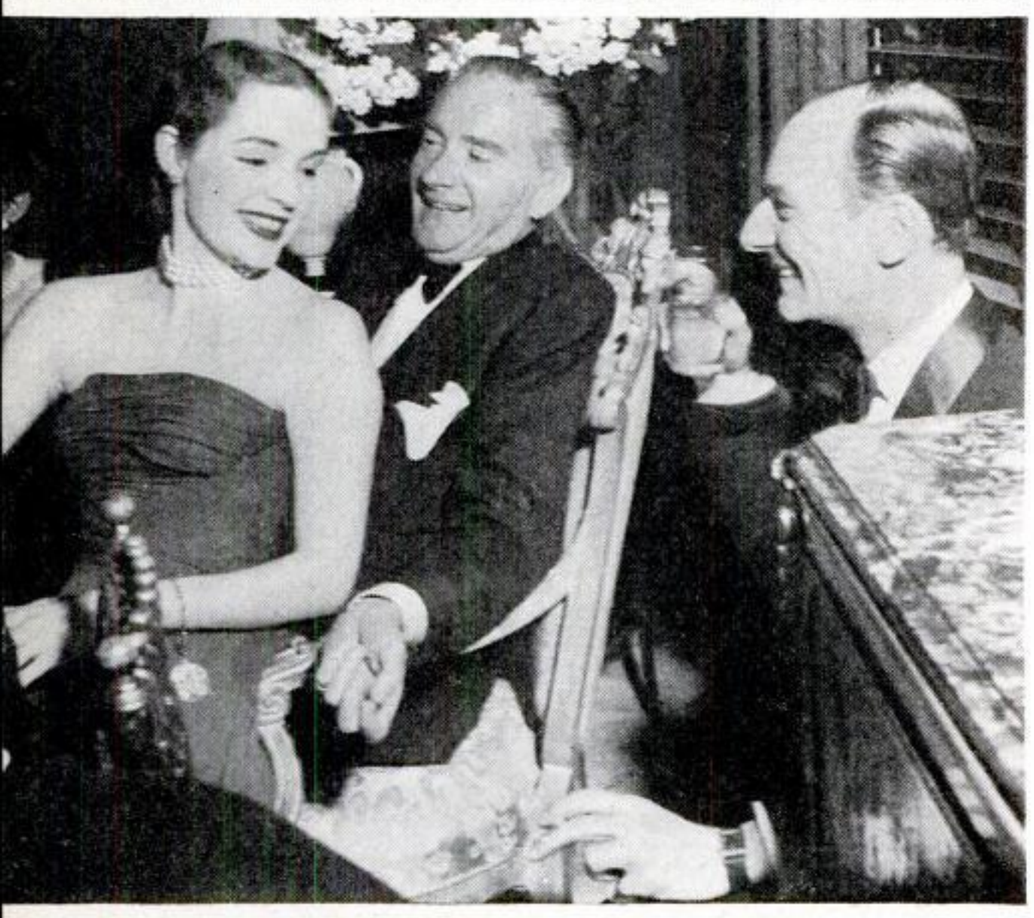
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CLIFTON WEBB HAD A LOVELY TIME



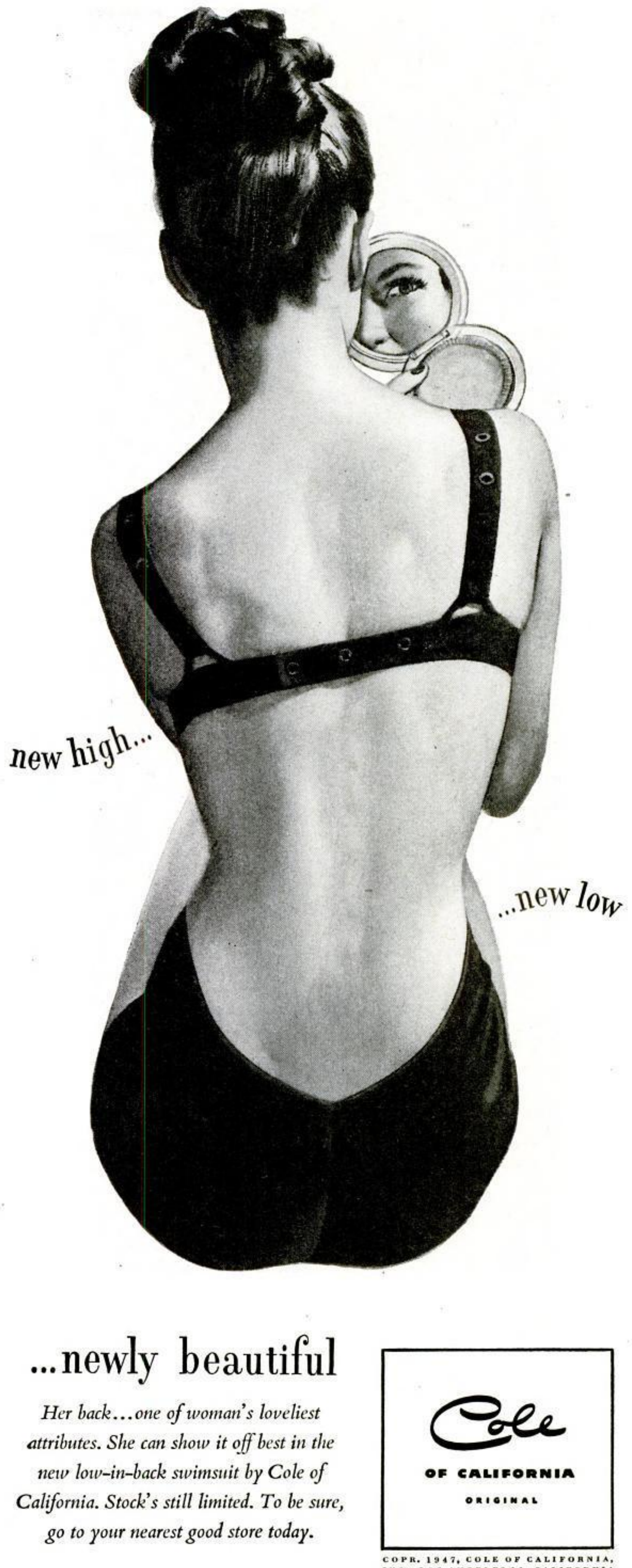
GARBO WAS THE FIRST of famous lady guests to attract debonair Actor Clifton Webb. Here he selects some cold cuts for the enigmatic Scandinavian.



MRS. W. RHINELANDER STEWART was next. She shared a chair with Webb, to the amusement of Actor John Gielgud, who wore a red dinner jacket.



WITH LADY MENDL, long a leader of international society from Hollywood to Biarritz, the versatile actor wound up in serious corner conversation.



...newly beautiful

Her back...one of woman's loveliest attributes. She can show it off best in the new low-in-back swimsuit by Cole of California. Stock's still limited. To be sure, go to your nearest good store today.

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AS *clean* WATER IN THE COOLING SYSTEM

Rinse that rust from your radiator . . . scrub out sludge and scour scale off water jacket walls . . . refresh your motor with a Cooling System *cleanup!* You'll have smoother, safer driving this Summer.

"X" Super Flush gets rid of hidden heat traps in your motor—puts parched valve seats and sizzling cylinder walls in touch with fresh, cool water – and purges radiator tubes . . . all with no reverse flushing – and positively no harm to metal, hose, or pump packing.

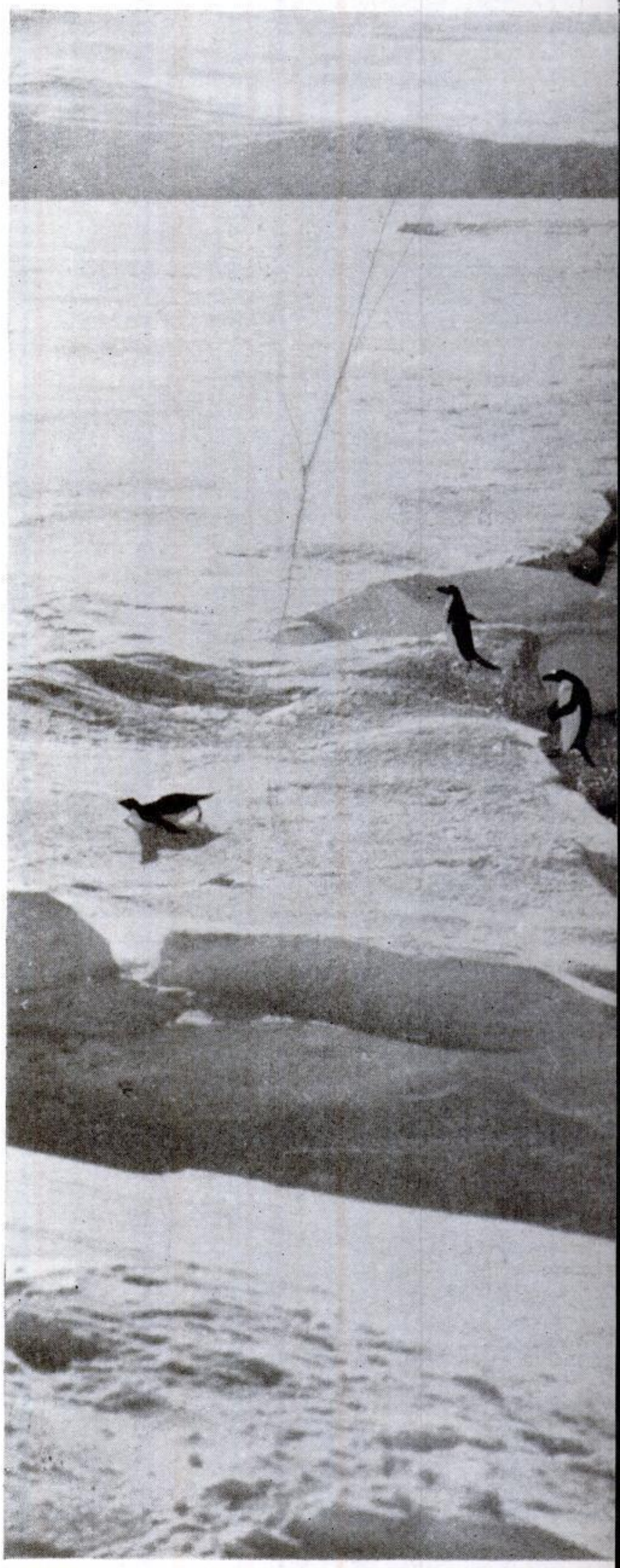
Double-duty "X" Super Flush routs *all* rust, sludge, and scale in the Cooling System—and then *retards new formations.* Wash away overheating trouble NOW—*while it's convenient!* Ask your serviceman or dealer about "X" Super Flush—and the other famous "X" products to clean, leakproof and rustproof your Cooling System. "X" Laboratories, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Look for this Famous Line of "X" Products for Your Car



JUMPING PENGUINS

White-fronted antarctic birds enjoy the summer leaping in and out of the icy ocean water and greeting an influx of explorers from far north



AS BRITISH EXPLORERS APPROACH, THREE ANTARCTIC PENGUINS LEAP

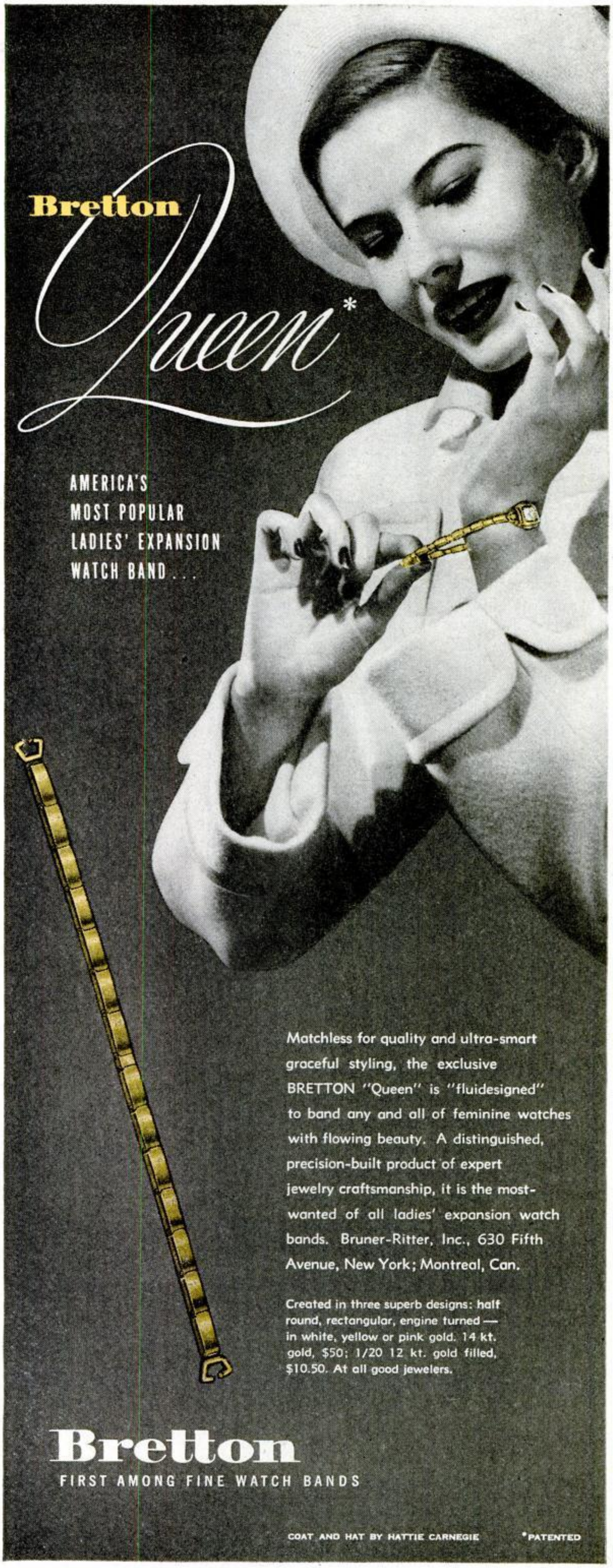
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After a busy social summer when they were visited by high-ranking ritish and American explorers, most of the penguins of Antarctica are ow heading north. Until next September they will stay at sea, joy-riding n ice cakes and torpedoing through frigid water. Although penguins nnot fly, their swimming speed is so great that when they approach nd or ice they take a big leap and soar up onto the ledge. As the picture elow shows, they leap stiff-spined and land erect, trotting a few paces keep their balance but sometimes skidding on their bellies. Getting ck into the water, penguins flock around the edge, audibly worrying out going in. Then, after much chattering, one penguin breaks the npasse by walking up behind another penguin and pushing him in.



TIFF AND ERECT FROM WATER TO ICE SHELF. A FOURTH FALLS FLAT

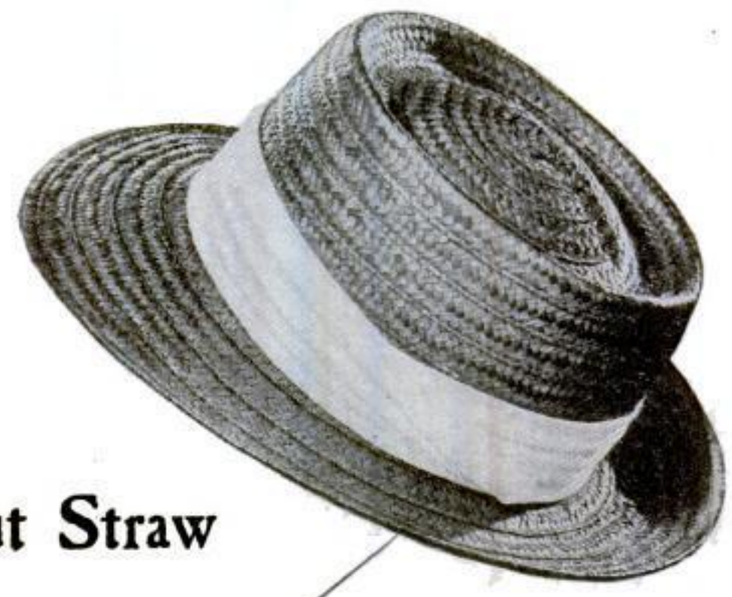
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presents



a Cocoanut Straw

in

MAHOGANY

color



Leave it to Lee to embrace one of the season's most becoming straw hat ideas. Here is your favorite model in an authentic Bahamas cocoanut straw presented for the first time in a rich, russet mahogany shade that's very, very new. Formed, blocked and finished by expert Lee craftsmen, famed for over 60 years of fine hatmaking. Lee Straw Hats look better longer. The Lee Mahogany Cocoanut Hat . . . 5.00.

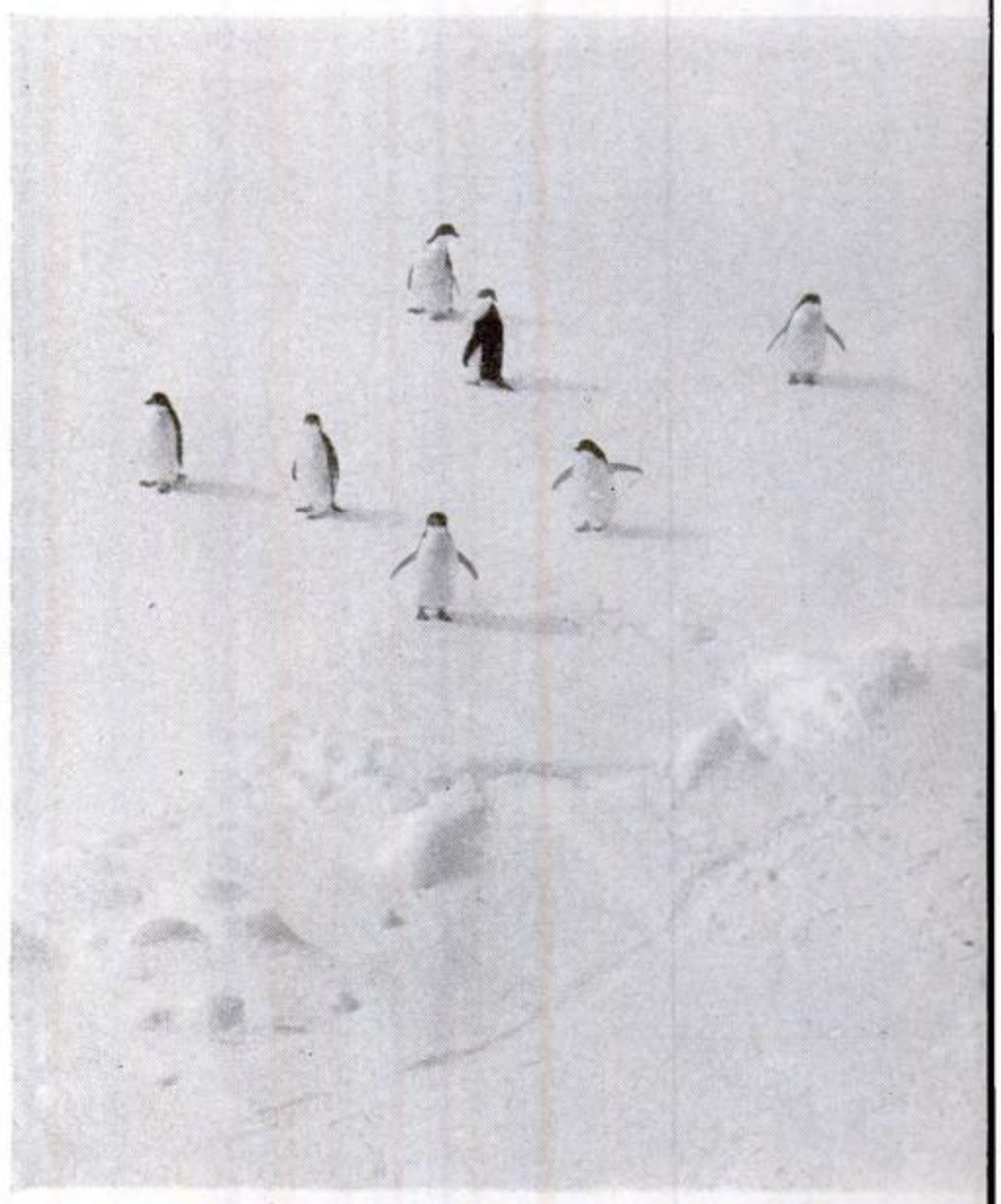
Lee's straw hat selections include smooth and braided straws, airy open weaves, flat tops, high crowns . . . each with a style flair of its own. *Frank H. Lee Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.*

LEE Hats ***Don't take less than the best . . . don't take less than a Lee!***

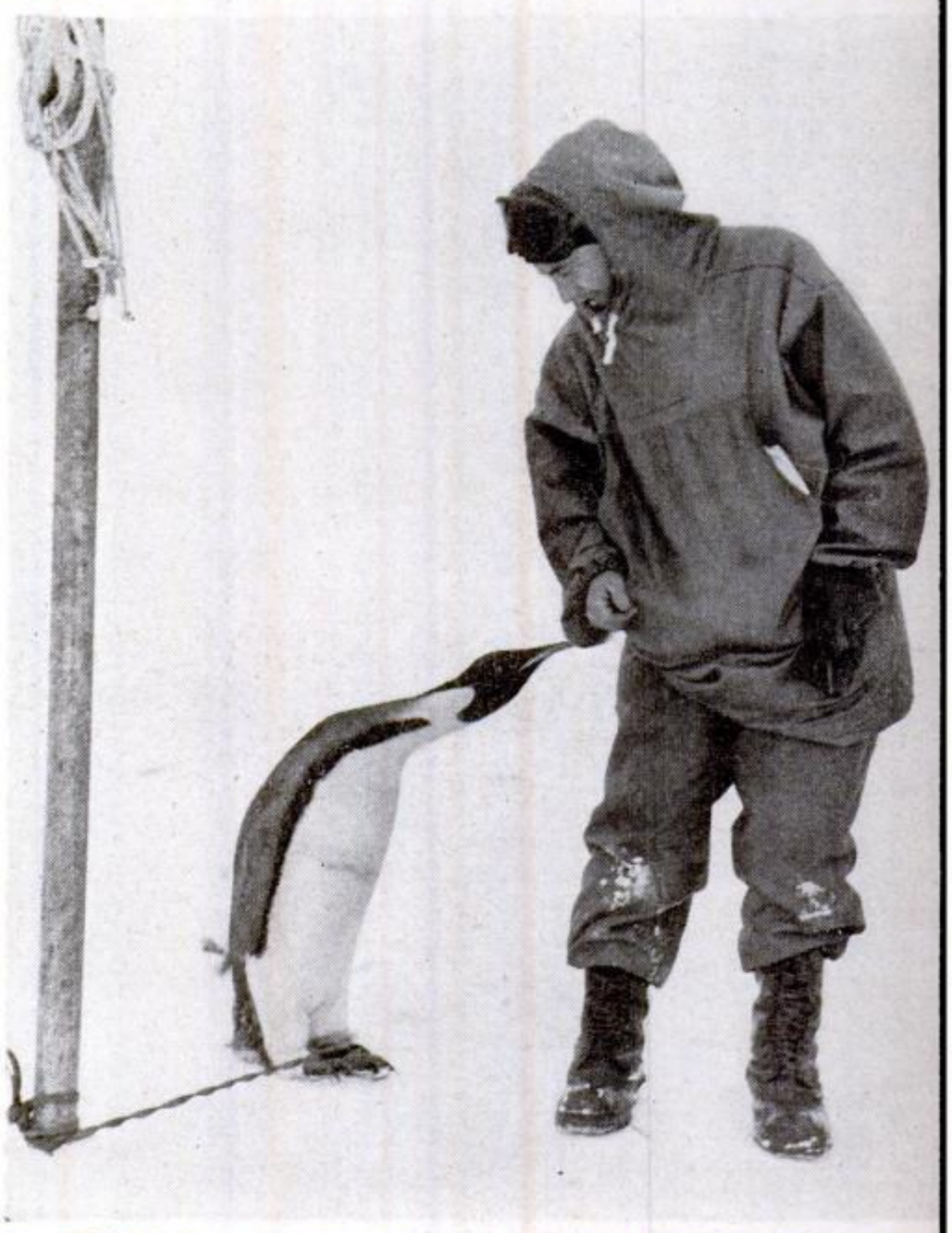
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ONE TRIED WADDLING HOME FROM U.S

When the American antarctic explorers led by Rear Admiral Richa E. Byrd came to the ice packs of Little America, bands of penguii stood transfixed with curiosity. This got them into trouble. Fifty-fo were captured and brought back to the U.S. after suffering acutely fro seasickness on the way. Arriving in Washington last month, eig jumped overboard. Seven were recaptured, one as he was paddling dow a road in the general direction of the South Pole. One is still missin



SEVEN LITTLE PENGUINS STAND UP TO WATCH THE BYRD EXPEDITIO



A NATTY PENGUIN INSPECTS THE U.S. NAVY'S LATEST POLAR CLOTHIN

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